THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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C. E. Scoggins—Wythe Williams—Mary Brecht Pulver—Cosmo Hamilton
Hugh MacNair Kahler—Roland Pertwee—Ben Ames Williams—E. W. Howe

To get quick energy in the morning

breakfast must supply one great food essential

Cream of Wheat with Dates

¾ cup Cream of Wheat — ½ teaspoon salt
4 cups boiling water — ½ cup dates

Pour Cream of Wheat slowly into rapidly boiling salted water, stirring constantly; add dates and cook twenty minutes in a double boiler. Prunes, Raisins or Figs may be used instead of Dates.

How drowsily it hangs upon you—that just-out-of-bed feeling when your thoughts merely fade into one yawn after another. You are sure that sleep has sneaked off with all the ambition you ever hoped to have.

And no wonder. During sleep, all activities of the body—heart, lungs, digestion—are slowed down. Before you can get "tuned in" for the day, these must be roused into normal action again.

Energy, for immediate use—that's what you want above all else in the morning. And since energy comes from food, breakfast should furnish you with a generous supply.

But don't overlook this fact. Your stomach must digest that food before you can use its energy. And this job should be as easy as you can make it, if you are to do your best work. For digestion is always an energy consuming process.

What you need for breakfast is food that will give you the most energy at the least cost of digestive time and effort.

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THE PROUD OLD NAME

By C. E. Scoggins

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

YES, this is the trail to Hosto. See that little flock of white specks yonder? No, not down in the basin; that's old man Moreno's hacienda; farther on, up under that peak with the streak of fog across it. If I was you, though, I would wait till morning. You have to go right by Moreno's, and it will be dark pretty soon; and there is no sense getting yourself shot before they can see you are a white man and a stranger. Huh? Yes, there has been a little trouble. That is where I got this. No, nothing serious; it glanced off my skull. It is what comes of getting old and careless and forgetting that a man can climb a tree.

Sure I can put you up. Pablo! Take the gentleman's horse to the corral. I will be glad to have you. I am celebrating my partner's wedding and I was right lonesome until you came along.

Drink hearty! What is your views on matrimony, anyway? Just a minute. That was my wife, and she understands more English than you would think. You cannot get her to talk it because she is afraid you would laugh, but you never know how much she gets. I never know, and I've been married twenty years.

No, there is not much trouble around here as a rule. They do not care who is president and half the time they do not know. Of course you get robbed now and then, but if you know your business it is not much worse than taxes. You let them find a little money, not too much, and give them a drink and keep your gun in sight, and they will not go too far. It is right pitiful when you come to think of it. Once these Indians owned all the land from the Isthmus clear to the Mississippi, and had caves full of gold; but now a hundred dollars looks like all the money in the world to them.

No, they are not against Americans if you treat them right. It is the Spaniards that have held their face in the dirt four hundred years.

I sure am glad to see you. I could tell you was a white man five miles off by the way you sat your horse. I was sitting here celebrating my partner's —— Huh? Day before yesterday. I thought I had talked him out of it, but he is a headstrong young fellow and you cannot tell him anything.

He Took to Riding Out—Prospecting, I Thought; But I Might Have Known

I remember how I came to take a fancy to him. I had just located this claim, I remember, and I rode up to Siete Minas—that's the biggest outfit in this district, thirty miles north—with some samples to be assayed, and I stayed over that night to take a hand in a poker game. Jimmy had just come down from the States to work there, and he sure was ignorant. He was just out of mining school and that was all he knew about poker.

Yes, what those hard-shells ran over him was plenty. A nice young fellow too; he had a soft voice and a bashful grin like he did not want to hurt anybody's feelings, and you could not tell by looking at him that he was losing. That is the way I like to see a man. And one Swede, named Oscar something, him and another fellow took to whipsawing the kid; cross-raising him, you know, which will beat any man because it gives two chances to one.

It was none of my business, but he was a nice young fellow and I kind of hated it. Once or twice I caught me a hand and horned in between them and ran them out on a limb and sawed it off; and I joshed them about playing partners, trying to put the kid wise. Oscar, he did not like it, but he did not feel like starting anything. You know how it is in a poker game: if you start talking and get called, you have got to start shooting or eat plenty of crow.

It was jackpots and no limit, which is no game for young fellows because they have not got the patience. Pretty soon the kid throws in his last greenback for a showdown with this Swede, and he was even too innocent to make the Swede show first.

"What you got?" says Oscar, hurrying him.

"Three queens," says Jimmy, trustful.

"'Tain't enough," says the Swede. "A flush here."

And he flashes his cards, all red, and throws them face down in the discard. But the kid did not have his eyes shut. He reaches out and turns over this flush and it is four hearts and a diamond.

"This isn't a flush," says he, puzzled.

"That ain't my hand," says the Swede, careless, and pushes the cards to me, which it was my next deal.

"It's what you threw down," says Jimmy.

"That's what you say," says the Swede. "I say it ain't."

And he has raked in the money, and what are you going to do about it? Shoot or shut up; you know how it is in a poker game. It was raw work. Nobody else was in the pot and it was none of our business. The Swede had all the edge; all he had to do

was sit and wait for the kid to make a move. But I could see the kid had never run into anything like that before. I see him getting white over the cheek bones and gathering his feet under him, and he did not have a gun—though of course Oscar would claim he did not know.

"So that's the kind of game you play!" says the kid.

I like a man that talks quiet when he is mad. But there was no use letting him get shot over a little pot like that. I reached over and kicked him on the shin, friendly.

"Sit down, son," I says. "Mistakes will happen. Don't never fly off in the heat of the day without a blanket."

And I pushed some money over to him and started dealing real quick, because I do not like trouble. But he just sat there kind of dazed, rubbing his shin and passing the cards along. He did not know what to make of it at all. He could see I was friendly, but I reckon he had never sat in a game where you want to watch the deal and look out for cutting into crimps.

Pretty soon Oscar opens a nice pot for the size of it and everybody passes around to me. I give him a little raise and he comes back at me with a big one, talking loud and bold like he was making a bluff, but I could read him like a book because he was mad. He was laying for me, account of my taking up for Jimmy, and this time he had them.

"It looks like I am hooked," I says, regretful. "If I had any sense I would lay down; but not so, Bolivia! I never did have any sense and I am too old to learn. I have got to draw my card and see what happens."

So I drew one card, and he stood pat and bet the limit. I raised, and he raised, and we went at it. He would have kept raising till the last dog was hung; but finally I called.

"What you got?" says he, like he did to Jimmy.

"That ain't the question—yet," I says. "I'm calling you."

He had them, all right. He slams down a big straight flush, jack high, and reaches for the money; but I laughed in his face.

"'Tain't enough," I says. "Not so, Bolivia! Read these and bust out crying."

And I tossed him my hand, face down, and raked in the money myself. Well, sir, it was ridiculous. He could not get it through his head.

"What's this?" says he, going glassy in the eye.

"That," I says, "is a straight flush, queen high. Or so I say. Read them real careful and tell us what you think."

It was no such thing. There was not a thing in that hand, hardly two cards of the same suit. It was his own medicine; and this time it was me that had the money and him that had to start shooting or shut up.

"And don't say that ain't my hand," I says, "because I just now handed it to you myself. How do you like it?"

And I sat back and waited for him to make a move. The boys saw something was up; they edged away from us and waited, but a minute went by and I knew he did not have the nerve. The longer you think about it the harder it is to reach for a gun when a man is watching you.

"How about it?" I says.

He croaks, "You win," and snatches up what was left of his money and starts for the door; but I stopped him.

"Whoa!" I says. "You forgot to tell the boys what was in that hand. Do you want them to think I am a crook like you?"

He could have walked out on me; you cannot shoot a man in the back; but it takes nerve to turn your back, and he did not have it.

"Straight flush, queen high," he says, husky.

"Much obliged," I says. "Good-by to you!"

And I turned the cards face up on the table. The boys all whooped and yelled, but he never cracked a smile; you take a cheap crook and he cannot see a joke if it is on him. He was so rattled he bumped into the door going out, and I reckon he is going yet. He was ashamed to look that kid in the eye again.

"Here you are, kid," I says. "Here is your money back, all peaceable. You see there is no use having any trouble."

But the kid only looked more miserable and pushed it back.

"No, sir," he says, "I didn't have that much. Anyway I—I don't want it. I couldn't take it. Thanks just the same."

I thought he was mad because I was babying him before the boys. So after a while I catch him in his room; but do you think I could make him take it? Not so, Bolivia! He got plumb red in the face trying to explain without hurting my feelings, but finally it dawns on me. He didn't think I had got it honest; but wasn't it the same way the Swede got it? I ask you.

I swear to you I liked it. When you get old you do not feel so sure about what is straight and what is crooked, and it makes you feel good to see a young fellow act so—so young. I made out like I was insulted, but finally I had to laugh; and Jimmy, he can always see a joke. We got to liking each other. When Siete Minas finally shut down on account of bandits, I got him to come in here with me. I needed a man with his education and he was the kind of a damn fool that I liked.

I Remember the Whow! Whow! of Two Shots Echoing Hollow in the Zaguan of Moreno's House, and Jimmy Shoving Out a Fellow That Toppled Right on My Heels

Drink hearty! Well, I was going to ask you—how do you feel about a young fellow getting married?

II

THIS is a lonesome country for a kid. I remember when I first came down here, just about his age, I pretty near went crazy sometimes. Prospectors do get kind of cracked from being by themselves; maybe you know. The hills hanging over you at night, so many stars and all so big and still that you cannot seem to stay inside yourself, and nobody to talk to but the mules. The sun coming up and something driving you on again; pulling you on, over this hill and down that barranca; something that never lets you rest. Hunting for gold! Yes, but it is something else besides. When you do make a strike you feel lost. There is nothing to hunt for after you have found it.

Something that gets into you because you are young and husky, and keeps on driving you when you are old. Concha, she never cared. That is one thing about Indians—money and comfort is nothing much to them.

But Jimmy and me, we hit it off fine. He took to calling me Uncle Lew. He used to josh Concha—that's my wife—as solemn as an owl. He called her Doña Escopeta from the way she blew up like a shotgun when she was mad. She seldom knew what he was talking about, because the things that strike a white man funny are not always funny to them, but she thought he was a great boy to be paying that much attention to her. He had a good head for mining and he was more company than a boat could haul.

Then this last revolution came along and the trains was cut off from Orendain, which is our shipping point; so we shut down all but a little development work, and it left too much time on Jimmy's hands. He took to riding out—prospecting, I thought; but I might have known. Old folks are not much company for a kid.

One day I rode over to see Moreno about some beef; and Moreno was tickled about something, which he is a proud man but jolly when he feels that way. We had two-three drinks, and he takes me by the elbow and leads me out to the main patio of his house; and what do you think?

That is Moreno's hacienda you see down there in the basin. It is quite a place; white buildings, very old, and shady arches around patios with flowers and fountains and cedars trimmed into the shape of fighting cocks; green farms and cattle ranges stretching off to these blue hills, like the world with a fence around it. There was a fountain, I remember, singing a soft and lazy tune that never changed, and lazy sunshine and a warm sweet feeling that got into you. I don't know why it made me feel so cross and old.

There was Jimmy picking flowers with Moreno's daughter, and not even a servant for a chaperon!

Elena, she knew it was queer. Her face was all flushed up; why are girls prettier when they are shy? She was using a fan like these girls do, graceful, half hiding her face and laughing with those big brown eyes of hers; these girls can just make their eyes talk to a man. That poor kid did not know which end he was standing on.

Elena, she knew she had no business to be there with a young fellow by herself. She ducked her head and flew; but Jimmy, he comes up grinning. He had been having the time of his young life. Moreno gives him a dig in the ribs and chuckles to me. "What do you think of my young namesake, eh?"

"Namesake?" I says. I reckon I was kind of sour about it.

But it was so. Santiago is Mexican for James. Yes, and Moreno means dark colored; it is the same as Brown. Funny what a difference it makes! Santiago Moreno is a grandee, mostly Spanish and very proud; but Jimmy Brown is a plain name and a plain Gringo kid.

"Don Santiago and I have decided," says the kid in Spanish, "that we are kin—somewhere this side of Adam."

But I would not talk Spanish to him.

"I see you are kin to Adam all right!" I says, sarcastic.

"Oh," he says, "you mean my Spanish lesson."

"Come off!" I says, snorting. "That excuse is all wore out. A walking dictionary! Why don't you think up something new?"

You cannot faze that boy. He acts so innocent he is plumb impudent; solemn, you know, but his eyes just twinkles at me.

"You seem to think I am hiding something," says he.

"Not so you could notice it!" I says, snorting.

But I had to grin. You cannot be sour with that boy, and how are you going to keep a young fellow from falling in love with a pretty girl? Especially if he is lonesome. I can remember when Concha looked mighty sweet to me, and she is more Indian than Elena ever thought of being. Elena is nearly white.

I can't explain. It kind of tickled me, at that—this fool kid walking right through a cast-iron custom and hardly knowing it was there; making up to a rich man's daughter right under her father's nose, when any other young buck would have thought he was lucky to slip a smile and a flower to her going by in her carriage! He was not trained to playing bear, which is standing on your hind legs under a girl's window and whispering for fear the old man will find it out. The only way he knew to pay attention was to march up and do it.

Riding home I tried to talk to him.

"Don't you know," I says, "they don't think it's decent for a young fellow and a girl to be together by themselves?"

"I guess," he says, cheerful, "Don Santiago knows I'm decent. At least he seems willing to take a chance."

He did not see any reason to be afraid of a girl's father. I reckon that was how he got away with it; Moreno had never seen a young fellow act so frank and ignorant, and it tickled him. He seemed to think Jimmy was quite a boy. They was all the time calling each other *tocayo*, namesake, you know, as chummy as a pair of drillers—though Moreno is one of the richest men around here.

Well, you can bust into a custom when you are ignorant, but it will sure close up on you if you stay there long enough. Once or twice I tried to talk to him.

"Son," I says, "people will say you ought to marry that girl."

"I wish they would speak to her about it!" says he, which it seems he had asked her fifteen or sixteen times

already. I did not think she would do it. But that is the way these girls are; they think they have to hold off or a man will think they are cheap; but if they like him they sure know how to keep him trying.

And for a while it seemed to do him good. Even after we started shipping ore again I could not think up jobs enough to hold him; and he would come back on a high horse, joshing everybody and working like a house afire. I reckon he was used to girls, back home, and missed them.

People did talk, of course. You cannot bust through cast-iron customs without making noise. Nobody said anything to me; they knew better; but Concha was all steamed up about the women talking. And one Sunday over in Hosto, this young Felipe Cuervo, that was sweet on Elena himself, he challenged Jimmy to a duel. The first I knew about it was when the kid came home with a nick shot out of his ear. These people always shoot at your head; but Jimmy, he had shot low, like I always told him, and bust Felipe's hip for him.

I begged the kid to have some sense, but he just laughed. He was a scamp, that boy. He could be impudent in a bashful way that women like, and old folks too; he could make you laugh when you felt like kicking him in the pants. Excuse me if I talk too proud of him. He was the nearest to a son I ever had.

Drink hearty! Do you think a young fellow ought to stay away from women until he is old enough to have some sense?

Well, it would save a lot of trouble. Many a man would be alive and well that is not.

Sometimes I think the Lord never made this country for white men anyway. It is too raw. Beautiful, yes; but violent. The hills are too big and the stars come down too close. The sun is hot and the nights are cold, and when it rains it rains like hell bust loose; and something gets into you. More violent; I can't explain. You get so you do not care. You think you can take it easy, because there is plenty of time and a man lives only once.

But finally it comes to you that there will be nothing but time as long as you live; and it seems long enough, God knows.

It is all right for Indians. They do not have to think. The sun is their friend and the hills are like people to them. Time does not worry them. Take this old fellow that calls himself Guatamo—this cripple that claims to be their king. What do you think of a man with patience enough to catch a thousand humming birds?

They are not like our Indians in the United States. They are older. You would not think it to look at them, but once they had kings just like white people, and cities as big as any in the world. They built roads and bridges and pyramids, and knew things no white man knows today. The Spaniards never could have licked them, only they thought Spaniards was gods because they was white and had horses and guns, and they treated them friendly and let them into their cities. But the Spaniards was human, all right, and started paying attention to their women, and the trouble started—like it always does.

This old Guatamo here, he claims to be the great-great-something grandson of Guatamotzin, the prince that killed Moctezuma—or Montezuma, I expect you call him; their king, you know—to keep him from giving in to the Spaniards. And Moctezuma was his uncle, and forgave him and gave the kingdom to him when he was dying. That makes Guatamo king if it is so. He claims to know where the gold is buried, and he is crippled because he has been punished to make him tell. He has got plenty of gold, that is a sure ——

Huh? Maybe he did tell them. But they never came back with any of it. They never came back at all. He is a bad man to monkey with because the Indians think he is kind of sacred.

He does not look much like a king. Old, that is how he looks; you cannot tell how old; you could believe he was Guatamotzin himself, alive—hating the Spaniards and waiting for the stars to tell him when to kill all the white men and bring back the day of the Nahuatlecas—all these four hundred years.

But he is just an Indian to Moreno. I was going to tell you.

Along in this last rainy season Jimmy took to going around solemn and absent-minded, and not eating much, and after a while he tells me it is all fixed. He is going to marry Elena.

III

I TOLD him *felicidades*, happiness, you know, and he said thanks. It was none of my business; he was free, white and twenty-one. He didn't have much to say about it, and I didn't.

But all of a sudden I noticed we had said it in Spanish. It seemed natural. His Spanish had got better—better than any Gringo had a right to talk; his manners was better too, and it made you feel more offish and polite with him. He was not quite the same.

"Well," I says, "when does the wedding come off?"

He answers kind of vague. He says they are waiting for the legal formalities. I thought he meant the banns; I did not have any idea what that kid had went and done.

But I could see he did not feel so good. I tried to get him to take a trip to the States, which it would be too late after he was married; Elena, she has never been any farther than Guadalajara, and the States would scare her to death. I took to talking about the machinery we ought to buy, but he argues, listless, that we did not have the money to risk buying it just yet. I reckon he was not much interested in mining any more. Why should he be? Moreno owns most of this basin that is any good for farming, and he never had but this one daughter to leave it to.

Once or twice I tried to talk to him. Once I asked him if him and Elena was good friends, and he thought I was joking.

"We are not getting married because we hate each other," he says, "that is a sure thing."

"I know what you are getting married for," I says. "I am not so old but what I can remember."

He was sitting just where you are sitting now, gazing out over this blue-rimmed basin that will be all his some day; and the dark was coming fast, like it is now. And by his voice I know the money and position does not mean a thing to him. He is just aching for a girl out there where little lights begin to shine, and all this lonesome twilight closing in.

This is the time when you can talk, if ever. You cannot see each other's face so plain, and you forget to wonder what a man will think. The sky fading off and off, the sun just gone but burning a little while like the door of heaven that men dream about, and night and quiet spreading on the hills. You try to talk; you try to say things you can never say—like feeling in the dark to touch somebody you can hear but cannot see.

He thinks it is wonderful that a girl could love him enough to marry him. A jack-leg engineer, he calls himself. He has not got any idea what a fine, upstanding, warm-hearted young hellion he is.

"Son," I says, "I understand all that. I was a young buck myself once, little as you would think it, and thought women was not human too. I know these girls are good at loving; it is all they know. But are you friends with her? How do you get along with her, talking, and so forth? I mean—does she laugh at what you think is funny?"

I reckon I did not say it right. It kind of shut him up. By his voice I know he is just humoring me; he thinks I do not know how a young fellow feels.

Yes, him and Elena, they laugh plenty when they are together, it seems.

But I had seen them laughing, and I knew. It was not because anything was funny. It was because they were a handsome young fellow and a pretty girl.

"I mean," I says, "you will both live a long time, at least I hope so, and you will be young and high-spirited only a little while. How will you get along when you are old folks unless you are friends and like the same kind of jokes?"

No young fellow knows how lonesome it is to be married and not understand each other's jokes. I know it does not sound like much. I tried to tell him. I could not say it any plainer than I did; but it did not sound like anything to him. He just humored me because I am an old fellow and he is young and husky. I could tell by his voice that he was just humoring me, and it made me mad because I could not make him see that being married was no joke.

After that I let him alone. It was the rainy season too, and if you are mad at anybody it is no pleasure to be cooped up with him by rain.

It was a miserable way to be. He did not half listen to anything you said,

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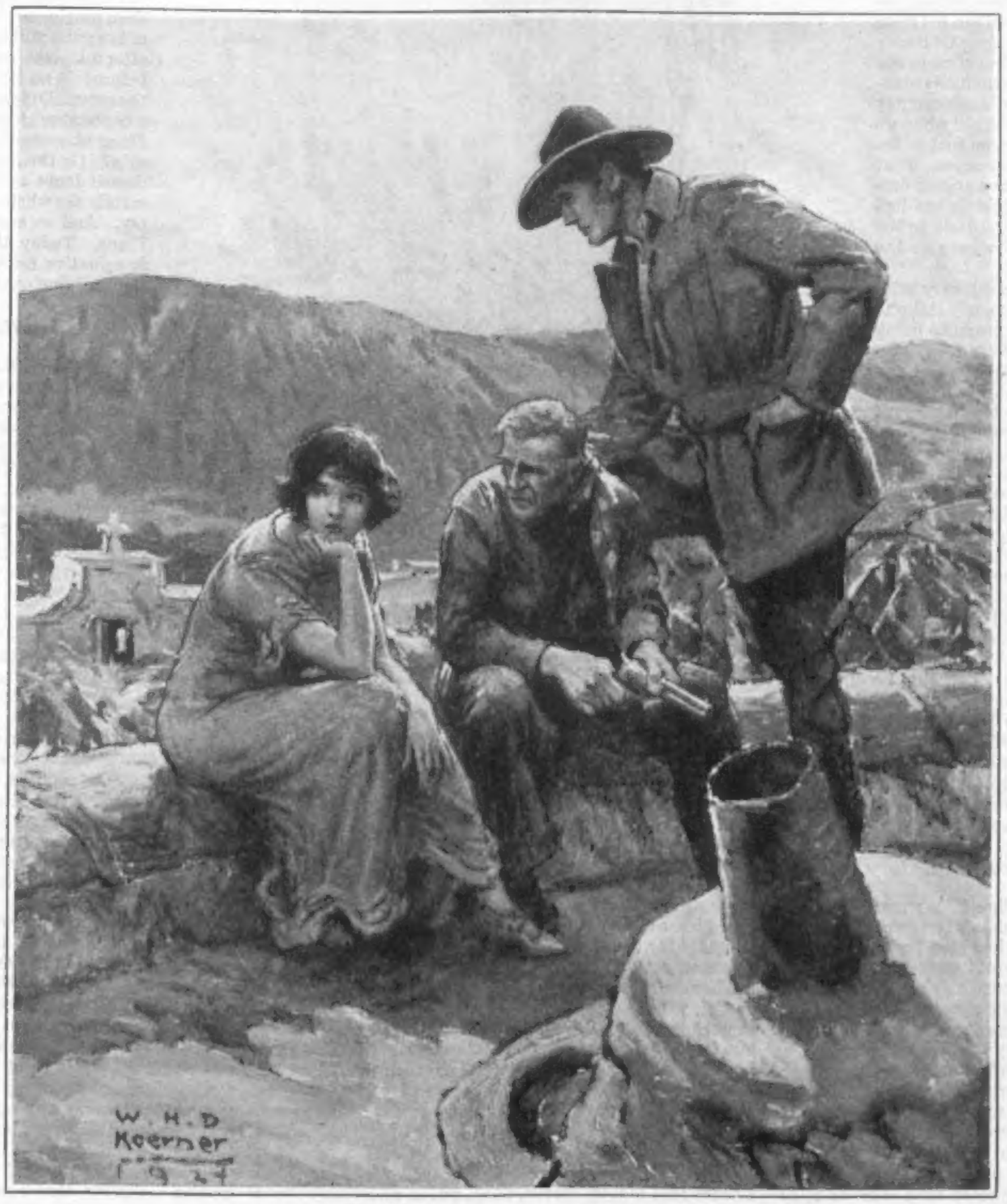

"It Makes a Life Seem Little, and Life Seem Infinitely More. Does That Mean Anything to You?"

FEWER AND BETTER

By Henry H. Curran

THIS new immigration law of ours is already doing the country a world of good, and gives promise of doing still better when we get it to working more smoothly. There appears to be a very strong and thoughtful public interest in this matter of the immigration of foreigners into America. For my part, I am glad that is so, because I have a deep feeling, bred of many years' intimate daily contact with immigrants and immigration, that the right handling of this problem from now on is an affair of vital moment to all Americans.

To give you the first faint outlines of the new chapter in American life that has been unfolding ever since the new immigration law came into full effect on the first day of last July, it is necessary to turn back to the troubles of the old law. Today they seem like a bad dream. Already they are fading into forgetfulness—time takes her own care of old ills. Yet they were there! And nobody who has to do with immigration will forget them as long as he or she lives. Nor will the Americans and immigrants who fell victim to their malignant aspects forget them! Yes, they will remember. Ugh! It is hard to shake off the pall of that old law.

First, we had the quota races, the straining of steamships from all over the world to converge in the Narrows in New York at the moment of midnight, when the calendar barrier of the first minute of the month would lift. No greater degree of unintended cruelty to fellow human beings ever came of a single statute than fell from the pages of that, our first quota law. Of course it was a trial statute. For the first time in our history we had wisely decided to limit the number of foreigners who might settle in our country in a given year. We got over a big hill when we did that. We put the first American foot in the door to our own ultimate independence. That first quota law did more to give us a grip on ourselves nationally than any struggle we had had since the Civil War; and our gratitude to the men of 1921 at Washington who gave us the relief can never be too great.

Yet the absence of careful machinery with which to carry out the law was a sorry thing to see. It was so bad that it soon began to damn even the policy that underlay the law. With a definite limit to the number of natives of any one country who might come to us in a year, it was first come, first served, for the immigrant who strove to reach our shores before the quota for his nationality became exhausted; first come, first served, and devil take the hindmost! Naturally it became a race whenever a quota was nearly but not quite filled. Those who came too late were excess quota; they had to be deported; and they were deported. Yet they had done no wrong. Often they were more fit than others who had come a week or a day or five minutes earlier, and had been admitted. But, inexorably, they went back. Just because nobody in the whole wide world could tell in advance just when any given quota would be filled. At times a sudden rush of immigrants over the border would outstrip a shipload on the high seas, plowing along their unsuspecting way, on the faith of a good guess at the port of departure in Europe, and, finally, reaching the port in America eight days later, only to find that they were too late. It is quicker to cross a bridge from Canada to Buffalo than to cross an ocean in a ship.

The Hunt for a Knot Hole

THERE was an Armenian family—father, mother and five children—cultured and capable, who came up from the Argentine. All of them but one had been born in Armenia. The quota for that country was still open when the family reached Ellis Island. So they were all right—all but one. The one unwitting black sheep was a pretty little dark-eyed girl in a white slip of a dress, three years old, who had been born in Cyprus while the family had been visiting there. And the quota for Cyprus was full. So it seemed as though this little innocent must be deported back to the Argentine, with her father to go along and try to take care of her and leave the mother in New York to weather through with the four other tots as best she could. If you had seen the little girl, as day by day she grew paler under the detention, you might have lost even more sleep than some of us at Ellis Island lost in those days. She was excess quota, that little girl, but she was real. Ah, yes, she was just as real as any three-year-old mite of your own about to be taken away from you and deported back to the Argentine.

Yes, Sandy Was Ready for America, Sand Traps and All

Well, we turned a spyglass on that Cyprus quota until we had the whole history of it, backward and forward, with every knot hole marked. Finally we found the knot hole that made it legally possible to admit the little girl—and we got her through. They all went ashore—and that was a day! I wonder if she will ever know the commotion that came of that initial Cyprus prank of hers; if her parents will some day tell her of the heartache that held them during the weary weeks at Ellis Island, while the lawyers and the statisticians were trying to figure out a knot hole in the board fence of a solid Cyprus quota. It will make a curious story for her to hear, that old yarn of 1924, when she is all grown up, by 1940 or thereabout—a quaint tale!

There were scores of such cases. I remember a Syrian and his wife who came here three times from Europe, and each time had to go back because their ship was just too late for that monthly division of the quota. The third time was the last. Their funds were gone, their spirit broken. They have not tried again.

And, under the law, Ellis Island was powerless to prevent this sort of thing.

The flying Finns, thirty of them, all men, furnished the comic relief for one month's performance. They came too late for that month, started back, but in midocean shifted from their eastbound ship to a westbound ship. Their second arrival at Ellis Island was in time, because another month had begun. But under the law the second arrival was no good. The flying Finns had not gone all the way back to "the country whence they came." They had made a false start—beaten the pistol, in midocean; so back they went again, and this time they went all the way back.

I never heard what became of them, although, at the last gasp, I was told they were on a ship from the Baltic that slid in past the Narrows a month later, just fifteen seconds ahead of midnight, on the last day of August, instead of waiting until after midnight so that her immigrant cargo could be charged to September that had just begun. The Finnish quota for September was open, but for August it was closed—wherefore all the Finns aboard were excess quota, because they had accidentally arrived at the tail end of the old month instead of at the birth of the new month—out o' luck by fifteen seconds!

Then began the battle over the fifteen seconds. The inspector's stop watch was right. So were his eyes, as he stood on the parapet of Fort Wadsworth in the moonlight and sighted the imaginary quota line that stretched from fort to fort across the waters of the Narrows. He knew that the bow of that ship crossed the line before midnight, and he so reported. But how about the stern? When did the stern, the last of the ship, cross the line? Could the ship be said to have crossed the line until the whole of her, stem to stern, had crossed? Surely, with such a long ship, moving so slowly and on a slant, some part of her must still have been outside the line until after midnight, even though the bow had crossed before! Who knows? For nobody had timed the stern. Did the ship have an August bow and a September stern? And where were the flying Finns at midnight? In the August end of the ship? Or the September end? Or perhaps in dismal doubt amidships? Nobody knew. Ultimately the whole shipload was let into the country. And so ended the Odyssey of the flying Finns. Today they are probably laying unimaginative bricks, unconcerned and far from the madding quotas.

Families Kept Together

AT ELLIS ISLAND we have often tried to analyze and account for the intense anguish that fills the immigrant upon detention here, at the end of the journey, with possible deportation staring him or her in the face. In a way it seems unwarranted. This slip-up is not a matter of lost health or fortune, of sickness or death. It is not often a matter of separation of members of a family—not nearly so often as enemies of restricted immigration would have you think when they fire away at Ellis Island as the tangible, visible target of their foreign propaganda. We do all we can to keep families together. Sometimes we do far more than the families themselves are inclined to do. Nor, as a rule, is there any disgrace attending exclusion and deportation. And the physical operation itself is nothing—a brief stay at Ellis Island that does not cost the immigrant a cent, and then a free ride back over the ocean to the "country whence they came," in the same class in which they came westward, and very often with the return to them of their westbound passage money besides. It does not sound so hard.

And yet, when the moment of exclusion comes, here at the island, it is more often than not one of such real and affecting tragedy that it takes every ounce out of us to try to assuage and lighten it. There is something peculiar about it, something different from any other form of human woe in the world. Is it because the immigrant has pulled up stakes, left the Old World forever, and now, at the doorstep of the New World, finds himself so suddenly checked that he or she feels suspended between two continents—poor folk without a country? Is it the sense of rejection, of suddenly discovered personal unfitness, of an unseen blow from in front in the travel of life? Is there something about a journey itself—and particularly such a momentous journey as a migration—that drives into one, like a sword, this forbidding gesture at the far end—the "Ye may not enter here"? Is it the detention, on an island, with its denial of liberty? Or is it something else, some sinking sensation that none of us can ever know, that neither you nor I can even imagine until one of us

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THE GREATEST BUSINESS EXPERIMENT—By Wythe Williams

The Dawes Plan in Operation

THE Dawes plan—that tremendous effort to take the knotty question of reparations out of politics and put the machinery of payments on a business basis—has now come into operation. Does it operate—or will it operate? is the big question not only of the European hour but registered on the timepiece of the world.

The Dawes plan is a gigantic business experiment without precedent. Just as England emerged from the Napoleonic Wars as the leading European power, so the United States of America, even though it may not have fully realized it at the time, came out of the World War as the strongest nation of the earth. The decision that Charles G. Dawes should represent the United States at the International Economic Conference, hedged though it was with the insistence that he pay his own steamship fare and himself declare his pipe and tobacco at the French customs, was recognition that the United States intended to give a striking demonstration of its power.

It was inevitable, therefore, that Dawes should be chosen chairman, and that as an individual he should advance from the rank of brigadier and step into the vanguard along with the real marshals and generalissimos of the world's efforts.

Dawes explained, when he arrived in Europe, that he was out to get a plan, some plan that would at least be a real plan, and not another subterfuge such as had resulted from the dozen or more conferences of that august but useless body known as the Supreme Council of the Allies, which in the years that immediately followed the war junketed about Europe much after the fashion of a traveling circus. After long travail the plan emerged, and it was likewise inevitable that it should be known as the Dawes plan. It is another story entirely; but the mere fact can be stated that without the insistence of the chairman and the "Hell and Maria" that frequently accompanied the use of the gavel, there might have been no plan at all—which, some already say, might have been far better than worse. But such was not the purpose of the meeting, and the plan—the Dawes plan—was actually born.

Doctor Dorten, the German separatist leader, now touring the United States, declares that the Dawes plan is a "wonderful economic castle built on political quicksands." He explains that Prussia still rules Germany as truly as in 1914, and that while Prussians have power there can be no lasting peace on earth. Undoubtedly there are many difficulties both political and economic that the Dawes plan must encounter before it is finally passed for good or bad. To date it has proved good politically. It has brought a general European revival of hope and confidence. It has brought a feeling of certitude that the badly messed up European situation is actually on the mend. For this alone the Dawes plan has proved worth at least a part of the effort of its making.

Now to the other side of the story—the economic side. Is the Dawes plan good economics or bad, judging it from these first weeks of its operation? The plan makers themselves declare in the opening of their report: "We have approached our task as business men anxious to obtain effective results. We have been concerned with the technical and not the political aspects of the problem presented to us."

To summarize briefly the purpose of the Dawes plan, the two axes of the situation that have called such plan into operation—the North and the South Poles that the plan seeks—are:

First, how much Germany is going to pay.

Second, how she is going to pay it.

The plan went into partial effect on September first, when the Reparations Commission officially recognized that the German Government had passed the necessary laws concerning it. The date for the full plan to go into effect was October fourth.

As nearly as intelligence can gather, the main idea of the Dawes plan is to find out by experiment how much Germany can pay per year, and then the bankers will be able

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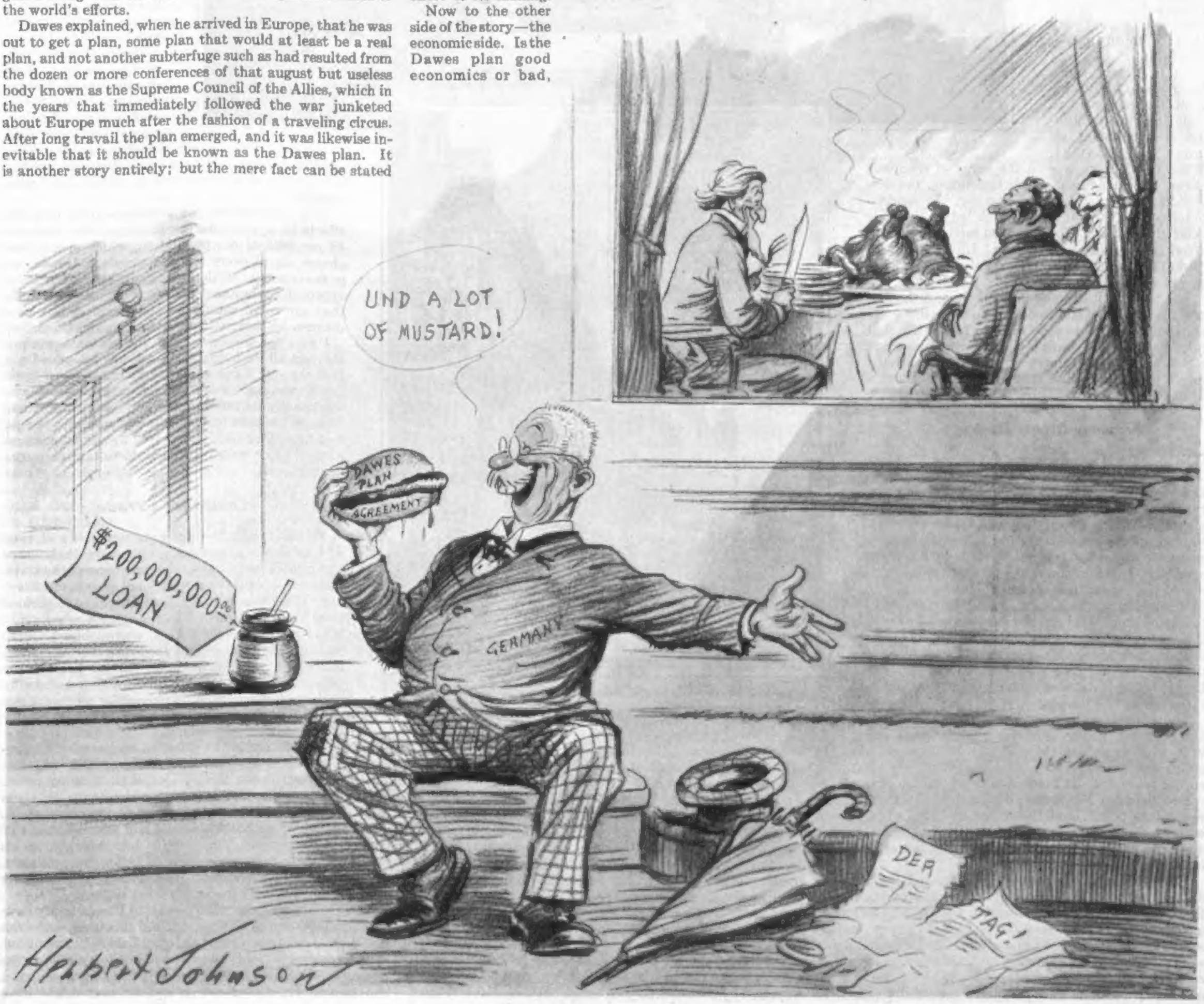

DER DOG

AFTER LENINE—WHAT?

The War on Capital—By Isaac F. Marcosson

ALTHOUGH the outside world is scarcely aware of it, a series of internal wars is being waged today in Soviet Russia. One is the persistent campaign against God. This is spiritual. Another, the political, revolves about Trotzky's aggressive stand in the matter of factional strife and the bureaucracy that rules the Communist Party. The third and most significant, for it is economic, is the campaign to wipe out private capital. Here the so-called new economic policy is the objective. With this event we pass under the arch of the world's most vivid rainbow, the Soviet economic—I should say lack of economic—structure.

As in nearly every other phase of Bolshevism, the movement to stifle individual initiative is inconsistent, almost paradoxical. When the country was on the verge of economic chaos, with a peasant revolt impending, the new economic policy staved off disaster. It inspired practically all the advance which led to the wide belief that, after all, communism might be able to stand on its own economic legs. Under it foreign capital ventured into the country and the stabilization of the ruble was effected.

But the law of demand and supply and the system upon which a civilized world does business are apparently unable to cope with the fanaticism that rules Russia. The result is that the very procedure which saved the country from ruin is now the target of a persecution that has brought about a fresh reign of terror.

The Tverskaya, One of the Principal Retail Shopping Streets in Moscow. Above—A Street in Moscow With the Old Chinese Gate in the Background

Property Rights Destroyed

THIS state of affairs grows out of the fact that in Soviet Russia the economic is the political, and vice versa. Get this into your mind and you can understand why private trade is being suppressed. Why? Simply because the merchant, through efficiency, fair dealing and providing the customer with what he wanted, made such inroads upon the structure on which the government is reared that, regardless of consequences, he had to be doomed to destruction. Political expediency dictated the step. Having had a semilucid interval, the masters of Russia are now swinging the vast domain back toward the extremism which marked the first years of their stewardship. No phase of Russia today is quite so illuminating. This article therefore will be devoted to it.

You cannot understand the significance of the new economic policy, or rather what is happening to it, without getting the approach to the hour when, in political self-defense, the oligarchy that runs Russia put it on the black list. It involves a brief résumé of what occurred between November, 1917, when the Communists swept into power, and the spring of 1921, when Lenine ordered the historic retreat from Bolshevism which let down the bars and permitted capital and initiative to perform their natural and logical work.

The moment Lenine and his associates got into the saddle they made short shrift of what we call property rights. Banking, or such of it as survived, became a government monopoly; payment of interest and dividends ceased; securities were scrapped; the internal and external debts were repudiated; all valuables in the hands of citizens that could be seized were appropriated. In short, the normal machinery of trade and commerce practically ceased to function. The state became the people and the people the state. It sounded fine and looked well on paper. The grandest Utopia that the most confirmed Marxist ever dreamed about had come into being.

The first flaw was that while money was looked upon in Communist theory as a vulgar and despicable thing, the printing presses could scarcely turn out enough of the paper rubles, which became more worthless with each succeeding day. Despite the bewildering vision of a red régime forced upon an ignorant populace, the people were foolish enough to cling to the idea that some evidence of exchange was necessary. Those who had anything left to sell disposed of it surreptitiously for the scrap stuff camouflaged as legal tender.

At the base of the dream—unhappily it became a tragic reality—was the idea that all private trading was to be replaced by the voluntary exchange of goods manufactured in the towns for food grown on the farms. What amounted to primitive barter—the code of the Stone Age—was revived.

In bringing about what was believed to be a social, economic and political millennium, the government achieved three things not entirely compatible with national advance. One was the complete destruction of credit. The second was that with the wiping out of wealth there was practically nothing left to tax. The state had no revenue at the start save from what it seized.

The third was that though nobody wanted to work, everybody wanted to talk. If you know Russia at all, you know that the native would almost rather talk than eat. In consequence, factory production declined at an alarming rate. Let me illustrate with Petrograd industry. On January 1, 1914, there were 450 factories employing 234,247 workers. On January 1, 1920, the number had shrunk to 235 factories in which 87,950 were engaged.

The most serious complications arose over the efforts to communize the peasants, who comprise 85 per cent of the population, which means that eleven out of every thirteen people in Russia live in the country. With the peasants we reach the real approach to the new economic policy. Instinctively they are small capitalists and therefore not good communist material. So they have remained.

Under the Bolshevist rule the peasants presumably got all the land. What actually happened was that through a process of favoritism the well-to-do farmer was superseded by the rural proletariat, who was usually shiftless. A man, for example, who had brought his farm to a high state of efficiency would find himself suddenly displaced by a good communist, while he would be required to take on a run-down place.

Contraband Trade

MOREOVER, the peasants were only allowed to retain a certain minimum of their crops and compelled to deliver the remainder to the state. This was because of the national system of rationing. The urban population was supposed to get food from the government. In the cities a new kind of bread line developed. Men, women and children had to bring sacks to the food-distribution centers and carry away their quota. In the country the peasant traded what produce was left to him by the government for such necessities as he did not grow. In other words, he exchanged grain for matches, boots or shirts.

This led to the era of the so-called Sackmen. The government rations were insufficient, and everybody who had anything to sell began to buy food with it under cover. The peasants, chafing under the law which compelled them to give nearly everything they raised to the government, naturally held out what they could and sold it to the city people. They carried the produce into town in sacks. Hence the name Sackmen. They, as well as the profiteers, could get away with it because everybody was carrying sacks in which to hold the government rations.

This is the reason why the visitor to Russia today finds old paintings, works of art, beautiful furniture, and even jewels, in the houses of the peasants. Last July I went out to interview a peasant who lived about forty miles from Moscow. His samovar was one of the handsomest that I had seen in Russia. I sat on a chair that might have adorned a fashionable salon. His expensively framed

religious pictures seemed strangely out of place. I asked him where he had got all these things.

He smiled and said, "I exchanged them for food when the people were on rations."

When the peasants protested against giving up practically everything they produced, the government sought to establish compulsory agrarian communism. Food armies were organized and the grain and other food requisitioned through force. It was like Trotzky's ill-fated scheme for using the army in the factories. Both kinds of militarization failed. When the government forcibly tried to collect taxes in kind, it was the last straw.

The inevitable thing happened. The peasants practically went on strike and the agricultural area decreased. In 1915 the land under cultivation aggregated 85,000,000 dessiatines. A dessiatine is 2.70 acres. By 1920 it had declined to 60,000,000 dessiatines, and just before the inauguration of the new economic policy in 1921 it was down to 53,000,000 dessiatines. This decreased production was a factor that Bolshevism had not reckoned with.

Throughout most of the earlier period of power the Soviet Government was fighting foes from within and without. With the Cheka—the instrumentality of terror—it crushed opposition in the cities. With Trotzky's red army it combated the whites and the Allies on the battlefields of Siberia and elsewhere.

With triumph over its armed enemies secure, the government turned to a no less serious antagonist at home. He was the peasant whose dissatisfaction became more acute with each passing month. Before long there were actual uprisings. The most serious was the mutiny of sailors at Kronstadt, the principal naval port, early in February, 1921. Most of them came from peasant stock. When they went home and found the state of affairs that I have described they went back to their posts determined to end it. Revolt followed. The Russian sailors, dubbed by Trotzky the pride and glory of the revolution, had been a privileged lot. When they rebelled Lenine realized that it was high time to act and he did so in historic fashion

Surrender to the Peasants

WHEN the Tenth Communist Congress met in March, 1921, Lenine announced what came to be known as the retreat from Bolshevism. In his famous speech, which marked an epoch in Russian revolutionary history, he said:

"Don't let us make any mistake. The peasants are dissatisfied and so it cannot continue. The mind of the peasants is now made up and it is the mind of the overwhelming number of the toiling masses. Only an understanding with the peasants can save the social revolution until the revolution is ready to break out in other countries. Either we must economically satisfy the peasant of the middle group or it will be impossible to maintain the power of the proletariat in Russia. Why do we propose to abolish requisitioning? Because we must give back to the small landholder a stimulant, an incentive and a push. The small landowner will then be able to be industrious in his own interests, for he will be sure that only a portion of his surplus will be taken from him and not the entire amount."

The new economic policy, or NEP as it is called for short, came into being and it worked a transformation. New life, new hope, and with them some degree of prosperity, returned. The whole system of peasant procedure was revolutionized. Though the new land code maintained nationalization in principle, it eliminated many of the fantastic socialistic experiments. A peasant could hold his land in what amounted to perpetuity. More important than this, he was only required to deliver to the state a fixed portion of his produce and could dispose of the rest as he saw fit Free trading came back.

The biggest change was effected in the cities, because the new economic policy led to the revival of private retail trade. In what might be called the first cycle of communism, which lasted until the retreat, the government was the sole shopkeeper. Practically all individual trading was by the Sackmen. New stores literally sprang up by the thousand. The government then began to combat them with a nation-wide system of coöperative establishments.

This brings us to the grapple between government and private trading which eventually started the war on capital. It is worth explaining, because once more you have convincing evidence of the futility of state-endowed enterprise. The private shops were sanitary, their shelves fully stocked and the customer got efficient service. In the government coöperative establishments there was lack of sanitation, the usual top-heavy staff, casual interest in the clients and inability often to satisfy the most ordinary needs. The result was that the private shops had a quick turnover. They could readily undersell the government, which had to pay for the cumbersome machinery it created for merchandising. In the coöperatives, operating costs went as high as 25 per cent.

It is not surprising therefore that the private shops made such inroads into the government business that at the high tide of their operation they were doing precisely 85 per cent of all the retail trade in Russia.

The boom in private retail trade was only part of the general expansion under the new economic policy. The trade agreement with England was one of the first evidences of a desire to link up with the outside world. Foreign capital began to augment the government subsidies. Soviet industry was organized into various trusts Although the whole Bolshevik productive structure, such as it is, will be explained in a subsequent article, it is necessary to state here that these trusts—there are several in every branch of industry—as well as the syndicates, which are the government agencies for selling their output, owe their existence to the general stimulus to all economic activity provided by the new economic policy.

The free doings instituted in the early day ended. Ivan Ivanovich now had to pay when he rode on the street cars or the railways, and when he sent a telegram or mailed a letter. It followed that railroad and postal revenue developed into something like a factor, and a national budget, a thing undreamed of under communism, was born.

All the improvement was not confined to the machinery of commerce. The terror, which had gripped the populace with fear, relented. Up to the inaugural of the new economic policy men and women were sent into exile or sentenced to long prison terms without trial. The ruthless steam roller, embodied in the Cheka, which crushed all who opposed the government will, became less sinister. The era of wholesale arrests and deportations ended.

Such were the main consequences of the new economic policy. Not only was a bourgeoisie reëstablished but the mood of the whole people underwent a tremendous change. They emerged from those years of suppression as new beings. Naturally the more intelligent began to ask themselves the logical question: "Since we are thriving on something similar to capitalism, what is wrong with Bolshevism?"

The moment this query became articulate the day of the near-freedom was doomed. The prosperity that I have indicated was of course a direct blow at the root of Bolshevism. The very existence of private industry in a communistic régime is unnatural. Since in Bolshevism the economic and the political are one and the same thing, it followed that the extremists in the government became alarmed. They argued that if the private merchant could attain 85 per cent of the retail trade, the wholesaler, given the same chance—and already a considerable portion of the bulk commerce was falling into private hands—could bring about what would be nothing more or less than a capitalistic state of affairs all around. The pendulum swung again, this time to the left

Private Business Strangled

YOU may recall that the new economic policy was instituted in the spring of 1921. It reached the maximum late in 1923. Whether Lenine would have countenanced a reversal to the extent that it has attained is not known, because when private trading reached the peak the hand of death was upon him. The big three of the political bureau which rules Russia—I mean Stalin, Zinoviev and Kamenev—had been bitter opponents of the new economic policy in 1921, but were overridden. Only Lenine could have brought all the wild horses of Bolshevism in line Now both his will and his strength were ebbing. With his passing in January of this year, the triumvirate assumed the reins and the decree went forth that private business must be curbed. Communism had to be reëstablished The war on capital began

The campaign to be unfolded is perhaps without parallel anywhere. It is so ramified in scope that it is well-nigh impossible to compress the details within the confines of a single article. Any one of the agencies employed to restrain individual freedom and enterprise has an illuminating story all its own. It is difficult to know where to begin, for the newest economic policy, so to speak, is the policy of terror and suppression.

When the Bolshevik government undertakes to get somebody the victim has precious little chance to escape The reason is that the Soviet repressive agencies are coördinated to a degree that obtains in no other country. The Communists occupy every strategic point of vantage in all branches of the administration. To be a Communist is like being a member of a medieval secret order, in that the orders issued are commands. An individual who shrinks from his responsibility is lost. Hence the offensive against capital is being carried on by people who are mere machines and therefore without feeling or remorse.

The first step in the campaign was to tighten the government system of coöperatives, cooperation being employed as a weapon aimed at individual enterprise. In Russia there is a so-called

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A Demonstration in Moscow During the Third International Meeting

FREE CAMPING

By Ben Ames Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LIEPSE

ROCKHAM, MASS.
August 10, 1924.

DEAR SUSIE: Well, Susie, I been meaning to write you all this week but I ain't had a minute to set down and rest myself. I been cleaning house and getting fixed up to go away. We're starting out tomorrow morning, all over the White Mountains and Maine in the car, camping out just the way you and Joe did. Nat didn't want to go, but he's going. He was just stubborn, the way he always is; and he said he didn't see what a body had to go off and be uncomfortable for when they could be comfortable at home. But I told him if you and Joe could go from Iowa all the way to the coast and have a good time, I guess we could take a little trip around New England. He traded his car for Charlie Packard's last month, and it just looked to me if we didn't go now, when he's so tickled with his trade and all, we never would go, so we're going. Alice and Chester and Bob are going too. The whole family of us.

I'd rather if I could leave Chester at home, but there's no one to leave him with and he'd be in some devilment all the time anyway. Alice don't want to go. She's crazy about a boy that works in the garage on the corner, and I want to get her away from him. Bob wants to go, but he pesters papa so to let him drive the car that Nat is wild, half the time, but he's going. So we're all going.

Well, I been working like a dog getting ready the house to leave it. We're going to shut it up, and you know the way things get, even in two weeks. It just seems like dust heaps in everywhere. I've put up my vegetables and preserves and jelly already, and I been putting them away down cellar. Then I been putting sheets on all the furniture in the living room. We might as well be camping out tonight, I got things packed away so. We're living in the kitchen and our bedrooms. I got all the blinds down to keep the sun from fading things, and I've cleaned the other rooms, so I won't let Nat and the children track in anywheres. I didn't clean house this spring, being sick the way I was; so I thought I might as well do it now. It'll be nice to come back to a clean house.

Nat'd rather stay here and tinker round, his two weeks; but he's been tinkering and fussing for twenty years and he can stand to take a rest from it for a spell. He's got the garden looking good this year, and I'm going to make him varnish the kitchen floor and the pantry last thing in the morning so they can have two weeks to dry right. He's out now pumping up the tires on the car. He's got it all washed and polished and it looks right nice. We're just taking what we have to have. We can buy our groceries and things as we go along. So we're taking a tent that Nat borrowed from Charlie Packard that hooks onto the car. And he borrowed two folding cot beds for us, and we're taking mattresses for the children to sleep on. I got me an ice basket, like a refrigerator, to keep things in if we have to; and Nat got an iron stove that you burn wood in to cook on. It fits right onto the running board. Then there's just our suitcases and us. Nat says he don't see how we're going to get it all in. He always was one to look at the black side of things, but I tell him we're going for a rest and a good time and not to be so gloomy. Charlie told us we'd better take along the tent poles, but I said we could cut sticks and throw them away when we was done with them. There ain't any use in loading down with a lot of stuff you don't need. Nat always takes it hard, doing anything he ain't used to. If I didn't keep my head about me I don't know where we'd be.

"Go Ahead," She Says. "I'll Get Dave to Take Me With Him"

We're going to take our time, right along, and see things as we go along. Nat says he never could see the sense of racing along, so we're only going to drive about a hundred miles a day, or maybe a little more. I want to get a chance to write to you right along. That diary you kept when you and Joe went to the coast was nice to read. I ain't got a book to write in, but I'll probably write you some letters pretty often. I'm taking along some paper and stamped envelopes. Nat's got our schedule all worked out, but I don't expect we'll get any mail till we get to Bangor, along next week. Nat's brother lives there. If you wanted to, you could write in care of him. His name's Will and his address is something Howard Street, Bangor, Maine. We're going to stop overnight with them.

We're just going to lock up the house and leave it. Charlie Packard said he'd come out here some day to see it ain't burnt down. But nobody comes out this way. We're half a mile from the main road, and the only people that go past here are just driving down to the river to go canoeing. It's lonesome in winter; but we're used to it, and we've got everything nice now, in the yard and all. I expect I'll be glad to get back; but it's a pile of work and it will be nice to get rid of it for a spell.

Well, I will write to you right along. The children send their love.

Your affectionate sister,

JENNIE.

WEIRS, N. H.
August 11, 1924.

DEAR WILL: I tried to get a minute to write to you before, but there wasn't time. Mama talked me into taking a trip in the car this summer, and camping along, so I thought we'd drop in on you. So we closed up the house, and that took about a week, getting things fixed the way mama wanted them. You know how particular she is. Then I had to tinker up the car a little bit. I traded with Charlie Packard a couple of weeks ago. She ran like a bird today coming up here. Hundred and fifteen miles in five hours. We figured on going on further, but we was late getting started. Nothing would do but I had to varnish the floors in the kitchen and the pantry, and that took me over an hour.

Then it took some figuring to get all the stuff into the car. There ain't too much room inside. The children is with us, and that's five of us. I got two suitcases on the running boards on each side, flat; and then I finally got the other stuff packed on top of them, and what was left, in the back part. We stick out pretty well, both sides, specially the left. I put the heft there because mama is heavier than me, and that balances better. We got a tent, and beds, and mattresses and everything. You'd be surprised to see the stuff you can get on. I didn't know as she'd carry it all, but after I got her loaded I looked at the springs and they was pretty well down all right, but I figured she'd ride. We got started about eleven o'clock, and mama had put up some sandwiches, so we didn't have to stop anywheres. Road pretty good all the way. She pulled kind of hard on some of the hills, but she got us here in good time at that.

We come right by this place There's a camping ground, right on the lake, so we decided to stay here overnight. The camp ground is right in town, you might say, and we'd figured on cutting tent poles whenever we needed them, so I had to unload and drive out of town a ways to find some to cut. Found three little pine trees just the right size. I got some wood for the stove too. A farmer had his woodpile out behind the barn and there wasn't anybody at home, so I helped myself to a few sticks of it. We all went swimming in the lake, but mama, and it felt good. The water's too cold for mama. Then I opened some beans for supper, and we boiled coffee. No dishes to wash. Just paper cups and plates, and you can throw them away when you're done with them. Nothing but the coffeepot and the skillet. It's a rest for mama. I made Alice do the coffeepot and the skillet. She wanted to go up to the dance but I said I wasn't going to have her going around the way she does at home. She was crazy about a kid in the garage there, so I was kind of glad to get her away. You'd think the way she takes on, she was thirty, instead of nineteen. Bob went uptown right after supper. He got acquainted with a girl in swimming, and took her along with him. I can't see what folks think about, letting their daughters run around that way. Bob's like any boy, ready for the devil any time. But he won't ever see this girl again, so I ain't worried. Kind of a nice feeling, traveling this way. You know you ain't going to come back or be around more than a day or two, and you can do about what you please. It's the way to enjoy an automobile all right.

Had a row with a man on the way up, and I told him a few things. He tried to pass me on a hill, and just because I wouldn't get off into the ditch for him he stopped when he got past and tried to bawl me out. He kicked because the stuff on my running board stuck out a little. He says

to me, "What do you want, the whole road?" But I shut him up. I told him I guessed the road was as much mine as his. His wife was with him, and I guess she see he was getting the worst of it, because she told him to come on away. They can't put anything over on me.

Well, what I set out to say was we figure to get to Bangor sometime the middle of next week. You've always said to come up anytime, so I figured we'd stay overnight with you anyway. It'll save putting up the tent. Look for us when you see us.

Yours,

NAT

CHOCORUA, N. H.
August 14, 1921

DEAR SUSIE: Well, Susie, we've come quite a ways since we started out, and this is the first time I've had a minute. Time night come, I've been ready to go to bed. I didn't sleep so good at first. I'm used to my own bed and sheets and all, and everything nice. It's kind of a rest not to have a fuss, but things get littered up even by the time we've had supper; and in the morning I'm always glad when we get started and leave the rubbish behind. It's like moving into a new house every day. You can always find a nice clean place to camp. We're in a field now right near the bottom of Mount Chocorua. Nat has found out it's a good idea to get off the main road a little and camp by ourselves. Most of the folks traveling the way we are stay in public camp grounds, but that's a nuisance. There's always people around, and if you don't clean up around before you start out, somebody always says something. What I say, what's the use of camping out if you have to keep house same as you do at home?

Alice sassed me about it yesterday morning. She made papa wait while she burned up some newspapers that we'd finished with; and Nat hates to wait, and I told her to touch a match to it and come on. But she said she wasn't going to leave a fire burning. We were camping in some woods, and she said they might catch fire. But I told her, I says, "That's what these fire wardens are here for," I says to her. We'd had an argument with one of them. "They've got to have something to do to earn their pay, besides ride around and make eyes at girls," I says to her. So she started to sass me, and I says to her, "You come along when I tell you, unless you want to stay right here." I'd have done it, too, but that boy from the garage at home has been following us around, and her and him had talked to each other the night before, and she says to me, "Go ahead," she says. "I'll get Dave to take me with him," she says. So I told her she ought to be ashamed of herself; and Bob got some water and poured it on the fire.

I don't see what's got into Alice. She never was so fussy at home. If she was I wouldn't have to slave so.

Well, I expect you want to know where all we've been. We was late in getting started, so we didn't only get to Weirs the first night, and there was a camping ground there, and a lot of people. The lake was right pretty. You could wash your dishes right in the water, and throw the left-overs in anywhere. Then the next day we got a good start. Papa had decided to go up through what they call the Franconia Notch. But we had an accident at noon. It was the fault of one of these trucks. They just want the whole road. We'd stopped to eat some sandwiches, and the car was beside the road, right where it curved down to a bridge over a pretty brook, and we was down by the brook eating when we heard this smash. Papa went running.

A truck had come along and run right into the stuff on the running board. The truck stopped, and papa laid into him and took his number and all; and he laid into papa. He said a car had come across the bridge and he had to choose between hitting the car or raking the stuff on the running board; but papa says to him, "That don't give you any license to pile into us." And he took his number, and the truck man got to swearing; and he tried to say papa hadn't packed the car right; but land knows, when you're carrying the stuff we are you got to put it somewheres. There was a hole tore in the tent, and my suitcase was busted open. It upset me for two days. A man like that oughtn't to be allowed to drive a car, what I say. Papa's going to write to the police about him, he says. Bob aggravated papa about it too. He kept saying he'd said all along the stuff ought not to stick out the way it does, but it don't stick out only about a foot, and if folks watched where they were going they wouldn't have any trouble getting by. Bob always takes the opposite side of anything, just to get papa mad.

Well, we didn't get very far that day, because Alice wanted us to go to Lost River. That's off the road a ways, but she talked papa into it. It's up a long hill and I thought we'd never get there. The radiator boiled pretty near dry two or three times, and Bob had to carry some water to fill it, and when we got there there wasn't anything but a lot of big rocks piled on top of one another with ladders all around and up and down them. They tried to get me to crawl up them ladders, but I took one look and that was enough for me; but nothing would do the children but they had to go climbing around, and papa was about as bad. I tell him he's as much of a child as they are. Coming down that hill, we had to go slow, because papa drives careful. There was a car tried to get by us, but papa kept in the middle of the road. You see a lot of these drivers that's always wanting to go fast. It's a good thing to give them a lesson sometimes, so we made him take our dust and papa had the dry grins for an hour. It put him in a good humor for the day, and that's something. But when we turned off to camp by a brook there and the man went by he looked right mad, and there was four or five other cars behind him and they all looked mad. They'd been eating dust for four miles. What I say is, a person ought to go along slow and enjoy the scenery

I had to sew up the tent that night before we could put it up, where the truck had tore it. Papa says he supposes Charlie Packard will want him to pay for it, but it was pretty rotten and old anyhow, and there's no sense in that. This boy that's been following Alice came along there just about dark and wanted to camp near where we were, but I told him I wouldn't have it, so he went back down the road. There was another man and a woman with him. Alice said that they was his brother and his brother's wife. I says to her, "Don't you have anything to do with them." I have to keep an eye on that girl all the time. She got mad and went off by herself after supper, to sulk I guess. He come back in the morning, walked back. Said he thought he might help us pack, and I was going to send him about his business, but papa was working on the engine, and this boy works in a garage and they got to talking. Bob says he's a good mechanic, and papa said, "Well, if he wants to work for nothing, I ain't going to stop him." But I says,

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We Had a Row With the Fire Warden That Day, Just Because We Built a Fire in a Grove Beside the Road

THE INVENTOR'S PARADISE

By Chester T. Crowell

ILLUSTRATION BY WILLIAM KEMP STARRETT

THIS country is and always has been an inventor's paradise. In return for good treatment, they have made it the most comfortable place on earth in which to live and transact business. In fact, when the totals are cast up it becomes very clear that the major portion of the wealth of the United States is based upon inventions. Even the vast area of our country becomes only a contributing factor if one takes into consideration the extent to which inventions are used to extract or produce wealth from natural resources. Take wheat, for instance. It is grown all the way around the world; but in the United States it is planted with invented machines, harvested with invented machines, transported in patented vehicles, stored in elevators that are patented from top to bottom, ground by patented machines and baked by patented processes in invented stoves and bakers' ovens.

"The Judge Came Out Attired in Bowling Clothes and Sat Down on the Lawn. We Gathered Around Him, Also Sitting on the Lawn, and He Gave Us a Hearing and a Decision"

One inventor carried the narrative a step farther by saying, with a laugh, "Yes, and a lot of folks eat the bread with invented teeth."

There is a tradition that the inventor is always despised and abused, and that he frequently dies of disappointment complicated by extreme poverty.

"I don't understand how that story manages to survive in the face of so many conflicting facts," was the comment of a man whose inventions have earned him several million dollars. "It is true that no prophet will be hailed immediately, and every inventor is, to some extent, a prophet; but in this country most of the notable inventors have done very well. Public opinion has been friendly to them and the laws are approximately perfect; at any rate, they are fundamentally sound. I can think of several improvements in our system of patent laws, but there isn't a single feature of them that I would care to call an outrage. That, by the way, is unusual in any legal system. I should say that this country, above every other one in the world, deserves its inventors. It has treated them well and they have reciprocated by making it rich beyond the wildest dreams of any other age or people. I hope for the sake of mankind that the rest of the world will some day take a hint from our record and wake up to a realization of what really has been and is the basis of a large part of our national wealth."

Improvements in Patent Law

"FRANCE is and always has been rich in scientific minds, but shows nothing like our record in the field of invention. I am quite certain that one of the reasons for this is a poor system of patent laws. England has a remarkable and proud position in the world of science, and rather good patent laws, but her people are deplorably conservative. They don't welcome inventions. Germany gradually evolved very sensible patent laws that were in some ways better than our own, and her people were well on the way to realizing what it means to a nation to encourage inventors when the war came along. Germany, however, will not lag behind very long. Northern Italy has already shown great inventive genius, but none of the Latin countries, it seems to me, are entirely fair in their treatment of their inventors.

"Just at present most of us are looking toward Canada for great results. The laws there were bad until quite recently, but they have now been changed. We expect great things from Canada as a result. Canada has the right breeds of people, the stimulation of a vast area of country, proximity to the United States for a market, and most of us think they now have about as good patent laws as any country in the world. Some inventors believe their laws are now a distinct improvement upon our own."

The case of Canada is worth considering. At one time Canadian law required an inventor to manufacture his invention within two years; otherwise he lost his patent. Very often he was unable to obtain financial support for his idea within such a short time. Moreover, he had to divulge his secret to some extent while seeking capital; occasionally it happened that shrewd persons learned enough to decide they might as well wait until his patent lapsed. In other instances the inventor had produced an improvement upon an existing invention; for instance, something new for a locomotive. He couldn't manufacture locomotives; what he wanted to do was to sell his idea. Two years might constitute a very brief period in which to consummate a sale; some of the possible purchasers preferred to wait. During the time that law was in force Canada was not famous for inventions.

Now the law has been changed. The period of grace is three years and it will be increased upon the inventor showing that he is sincerely trying to produce his invention. There is another provision which Americans are watching with keen interest—the present law is only about a year old—and if it works well they will try to introduce it in this country. It provides that after three years, if the holder of a patent has not produced his invention or used his process, a third party may sue for a license to use the process or produce the invention. This law also provides that the inventor shall receive a fair royalty. The purpose is to prevent loss to the public from unused inventions. To show the importance of this law it will be necessary to contrast it with our own.

In the United States all the laws look toward unlimited protection of the inventor; he gets his patent and is not required to produce. The patent remains his with full protection of the law. In fact, the inventor has so much the best of it in this country that his wealth of protection may work to his disadvantage sometimes. For instance, if he sells his invention to a large company which merely wishes to get it out of the way he has no means to force it to use it.

The company acquires all the inventor's original rights in the patent and can keep it without use. Under Canadian law another person or company might, after three years, demand the use of that idle patent under a license by paying a royalty to the owner. In this way the public would be certain to get the benefit of it, and if the inventor had a royalty clause in his terms of sale he also would profit. Inventors sometimes sell patents on a royalty basis without demanding a guaranty of use or production; thus, if there is no use there can be no royalty.

Pigeonholed Patents

"SUPPOSE the Canadian compulsory-license provision were adopted in this country, would it make a great deal of difference?" I asked a patent attorney.

"Would it!" he exclaimed. "Wow! You'd see the biggest fight Washington has enjoyed in many a year. There would be a lobby down there the like of which has never been seen before."

"Why?" I asked.

"Because there are so many valuable patents in pigeonholes," he replied. "They have been bought up for no other reason than to get them out of the way. I look for that fight to come some day. It all depends on how the new law works out in Canada. Those people have inventive genius and, what is equally important, they are very intelligent in the administration of the law. My guess is that they are going to get the full benefit of their changed conditions. Eventually we'll hear from it in this country There are two sides to every argument, of course, but I strongly favor the compulsory-license system."

Most countries recognize three major interests to be protected by their patent laws, namely, the inventor, the manufacturer and the public. Specialists in patent law agree that this is a sound legal principle, but virtually all of them also agree that the American idea seems to work better in practice. The American idea is that an inventor is just about the most valuable product of the human race and deserves all the protection that can be given to him; the public and the manufacturer are protected here, but only incidentally. Where patent laws are notably bad it generally results from excessive protection of the manufacturer at the expense of the inventor.

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THE WAGON AND THE WEST

By E. W. HOWE

ILLUSTRATION BY J. CLINTON SHEPHERD

MY RECOLLECTION begins with moving to a new country. I do not recall our talking about it before we started; as I look back at the past the first thing I remember is a covered wagon standing in the yard, preparation for departure, and neighbors calling to discuss the event in which I was so much interested.

We lived in a heavily wooded section in Indiana, and I often heard the men say the work of clearing the farms had made them prematurely old. That was mainly the excuse they gave for seeking the prairie country, out West, and hoping to grow up with it, although they complained a good deal of chills and fever.

I can recall a dozen or more of the families accompanying us, but I do not remember the houses they lived in, or our own very well; only that we were to start on a certain day, and that I was impatient to get away to new scenes.

There were a good many loose horses and cattle to drive, unruly at first, though they soon became tractable; so we did not get far for the first camp. It was near the home of a man named Aaron Fair, who first heard of our adventure when he came to call on us. Learning where we were going, and liking the prospect, he returned to his house, packed up, and, when we moved out next morning, was in our company. What he did with his farm I never knew. Probably he abandoned it, knowing as good or better land could be had for nothing where we were going.

Prairie Song Services

IN A FEW days we met many other movers headed toward the West. Some of these joined us permanently, liking the talk of our men about the section they had selected. Three families starting with us joined other parties, and we saw no more of them.

I do not believe I had ever heard of a railroad until someone said in my presence we were in the vicinity of one. In a little while we were traveling beside it, and I was bothering everyone with questions. The wagon road ran below the railway, and before I could get satisfactory answers I heard a great rumble and saw the men suddenly jump out to hold the horses. Immediately the new thing, a railway train, appeared, and old Sam, one of our horses, made a scene. He was noted for being nervous and scary, and made the most of the occasion; in his floundering he broke the tongue of the wagon, and it was necessary to replace it, causing a delay. I heard some of the men advise father to get rid of him.

"If I had a horse like that," one said, "I'd shoot him."

Not long after, we had trouble with the horse again, in crossing the Mississippi. But I was so much impressed with my first view of a river and a steamboat that I paid little attention to anything else. Finally we had to blindfold old Sam and lead him on and off the boat. The hissing steam frightened him, but not much more than it did me.

Back in the woods we came from, my father was preacher and farmer, and most of those following him to the West had been converted by his sermons and songs; for he was a great singer, and able to read notes. They were different from the kind used in singing now, and we called them buckwheat notes. Prayer meetings were held every time we stopped for the night. Frequently these became animated, and took on the nature of a revival. Once a big girl called Sarah Jane got religion. Bill Scott said, without meaning to be impious, that she came through, as they had been working on her before leaving Indiana. When Sarah Jane began shouting her mother soon joined her, and other women shouted because of the happiness of these two.

It always seemed to me that while the men encouraged the women to shout they did no shouting themselves. In my long experience with religious people I have never known a man to shout, but in the old days a service was rarely held that women did not engage in it. Some were more violent than others, but always it was a weird and impressive performance. While about it the women did not act as they did ordinarily; occasionally one became so violent that she had to be restrained. I recall one woman who ran into the woods, and the men and boys had to look for her. I was with the party that found her, and it seemed to me she was so changed she would never be herself again. But next day she was as patient and quiet as ever, and acted in her usual way.

While the women were shouting the men sang and cried, "A-a-men! Praise the Lord!" There was one song that always excited the people more than any other. I never heard it except while moving West, and on Big Creek, where we finally ended our journey. It began:

Our camp's in the wilderness a few days,
And then we're going home.
And we'll hail our Saviour there,
When we arrive at home.
Oh, won't that be delightful,
When we arrive at home?

Then "Saviour" would be changed to "fathers" or "neighbors," and thus the song could be kept going a long time. I have not heard it in sixty years, but could sing it now and not miss a note or a word. As we used the song we repeated a good deal:

Our camp's in the wilderness a few days, a few days,
Our camp's in the wilderness,
And then we're going home.
And we'll hail our Saviour there, we'll hail our Saviour there,
We'll hail our Saviour there, when we arrive at home.
Oh, won't that be delightful?
Yes, that will be delightful,
Oh, won't that be delightful,
When we arrive at home?

The shouting was usually preceded by what we called an experience meeting. Various ones would arise and tell what the Lord was doing for them. The manner in which the tired, unhappy women arose and spoke in sobbing tones always distressed me. When they sat down, crying as though their hearts were breaking, an appropriate hymn was started; we knew so many there was always one to fit every case.

Evenings Round the Camp Fire

SEVERAL of the women got together every evening and smoked clay pipes, which they lighted with coals from the camp fires. At first they were timid about smoking in so great a company; I recall there was no smoking the first few days of the journey. Then a woman we called Aunt Mahala did it, and several others joined her, one by one, until there was quite a gathering of smokers around her wagon. The children explained that their mothers smoked

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There is No Such Country in 1924 as I Saw When Traveling to the West in a Covered Wagon

THE PRODIGAL FATHER

"I Have the Honor and Delight to Present You to One Whose Genius and Beauty Have Created Her Queen of the Music Halls and Mistress of My Heart"

By Cosmo Hamilton

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

HE KISSED her. He held her, too, in so muscular and, if the truth must be told, so unparsonic a grip that he took her breath away. Whereupon, with a sort of tragic triumph, he returned to the rug in front of the fireplace and got it off his chest.

"This is how it is," he said, his six foot two of bone and sinew placing his head within an inch of one of the old thick beams that held the ceiling up. "I've got to ask you to choose between immediate marriage and a long self-sacrifice; between being the penurious wife of the vicar of Stoutleigh-the-Wold, with a pile of hideous debts, or being so generous and optimistic as to wait until my hero brother can find a job and take himself off my hands. Either, in plainer English than that, you will marry me on almost nothing and turn my brother into the street or you will be good enough to wait until I have no ties and allow me to continue to provide a roof for a man who's been broke by the war." And having got as far as that he naturally took a breath.

Whereupon the already winded girl followed his good example and subsided into a chair. There would have been an awful silence in the sitting room of the vicarage but for the twittering of sparrows, the collision of croquet balls on the lawn, and the melancholy practice of the village organist in the echoing church behind the hedge of ancient yews. And it was one of those rooms which didn't go with silence. Its cheerfulness was contagious, and the spirits were pleasantly affected by its clash of harmonious colors—the chatty reds and blues of its chintz, the blues and reds and browns of the covers of its lines of books, the faded reds and blues of its well-worn Turkey carpet, the glistening blackness of its beams and old oak furniture, the delicate tints of the many just-picked bunches of sweet peas. There was not even a cause for silence in the fact that of all the young officers whose photographs stood everywhere only two had come through. Death had caught them in the finest moment of their lives.

"Well, that's how it is," he said.

"You mean," she asked, playing for time in the usual female way, "not being able to keep us all—Claud and the parish and me—I'm to stand by until the country does something for its heroes, and be a heroine myself?"

"Yes," he said, "that's it;" and added with a sort of laugh, "Go in training, in fact, for the rôle of parson's wife."

But what was the use of playing for time? She loved this man. First, because he had turned from soldier to padre after having been invalided out of the service, in order to be able to serve the men with whom he had been honored to serve. Secondly, thirdly, fourthly and to an endless number of units, because she did. And from where she was sitting in that long low room she could see the hero in question—major; D.S.O.; M.C.; twenty-eight; a ruined university career behind him and a hopeless vista in front—manipulating an artificial leg from Loop to Loop in a strangely jaunty way.

"All right, old boy, I'll do my best to live up to you both—so there's no more to be said."

And being a proper man and a whole-hearted parson he did the only thing there was to do under those circumstances. He kissed her again and held her tighter than he had before and gave praise to God for this girl.

A return to sanity came more quickly than it ought to have done, because a writ was burning a hole in the flannel coat of the man. Not by any means the right thing in the case of a vicar's coat.

"And now that I've told you as much as this," he said, nearly touching the beam again, "I'd better make a clean breast of it all if you can bear it."

"I can bear anything now," she said.

"The position is this, then: It is known to the bishop that I owe money. The gossip of the village has been taken to the palace by one of the women who would be righteously indignant if she were to be called unchristian. I owe this money because I went in for philanthropy on three hundred a year with this place to keep up in the expected way and Claud."

"Philanthropy's the most expensive and ungrateful hobby known to man," she said, too human to resist so excellent a chance to shoot an aphorism.

"Yes, but when you've got a prodigal father whose name is always within an inch of being in the papers for shady dealings you do more than merely talk about blood being thicker than water. You pay what bills of his you can, and make yourself responsible for the others."

"Well, yes, you do," she said, with a mixture of blame and admiration.

"Prodigal or not, you can't get over the fact that a father's a father. He can neither be allowed to sleep in the park and wash in the Serpentine nor dash off a series of brilliant letters on the note paper of a prison. Especially when he happens to bear a well-known name and be the only surviving parent of an already bishop-watched vicar."

"I see your point," she said.

"It's easy to imagine what would have happened in the palace a year ago if there had been a headline in the morning paper to this effect: 'Major Horatio Chatteris, father

of the Reverend John Chatteris, D.S.O., late Rifle Brigade, sentenced to a term in jail for passing worthless checks.' The gods visit the sins of the father upon the children, and so I bought in the smaller amounts and borrowed from Mr. Isaac Gordon in order to settle the others. The mustard plaster that's in my pocket at this moment is a writ for the principal with interest at the rate of a hundred and fifty per cent. There's no way on earth for me to meet it."

"And that means?"

"Bankruptcy, my dear, and the square-toed tip of the bishop's boot."

"And I haven't a thing to sell," she said, and let her hands fall in absolute despair.

And he kissed her again for her generous thought, which hurt as much as it pleased.

"But that isn't all," he said, with the sort of bitter pleasure that always goes with the act of piling Pelion upon Ossa. "Because now we come to Claud."

"Isn't Claud all right?" she asked, in the high voice of panic.

"Very much all right," said Jack. "Too much all right, as it happens, because having failed in all his desperate efforts to get a job and become independent of me, he lent his name to a fraudulent company for the sake of the fees attached, knowing nothing of the affair, and is shortly to be prosecuted along with his brother directors for encouraging a crime."

"That's the end," she said.

"No, it isn't. There's still another item. In an icy chit that fell with a thud in my porridge this morning, the bishop announced his intention of paying me a visit tomorrow to put me on the mat."

But before Evelyn could see through the branches of this final trouble Claud came in from the garden with a telegram. "For you, old man," he said, with the false lightness of one who scented danger in its redness. To everyone but a bookmaker, who is callous, a sense of fear attaches to this now expensive method of dodging the nerve wreckage of the telephone and the fag of writing a letter.

And it was in this spirit that Jack accepted a further dose of undeserved medicine with a pain in his solar plexus. The pause before he opened the envelope was rendered musical by the twittering of sparrows and the melancholy notes of the organ in the church behind the yews. He staggered when finally he summoned up courage to read the message, and all his sunburn went.

"What's the latest from the front?" After having cleared his throat, it was Claud who asked the question. Evelyn's voice had gone down to the crêpe soles of her tennis shoes.

"Another break in the line," said Jack. "The enemy pouring through. Listen: 'Shall arrive for lunch with charming friend. Intend staying for at least a month. May we have west bedroom? Eager to see my splendid sons. Horatio Chatteris.'"

"That puts the lid on it, if you like," said Claud.

"Why?" asked Evelyn, because she had never met the major.

Jack immediately provided a list of adequate reasons. "To begin with, he'll probably arrive at the station drunker than a lord. In his best florid manner—he's never too drunk to speak—he'll tell all and sundry his name, his antecedents, his school, his old regiment, and his relationship to us. All that spread well about, he'll then, having no money for the station cab, be pushed through the village in a wheelbarrow. You look incredulous, Evelyn, but that's how he came last time! Not exactly naked and unashamed, but certainly in tatters, he'll cut a pretty figure for the father of the vicar. His month will run into six, as it did two years ago, and every day of them will be spent in the bars of The Rising Sun earning drinks by his fantastic tales. And he'll break into my examination tomorrow in Claud's best suit of clothes to tell the bishop that the Church of England has ceased to function, and settle my hash.

"If I didn't wear my collar round the wrong way I should either burst into tears or the language of the links." As it was he gave a painful laugh.

"And this time there's a friend," said Claud. "A 'charming' friend—whatever that may stand for. An ex-convict, perhaps, or an old crony who needs a holiday in the country after a lengthy spell of the Embankment."

"No, it must be someone with enough money to buy two railway tickets. Probably either a burglar or a pickpocket."

"Or," said Claud, who knew the breed and their pathetic desire to hobnob even with dilapidated majors, "a profiteer."

The bitter sarcasm of this remark was mainly due to the fact that the last one of these people who had advertised for a secretary and granted an interview to Claud had made this patriotic statement at the end of the first five minutes:

"The man who draws a salary from me, Major Chatteris, must have no comic limbs."

And so there was another silence in that very cheerful room. While the vicar tried to find a speck of light at the other end of the tunnel, Evelyn made up her mind to play the game for all that it was worth, and Claud, haunted by the specter of suicide, sat with his head in his hands.

The sudden deep baying of a plutocratic horn was followed by a heavy crunching of gravel and a thick purr of an expensive engine.

"By gum, the bishop!" said Claud. "He must have mistaken the day."

There was a rush for the window that overlooked the drive, and from there, behind the curtains, those three despairing people saw a most amazing sight.

(Continued on Page 112)

"You Mean, I'm to Stand By Until the Country Does Something for its Heroes, and be a Heroine Myself?" "Yes," He Said, "That's It"

THE UNHAPPY END

"That Awful Picture!" Nadine Spoke With Tempered Indignation. "As If Old Peaches Looked Like That"

By Hugh MacNair Kahler

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST FUHR

UNDER Mitchell Bassett's decisive heel the loose floor board in the upper hall emitted a gloomy sigh, a sound immediately echoed by the plaint of another vocal timber in the sitting room downstairs, and succeeded by other noises, guiltily furtive to Mitchell Bassett's ear—a muted thump of hollow wood, swift tiptoe footfalls on thin carpet, a whine of chair springs, and, needlessly uplifted, his mother's voice reciting a familiar glorious passage from Meyer Windisch.

Mitchell Bassett frowned, in spite of the brutal beauty of the lines in which Windisch revealed the sex complexes of his hero. Suspicion preoccupied him as he paused at the foot of the stairs and surveyed the sitting room through a portière of strung beads and pipestems, unconvinced by the innocence of the tableau.

His father's feet, in thick woolen socks untidily wrinkled about the ankles, reposed as always on the cushion of the opposite rocker. The thin figure, shirt-sleeved and arm-gartered, slouched in the curve of the tilted armchair, chin resting on flat breast, hands folded over stomach. So, ever since Mitchell Bassett could remember, had his father arranged himself for the evening. The posture should have reassured unfilial doubts; and yet instead it served only to intensify them, just as the mighty prose of Meyer Windisch, falling in a swift, apprehensive chatter from momma's lips, only deepened her son's persuasion that he stood in the presence of artifice, deceit.

He thrust the pipestems aside with a sharp accusing gesture and strode past them. The reading stopped, and momma, slanting a glance above her glasses, lowered the book to her lap.

"You look real nice, Waldo," she ventured unfortunately.

Mitchell Bassett had jettisoned that impossible name so successfully that momma used it only in moments of extraordinary forgetfulness. Her son disposed of the disingenuous tribute with a stern motion of his head. Only guilty fears could have prompted that reference to his appearance; he looked exactly as he had looked all day.

He marshaled his clews and interpreted them. When the groan of the floor board upstairs had sounded warning momma had jumped up. The hollow noise implied that she had shut something in a hurry before retreating to her chair and that disingenuous absorption in Meyer Windisch's relentless realism. It remained therefore only to identify the source of that empty thumping note. Mitchell Bassett's gaze moved vigilantly about the room and rested triumphantly on the shrouded sewing machine between the windows. He swept the scarf aside and lifted the cover. A thick magazine tumbled to the floor; a magazine with a violently colored cover across which, in black type that seemed to defy contradiction, editorial pride had superposed an arresting legend:

OUR GO-GETTERS

ROLAND ARTHUR SIMPSON'S
SMASHING NEW NOVEL OF
LOVE, BUSINESS AND SUCCESS!

In a strained hush Mitchell Bassett laid the disgusting object beside the gas lamp and gently removed the Windisch book from momma's hypocritical fingers, endeavoring to give facial expression to affectionate long-suffering reproof.

"You mustn't pretend," he said patiently. "If you still enjoy this awful slush, after all I've tried to teach you, read it openly." He paused, and grief forced itself in upon his tone. "I did think I'd cured you, though; I thought you'd begun to see how false and rotten this fellow Simpson's trash is, but it seems I haven't." He wagged his head and drew in his breath sibilantly between his teeth, a sound of suffering nobly borne. "Our Go-Getters! Another cheap story of the poor noble youth struggling against odds to be promoted to chief shipping clerk in the pickle factory so that he can marry Mamie in the last chapter and live happily ever after! The inevitable Roland Arthur Simpson formula, with the inevitable happy end!"

Jay Bassett moved his feet uneasily.

"We hadn't started to read that there story, Waldo. We had it in mind to go ahead with the book you picked out for us, but we kind of wanted to see who was written up this month in the People Who Got There department. That ain't made-up stories; it's all true. They print the pictures of the folks they write up." He reached for the magazine and fumbled with defensive eagerness. "Look at here, Waldo. Here's a man 't was a paper hanger till he got his arm cut off in a railroad smash-up, and spent every cent he had saved up paying doctors' bills. What 'd he do but study law and run for district attorney. Look at the house he built! Learned to run a car one-handed too."

Mitchell Bassett repeated the sibilant noise over the photographs. The Hemisphere Magazine specialized on these illustrated anecdotes, which, like its fiction, culminated always in triumphant happiness. Ever since he could remember, his father had preferred this department even to the more imposing articles signed by major generals of industry and the fiction in which, ineludibly, somebody won his pickle factory and married his Mamie.

"Mighty interesting," said Jay Bassett. "Kind of makes me think how momma and I got ahead." He surveyed the room with pleased respect. "Didn't hardly hope I'd ever own a house and put a boy through college and be getting eighteen hundred a year! Six hundred per cent increase, that is, in only thirty years!" He eyed the photograph of the one-armed attorney with shy wistfulness. "Often thought it'd make a first-rate piece for the magazine if it was written up right—man 't never missed a day at the post office in thirty years." He appeared to reflect. "Of course," he conceded, "I ain't lost a leg or anything, but ——"

Mitchell Bassett resented a suddenly defensive attitude of mind. More than once lately momma had been almost downright in her suggestions along this line. Without hurting her feelings, it would be hard to explain the fantastic impossibility of Mitchell Bassett's writing anything whatever for the unspeakable Hemisphere, let alone choosing his father as a topic. He cleared his throat.

"Honesty—truth—that's the foundation of art," he announced. "Don't pretend. If you like The Hemisphere, after all I've told you, read it, but don't try to mix Roland Arthur Simpson's feeble slush with"—a reverential quality lowered his voice—"with the fine, clean art of great masters like Meyer Windisch or Putzler or even Sherwin Smith. That's—that's blasphemous!"

The word carried him satisfactorily out of the room. He found a certain reassurance in the familiar spectacle of Maryland Street, its unloveliness accentuated in the drab twilight almost to the point of squalor. Soot lay thick in the fret-sawed arabesques that ornamented the little wooden houses; fences protecting tiny grass plots leaned and sagged and showed gaps like mouths of broken teeth; frowzy family groups lounged in open doorways and shrill-voiced children played in the cobble-paved street. It was, in this stimulating decay, almost a street to inspire the remorseless realism of Meyer Windisch himself. Living here, Mitchell Bassett enjoyed an environment nearly as quickening as the atmosphere of those steaming East Side slums where Windisch's genius found its sustenance. One of these days—he let his fancy drift agreeably forward to the completion of the great book, to its instant recognition by the cognoscenti, to the glowing reviews in The Coming Democracy and The Timepiece, to an accolade, perhaps from Meyer Windisch, a pat on the back from Harry Jenkin in The Iconoclast and maybe a mention in Old Jeff Blaik's daily column in The Morning Pink

At the foot of the street, where the extension of Indiana Avenue ran smooth and wide out toward the country club, he waited for his trolley and watched the parade of motors humming westward, his lip lifted in a smile that felt pleasingly sardonic. Go-getters, these, he informed himself with bitter amusement; people who spent the spangle of existence in a fevered sweat at the coat tail of success; people who read The Hemisphere and went to the movies and took up golf; people like Harper G. Silsby!

Mitchell Bassett devoted a compassionately scornful thought to a mental image of his employer, bull-necked and hairy-handed, his unlighted cigar between clenched gold-mounted teeth, his days dedicated to the rape of profitable accounts from rival advertising agencies, his dreams intent on a future in which the Silsby firm should do the biggest gross business this side of Chicago. There was comedy in the spectacle of Mitchell Bassett, subservient to this animal, an unconsidered writer of copy, his secret greatness masquerading under an outward insignificance that endowed him, in the august eye of Harper G. Silsby, with the invisibility of one wearing, in the old folk tales, the magic cap.

The trolley interrupted these meditations, and Mitchell Bassett, riding downtown past the successive headlights of cars turned toward the Saturday night dance at the country club, envisaged the advertising placards opposite his seat with a dim sense of self-pity. It was apparent to him that merchants found it profitable to offer to other passengers a number of commodities absurdly unattainable by Mitchell Bassett. Here were motor cars, for instance, proffered almost as necessities. A person faintly suggestive of Harper G. Silsby basked in the gratitude of a desirable matron to whom obviously he had presented a necklace of perlettes—"You really owe your wife a string." Houses, commodious and inviting, were to be had for the asking, it was ingeniously implied, in Fairview Park Gardens Estates, Binchester's Bit of Paradise. Adjacent placards proposed self-playing pianos, twin beds, overstuffed armchairs wherewith these celestial mansions might suitably be furnished.

Remotely Mitchell Bassett resented all this, as he continued to resent the passing motors and the knowledge of the gayeties now forward at the country club. It was manifest to him that much was in process of transfer to persons such as Harper G. Silsby, for instance, congenitally incapable of that æsthetic response which could redeem and warrant material luxury, an economic waste superposed upon the ancient social injustices. No wonder the finest minds of the race were embittered and rebellious before this affronting spectacle of beggars on horseback. He amended the phrase; this had nothing to do with beggars. Middle classes in motors—that expressed the thought, summed up all the current diseases of society. The words, too, had an agreeable bite.

"Go-getters," said Mitchell Bassett inwardly. "Middle-class bourgeoisie, dressed up as aristocrats. One of these days they'll find out where they get off!"

He got off, himself, at River Street, and was aware of an immediate lightening of spirit as he mounted a narrow stairway to the second-floor lunch room, where on alternate Saturday evenings Binchester's younger intellectuals forgathered around tables normally given over to Special Business Men's Lunches, 45c. At the time he ascribed this alleviation of discontent to the prospect of communion with other enlightened minds. Later he speculated upon the possibility of telepathic premonition, almost persuaded that he had been forewarned on the stairway of what waited for him in the upper chamber.

Always, since he had brought his diploma home to the fastest-growing little city between Binghamton and Buffalo, Mitchell Bassett had yearned thirstily for the fortnightly oasis provided in this intellectual Sahara by the meetings of the Quartier—pronounced, as in Paris Kartchay—Club. Tonight, however, he discovered in himself an eagerness wholly new and mysteriously inspiriting. He stumbled on the top stair and entered the smoke-filled eating room with a noisy precipitancy that moved Hyman Mintz to jocular inquiry as to the whereabouts of the fire, a witticism greeted with tolerant titters by the other Bohemians of Binchester.

Normally Mitchell Bassett would have been dourly annoyed by the jest and its undeserved applause. People who laughed at him were mocking not a man but a message. He had listened with lively sympathy in Sunday school to the history of Elisha and the she bears. Tonight, however, he grinned cheerfully under the banter and slid into the nearest chair, agreeably conscious, for some reason, of the new suit, which, as momma had observed, looked real nice. He glanced a greeting to Charlie Fish at his left and turned to encounter the level gaze of very blue eyes, set in a countenance which, in some obscure association of subconscious memories, made Mitchell Bassett think of old-fashioned flowers

His grin softened; he could distinctly feel the altered flexure of labial muscles

"Hello," he said. "New member, aren't you? I'm Mitchell Bassett."

The eyes seemed to achieve a warmer blue; he fancied that he saw a hint of relief in the smile. Paula Spofford's bobbed head leaned into view beyond the pleasing outline of a slenderly rounded shoulder

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Perhaps, Over on the Parkway, Nadine Stood at Her Window and Gazed Up, Too, at This Intimate Moon!

Big Bertha in the Lion's Den

By Mary Brecht Pulver

ILLUSTRATED BY R. M. CROSBY

OF COURSE we know nothing about her origin really. But we can surmise." A reverberant contralto paused suggestively.

Bertha Banning paused also. It was Æsop, I think, who suggested that an eavesdropper hears no good of himself. Miss Banning was not an eavesdropper.

She had come walking quickly down the long hall to the room the committee on arrangements was using in planning the *fête* for tomorrow—and the reception for Senator Clintock—and had recorded the phrases floating through the open door toward her as involuntarily as her brain received the details of this little black-and-gold morning room—the tiger-striped silk on the wall, the dragon prints, black velvet sofa and long panel mirror. Her little pause—and she chose to pause and not withdraw—was more the fruit of bored delicacy than hurt or curiosity.

"When they're all through——" she thought with an automatic glance into the mirror.

"You know why they call her Big Bertha, don't you?"

"Of course. Alice Morrissey explained all about that. They named her after the big gun, down in Washington, winter before last, when they were putting through that Stryker Bill. It's because of her long reach, Alice says—and her frightful punch. Something of the sort. She's made quite a wonderful record for so short time. Alice has simply gone crazy about her. She's got so much foresight and executive ability, she says—and a jab you simply can't predict. Of course you realize that she has brains—when you meet her."

"But so odd—don't you think? With her appearance," a new voice cut in. "I mean, Alice explains all about her and you expect—well, somebody like a Justice on a courthouse or at least someone elderly and up and coming, with shell spectacles; and you see—well, she's just a young woman and about as big as a minute and as significant looking as a mouse."

"You forget her eyes."

"Let me tell you she doesn't! She's clever enough with them too. Have you noticed she wears only black and white? Have you noticed her dinner dress—that black chiffon with the little forky, slinky tail. It sticks to her like a coat of soot. She's got rather a pretty figure, too; and her skin's like ivory. Wouldn't surprise me a bit if she wore black underclothes. Pass me that paper, Sue—and the notebook Ellen Bradley sent—if anybody here can read Ellen's scrawl. But you needn't tell me that a girl with eyes like those and lashes an inch long—well, what I'm trying to get at is, there's probably a whole lot exceptional about her that we don't realize, a lot we haven't found out."

"I know what you mean. About the color scheme. I've noticed that. Of course she does it for effect."

"I guess you mean 'affect,' my dear. Like a lot of us. Oh, I was thinking of the men. I don't see any of 'em around here falling for her though. Men don't like strong personality in a woman; they think it isn't wholesome. So it wouldn't matter what kind of eyes she's got—even if they were actually improper."

"What kind of eyes—except blind ones—are improper?" mused Bertha Banning with mild contempt, looking more closely at the pair in the mirror.

They were apparently neither blind nor a violation of propriety. They were very beautiful. Black actually, and very large, soft and shadowy, set in beautifully molded sockets, beneath fine, naturally thin dark brows that rose like wings, and fringed with the softest, thickest dark lashes.

Bertha Lifted Her Head. "No," She Said Levelly, "I Haven't Gone in for Men—or a Man. Quite Likely I Shouldn't be Successful"

A French actress who possessed an exactly similar pair had had them publicly described as black pansies and had built a whole reputation for art and coquetry on her mastery and use of their white lids and dusky fans of lash. Miss Banning was not a French actress and knew nothing of coquetry. The voice beyond the door might better have described these as wasted eyes.

But there were certain counts on which she might be indicted. It was true that she wore black and white, and knew that they were becoming. She also knew that they saved her much time on matters of choice and taste, leaving her free for fundamentals, and that in blither combinations she had at times proved disturbing. As a young woman with her way to make in life—and using her head to make it—working in a world of women, giving as little offense as possible, she had long ago decided on a definite scheme of dress as a saving of much trouble.

Other statements were somewhat exaggerated. She did not, it is true, resemble Justice on a courthouse, but she was much larger than either a minute or a mouse. Slightly above average height, with a graceful, nicely made figure.

She glanced impatiently now, as a fresh voice joined in, at the small watch strapped to her wrist by a black ribbon and the sheaf of papers Miss Alice had sent down. What she had just heard neither raised nor lowered her pulse. It meant that the Cedar Rock Hospital Auxiliary were hashing her over a little, waiting for her to come down. Probably one or two of the committee even disliked her. It was only natural. It was human nature. She herself, she believed, was beyond love or hate. As she had long ago laid aside colors in public, so she had discarded emotion. It interfered with accomplishment. The way to work was to detach. She knew the affectionate sobriquet Miss Alice and her friends had bestowed on her—Big Bertha. Because of the long reach—and the big punch. But she herself cherished the ideal of a bigger Bertha still—of a Bertha remote and impersonal, armor-plated against any petty irritation. Then at a slight sound in the hall she turned and realized at least one chink in her armor. Eula Courtney, her hostess' daughter, stood there.

"Oh, Miss Banning, here you are. At last!" Eula drawled in the sweet lazy voice she somehow always managed to make insulting when she spoke to Bertha; and the little flash of dislike, sheer human weakness, which she remembered from their first meeting and which Eula evidently reciprocated, rose in Bertha. And she recorded three thoughts: That she had only one more week at the Courtneys'—and thank God for it; that Eula was probably the most beautiful thing He had ever made, and the most insolent.

Eula came into the room lazily. Even her enemies called her the most beautiful girl in Cedar Rock. Her figure now, perfection itself, was incased in turquoise sports silk that showed every heavenly line. Above this her face was like a living flower; not a field flower—daisy or wild rose—but a carefully tended hothouse bloom; a gardener's pride. Above this face blazed a seraph's nimbus of golden ringlets, and from beneath the brow looked forth the twin blue jewels that were Eula's eyes; eyes that could in the proper society suggest Wordsworth's Lucy or give the inspected an effect of being wiped down with a muddy cloth. Eula now so wiped—and very slowly—Miss Bertha Banning.

"I haven't a lot of time," she drawled, "and the whole thing's a ghastly bore, but I'm pleasing mother about this, so if you're ready I'll ask you to be kind enough to come up to my sitting room."

"I shan't be free for another hour, Miss Courtney. Our arrangement was for eleven, wasn't it? I'm taking Miss Alice's place in Mrs. Brakie's committee this morning. Miss Alice is in bed with a headache."

"How clever you are! And how wonderful it must be to be able to take one's employer's place."

"Oh, no one could take Miss Alice's place—in anything. Certainly no one she employs—not even Miss Mandel, her secretary. Her colleagues, those of us who work with her, can only—imitate her."

"Well, I guess you'll do," Eula laughed. "I guess you know your way about. I've heard the name they've given you—and that you'll probably be Miss Alice's successor some day. You're frightfully clever—and it's so terribly fortunate that mother can get you to take me in hand. Let me see—what are you going to be clever about this morning? Something about the Ruhr—and withdrawal from it, isn't it? I've heard about the Ruhr; and you're going to tell me exactly where it is—in France or in Germany. I've often wondered."

Bertha looked at her calmly.

"It would be unfortunate—wouldn't it?—to mislay it at this juncture." And she looked significantly through the open window.

Through it came the sound of a horse reaper moving in leisurely fashion over the handsome Courtney lawns. But Bertha was looking beyond these—and Eula knew it—to an adjoining and much more wonderful place called Graystones, whose acres ran off for miles into another county, and which had been bought one month before by Senator Alexander Clintock—the Senator Clintock of the big four, politically, in the state; the owner of five newspapers, including the noisy Times-Eagle, and mentioned for high political preferment in the next swing. A self-made, powerful, aggressive if egotistical figure. More important still, a man who had millions, in coal and oil; less than forty years, in the French phrase, and no wife.

Bertha's mind raced back to a sultry morning in the rooms of the Woman's Wing of the party—with Miss Alice Morrissey reading a letter.

"From Mollie Courtney down at Cedar Rock. Wants me to cut loose and come down and help organize the June charity fête. That's the number that begins the social season there. It's to be an extra season. This man Clintock—yes, the big squeeze from up state—has bought in our territory. He's got the kale and they're after him full cry. I expect Mollie wants him for Eula—and they're going to make this extra spiffy. They're going to drag him in for it. He's to open the thing, I believe; lion of the hour, that sort of thing. It's hotter than Dutch love here! What do you say we go? Mollie wants me to bring a good organizer along—somebody with head and pep. She'll give us a free hand. I'm old family down there, you know, and I've been an auxil for years. What do you say? I'll make you section boss and we'll go and bum a good time off Mollie over a dull spell."

And to a morning a day or two later, with Mrs. Courtney, agitated, before her.

"If you would do me the favor, Miss Banning—and help the child a little. Say an hour or two—for a few mornings. Just with current events—and things that are going on. My poor child knows nothing. She says she hates intelligent conversation, that it isn't being done any more; and I grant you among the Cedar Rock men—but Senator Clintock is different! He is older and interested in public affairs. It is well known that he is not frivolous and doesn't go in for small talk. Beauty, of course—and Eula's got that—but if she's with him at dinners and that sort of thing, she'll have to know about the things he cares for. Do you know what he said of Sally Patton, who was presented at court last year, and such a success too? He called her a beautiful dumb-bell. All because when he spoke to her about the League of Nations Sally asked what uniform they wore. I thought men liked dumb-bells. But this one doesn't. Do you know what Eula knows about the League of Nations? In her own words, Miss Banning—'not a damn thing, but willing to learn.' That's why I ask you this. The senator's had every pretty girl or woman stuffed down his throat for years and has cared nothing for them. How delightful it would be for him to meet an American girl—at her best."

But Eula was replying now, "Well, there's no danger of mislaying it—with you to help me. I believe you know everything, Miss Banning—everything but one."

"And what is that?"

"Men," said Eula directly, her blue eyes on Bertha's ringless hand; "you haven't gone in for men—or, rather, a man—have you?"

It was astonishing in the little silence that fell how Eula's intended affront affected her. She had never felt that men in the special sense were important. That, too, was the penalty of detachment. That, too, was something she would not know. And it had never mattered before. Now, strangely, Eula made her feel that it did.

True, Eula had no man herself. But Eula was five years younger, and her rejections ran into higher mathematics. Besides, wasn't she about to get one?

Then Bertha lifted her head.

"No," she said levelly, "I haven't gone in for men—or a man. Quite likely I shouldn't be successful. Meanwhile we'll try to locate the Ruhr. I'll be with you at eleven."

She entered the committee room. The committee greeted her en masse with pleasant smiles, and Mrs. Judge Brakie's rich contralto gushed forth.

"Just a little late, aren't you, dear Miss Banning? We were afraid Miss Alice would detain you—and we couldn't do a thing without your valuable advice. We were just wondering what you'd think; we were wondering what you'd say."

II

"TELL me—what can you see?"

Miss Alice Morrissey, voluminous and wretched in a dark blue silk negligee, surrounded by a mound of pillows and a glass of lemon and vichy, groaned slightly.

"It's really rather wonderful."

Bertha Banning, standing by the single open window of Miss Alice's otherwise shaded room, was looking down at the gayly dressed Courtney lawn, where had flowered the united efforts of the Auxiliary in behalf of the charity fête, in honor, this year, of the Indigent Women and the Crippled Children's Class of Cedar Rock.

"Wonderful—but a little mixed," she added. "What I mean is—it's all there. There's a sort of Midway Plaisance with all the barkers and side shows; and I can see the street of shops. Marvelous shops—little booths and tent houses all fixed up with flowers, and selling everything from undies to topcoats—with tragic prices. And there's the tea garden, à la Nippon, with a lot of geisha stuff, and a real French Punch and Judy; and a gypsy tent with a fortune teller; and the dog show, where they're going to auction off that lot of bull pups and Airedales that Wishard is bringing from Long Island. And there's the quick-sketch artist, where you get your tintype done by hand for ten dollars; and there's—yes, I can just see—the place where they have the archery contest. I can see the target. And a little beyond, the tent for the indigent women. They're just getting out of the bus, in their best silks and Sunday smiles."

"Forty-one indigent women, and seventeen cripples. They ought to do well today. Last year they took in six thousand dollars the first day for the Bide-A-Wee Babies. Lord, to think of my liver failing me at such a time! What else do you see?"

"People—beginning to come. Quite a lot. And, of course, the girls. The Dutch milkmaids—in cretonne and wooden shoes. And flower girls. I can see Eula Courtney ——"

"Everybody'll see Eula. She'll look after that. Can you see Senator Clintock?"

"Not yet. He doesn't get here until 2:30. They won't be able to do a thing until he does. There's to be a band number as soon as he arrives; and I believe he's to speak, from his car, about what's been done in these special charities. And after that—they've rigged up an electric connection, and when the senator touches the button everything's to go off at once. Everything movable. All the flags will have permission to flutter, the carrousel will carouse, and the barkers begin barking. Good heavens,"

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A Flicker of Scorn Swept Over Bertha. "The Pied Piper of Fooldom!" She Recorded

RUSTY AS A RUNNER-UP

By SEWELL FORD

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

AND I been kiddin' myself I was hard boiled when it came to dames! My favorite wall motto was "Love 'em and leave 'em." Oh, Jasper! Where did I ever collect such ideas? Why, I got a two-minute egg lookin' like a brass door knob and I find I'm as tender under the left vest pocket as a young college hick who's just had his first party with the little blonde that prances third from the right end at the Follies. Tender and sore. Uh-huh. Me, Rusty Gillan, that used to pick a new sweetie every week and forget 'em overnight!

Her name's Lillabell. Comes from Atlanta too. Wouldn't you think that combination would be enough to warn off even a Percey boy from takin' her too serious? Why, just from the way her mouth was built I should have been skittish. I've sketched her out for you before—little Rosebud, the young lady reporter who does the sob sister stuff for a Sunday edition; the one that wrote up all the guff about Ma Gowdy when the art critics came down to Macdougal Alley and went nutty over her paintin's.

Oh, yes. No one else but little Rosebud, with the ready-to-go lips and the how-dare-you eyes; as cunnin' a jane as ever shook her boyish bob at me or stood me off with a cold-storage stare. You know we got more or less chummy while we was plottin' how to get Ma Gowdy's hand-painted pitchers talked up by the art sharks; but after I'd spilled all I knew about the old girl and Rosebud had printed it, and more too, I couldn't help feelin' a bit sore on her. She might have got me in wrong, and a hot lot she cared whether she did nor not.

Course, as it turned out, Ma Gowdy wasn't peeved at all; in fact, she was tickled pink when Stella discovers she's her real grandmother and seems glad to own her; and when the publicity stuff got too strong for her the two of 'em just packs up and starts for Paris, leavin' me with a nice fat present to stow in my jeans and no job to worry me. Listens soft, eh? Say, I can remember when I was a kid, bein' knocked around at the home and kicked around at the reformatory, that a dollar bill would have made me feel like I was ridin' the world. And of course I've been turned loose in cities before, but never with more'n enough to grubstake me for a week or so if I didn't get reckless. And here I am walkin' up Broadway tryin' to decide which hotel I'll move into and whether I'd ought to plunge on a parlor suite or just be democratic and take a room and bath.

If you're gonna get the picture complete you want to fade out that view of Rusty in the whipcord ridin' breeches with the shiny seat, and the black leather putties and the low-visored cap with the shuffer's badge on one side. Nothing like that. For now comes a day. I'll say so. And the close-up reveals a gentleman sport all set for the races or a box seat at the Polo Grounds—snappy-cut suit of black-and-white checks, as checkery as they come, dizzy foulard tie, new yellow shoes, new straw hat with a fancy band, and a crook-handled stick hung from the left elbow. Did any of them at-liberty voddy-villians around Times Square have a thing on yours truly? Say, I had most of 'em stretchin' their necks to see who the nifty dresser was.

And when I'd finally picked the old Brittler, on account of the row of easy window chairs in the lobby and the easy looker at the news stand, I gives up my room at the boardin' house, moves the new kit bag and the old suitcase around, and proceeds to carry out my joy program. Say, it's some sporty schedule too: Breakfast in the grill about 9:30, then readin' the baseball and racin' dope for an hour or so as I loafed around the front of the house and gave the out-of-town guests a treat for their eyes, a late luncheon at some of them cabaret joints, maybe a little shoppin' on Fifth Avenue after that, or droppin' in at a two-a-day matinée, and of course a girl show every night. Say, don't them cigar-store agencies try to crimp you for orchestra seats? Some of 'em boosted the price of a tenth-row ticket like they thought I'd been blind all my life and was buyin' my first peep at a line of legs. But I beat that game by stickin' around the box-office window after 8:15 and gettin' the pick of the returns. Anyway, I didn't miss a revue or a musical comedy, and I had mighty few laughs handed me, at that. But now I know what makes the tired business man tired. It's listenin' to Miss Lulu Lipstick try to get over gags that was fairly fresh when they built the first bridge to Brooklyn. If Lulu's voice was as good as her ankles it wouldn't be so bad, but at one of them shows you don't need your ears any more'n you do at a movie. And if it's only an eyeful you're after, why pay so much, with Coney Island Beach so handy?

Mostly I gets my fun ridin' around in taxis. Even if I had only six or eight blocks to go I'd stand at the curb and hold up a finger, givin' the poor fish his orders crisp and haughty, like it pained me to have to speak to anything so low in the scale; and then chuckin' him a quarter tip when I settles, with a "Here you are, my man," same as any plute would do. Had 'em touchin' their caps to me too. Say, wouldn't it give some of them birds a jolt if they knew I was runnin' a meter bus myself less'n two years ago?

But outside of little thrills like that it's kinda slow work tryin' to give yourself a party in New York all on your lonesome. Like playin' solitaire in a corner with three or four games of stud poker goin' on in the same room. Oh, I could have had plenty of comp'ny of a certain kind, but I ain't got the same tastes as stockbrokers and cloak-and-suit buyers. I'm more or less choosy about who I play around with. Besides, I'd have a fat chance of passin' for a heavy sugar baby with my build, wouldn't I?

So I expect I was gettin' a little lonesome, for all the swell act I was pullin'. I did have a few chats with Cissie, at the news stand, but I discovers there ain't much but bone under the henna bob, and that her idea of snappy repartee is to giggle and ask, "Say, who you think you're kiddin', mister?" Her ambition in life seems to be to keep her eyebrows plucked and see Mae Davies in a new movie play every week. I passed her up. Sure there was others I knew that was somewhere in town, but they wasn't dinin' at joints like the Chalet d'Or nor sittin' next to me at five-fifty musical shows. I'd go sometimes a whole day without swappin' hardly a word with anybody except a bellhop or a near-French waiter from Czecko-Slovia, just struttin' around with my chest out and lookin' bored.

Well, the higher the fewer, they say, and I guess it's right. Anyway, I wasn't havin' half so much fun loafing as I thought I would.

And then here one night as I drifts into Tortoni's for a late dinner, whoshould I see parked on the bench just outside the cloakroom but little Rosebud. First off I was gonna give her the cold eye and stream right past, but she looks so kinda pathetic sittin' there by herself watchin' the door, patient, that I didn't have the heart. And when I steps over them big eyes of hers light up grateful.

"Why, Rusty!" says she. "I hardly knew you, you know. What a perfectly gorgeous get-up."

"Yeauh?" says I. "Think you could work it for a page in the Sunday edition?"

"Now, Rusty!" says she, pleadin'. "You're not going to be cross with me just because of that silly story I wrote about Mother Gillan. I know I shouldn't have used some of that stuff—the missing granddaughter part—but really it was too good to leave out. And I did make her famous, didn't I?"

"No doubt about that," says I.

"Besides," she goes on, "everything turned out lovely, didn't it? I hear they've gone abroad together."

"Oh, yes," says I. "That yarn of yours did me out of a job, all right."

"I'm so sorry," says she. "But truly, Rusty, you don't look like a down-and-outer; more like one of the oily rich, I should say. May I ask what has happened?"

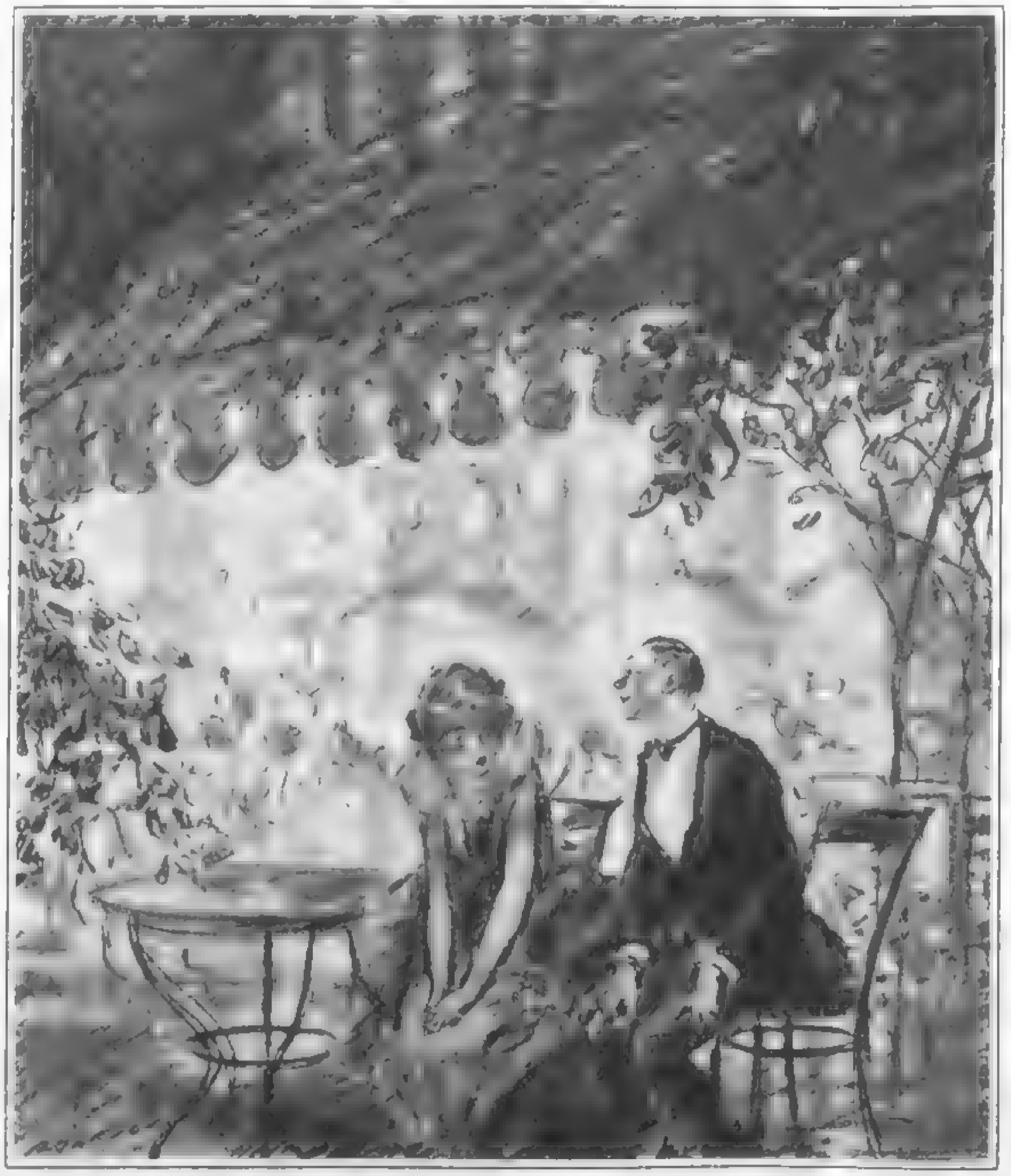
"Oh, a little break of luck," says I. "But on the level now, how does it register—the new regalia?"

"Dazzling," says she. "Why, you're really quite stunning in it, Rusty. Turn around and let's see how it looks in the back. M-m-m-m! Who would ever suspect that you had such shoulders?"

With that she springs one of them tricky smiles of hers, and from then on I'm no more peevish than a kitten that's bein' rubbed behind the ears.

"What sort of copy you scoutin' for here?" I asks.

"I'm not always after copy," says she. "I am supposed to be dining here with a—a friend."



"Perhaps We Can Go on Being Just Good Pals. Come! Shall We?" "I'm Lettin' You Write My Ticket," Says I. "Anything From a Doormat Up"

"Then don't let me crash in," says I, startin' to move off. "He's late, eh?"

"Only an hour," says she, glancin' wistful at the door

"That's some time to keep a girl like you waitin'," says I. "Maybe he's been held up."

"Perhaps," says she, shruggin' her shoulders. "Or he has forgotten or something."

"Is he that kind?" says I

She nods. "I'm afraid he is," says she. "Dreamy. But it may be that—— Well, to tell the whole truth, Rusty, there was a little misunderstanding between us and it was I who sent word for him to meet me here so that we might—er ——"

"I get you," says I. "Square things up. Then this is once when he should have been runnin' right on schedule. A whole hour late! Say, it don't look good to me, girlie."

"Nor to me," says she. "But I don't know just what to do."

"How about ditchin' Mr. Holdout and joinin' Rusty Gillan?" I suggests

She stalls for a minute or so and then her firm little chin comes up.

"Well, why not?" says she. "It's nice of you, Rusty. We'll make it dutch, though."

"Nothing doin'," says I. "This is on me, and I'm proud to have it."

"Oh, very well," says she. "I'm almost starved, anyway."

I kinda guess I didn't do it so poor either—from soothin' the head waiter into plantin' us in one of them Looey Quince alcoves next the dancin' floor to orderin' special coffee made in a machine right on the table. And it's some feed they bring you at Tortoni's; ought to be at two-fifty per. Also the cabaret show ain't so bad, and after Rosebud has quit lookin' for the missin' party she seems to be enjoyin' herself in sort of a half-hearted fashion. Course, she's still more or less upstagy, and acts like she was chattin' with me from the back seat. I can't blame her for that. She's seen me without my disguise on.

But when the show is over and the orchestra strikes up that Wootsie-Tootsie thing and general dancin' begins she gets tappin' her toe.

"I expect you wouldn't care to go as far as tryin' a little spiel with me, eh?" I suggests.

"Why," says she, glancin' around cagy; "I—er—I don't know why I shouldn't, do you?"

"If I did I'd never breathe it," says I. "Let's go."

She ain't quite used to this new swayin' glide, and one or two of my special pivots had her guessin' at first, but she's a natural-born stepper and I soon swung her into it, and before the number was finished we'd even got away with a fancy toe-balancin' stunt same as the Andrés use in their exhibition act.

"Why, Rusty!" says she as we goes back to our demi-tasses in the alcove. "You're a wonderful dancer."

"Me?" says I. "Oh, I can keep from steppin' on my own ankles, specially when I got a partner like you. Who couldn't?"

"That's all very pretty," says she, "but I know just how much of a back number I've gotten to be in the last two years, and you had me doing some real stage steps. I simply loved it. Will you ask me again?"

"I could go hoarse askin' you," says I.

Uh-huh! We had a pleasant evenin', and when I taxied her home about 10:30 we'd made a date for another session at a dinner joint where they had a snappier jazz outfit. Maybe we didn't go to it strong, for little Rosebud is one of these easy spielers that can take three encores without even breathin' hard at the finish. Also she's dance starved from havin' been off it so long. And you know I don't hate it, myself.

About the third night she tells me she's wangled some of her friends for a card to a swell uptown dancin' club and that when we go there she's gonna doll up in her best party dress.

"Oh, but I forgot," says she, stoppin' sudden. "You would need ——"

"A soup-and-fish," says I. "I got one bein' built."

As a matter of fact that's a whopper, but next day I plunged on a ready-made open-faced costume that nicked my roll quite a bit. It was worth the price though, to blow into a place like that with such a little queen on my arm and have 'em rollin' their eyes as we pulled the fancy stuff. Later on we tried out some of the inns on the Post Road, though what them tourin'-car pirates set me back was a crime. I was gettin' wise to the high cost of dancin'. Not that little Rosebud is any gold digger. She makes two or three more stabs at tryin' to pay her share, but of course I wave her off prompt. And her idea of what such excursions run into is a bit vague.

Naturally I collects a lot of dope about her from things she lets out from time to time. Her full name's Lillabell Custer Leigh, although I tells her it's a funny way to spell Lee. She don't come right from Atlanta, but from some little hick burg a few miles out where her folks are the whole works. But they've been broke ever since the Battle of Gettysburg, I take it, and Rosebud is about the only member of the fam'ly that ever got North and made any real money, though the rest of 'em feels that she's lettin' 'em down. They want her to stay home and marry a second cousin who's almost earnin' his hog and hominy runnin' a peach farm.

"You'd be a good ad for a peach farm," says I.

"Thank you, Rusty," says she. "If Cousin Roland had thought to say a few things like that I might have considered staying, but his best line was telling me about what a wonderful coon dog he had."

"What about Mr. Holdout, the one that scratches his dates?" I asks. "Heard from him since?"

She shakes her head. "I'm afraid that affair is all off," says she. "He hasn't answered my last note either. Oh, well! My fault, I suppose."

"I can't feature it," says I.

And as we went on, gettin' confidential about ourselves, she finally tells me what the big run-in was all about. Seems they first met up in the morgue, where he was coverin' general news as a cub reporter and she'd dropped in while trailin' the finish of an extra sobby special for the Sunday. Then she found he was on the morning side of the same paper she worked for and that he was greener'n parsley at the game. She must have liked his looks or something, for she gives him a few tips that saves him from fallin' down on the assignment, and he's so grateful he takes her to the best chicken dinner on Sixth Avenue and lets her listen to the first act of a play he's writin'. Then she begins tellin' him how perfectly wonderful it's gonna be, but don't he think that scene where the crook butler leaves the old broker gagged and bound in the coal cellar would get over stronger if it could be shifted upstairs to an outdoor set showin' a corner of the mansion and part of a formal garden so the broker could be tied to a carved

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"Why, Little Lillabell?" He Gasps. "What are You Doing Here?"

THE SALVATION OF BOOBS

By Roland Pertwee

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

"'Pon My Soul, I Doubt if You're Worth the Trouble I'm Taking Over You. Gosh, I've Half a Mind to Plump You on the Roadside"

INASMUCH as Jack Tarascon had degraded the particularly rude branch of Mayfair society to which his father's wealth had given him the entrée, he was taboo. Jack Tarascon had made an exhibition of himself, and what is worse, a public exhibition. The Two Hundred and Twenty did not approve of public exhibitions. They lived beyond and somewhere beneath the public. Their sole contribution toward its entertainment was through the medium of illustrated newspapers. They were photographed, but never interviewed. Their inner lives were strictly private. Only their outward appearance was general. They preserved a mystery about themselves.

Jack Tarascon had degraded their traditions before the eyes of approximately ninety-seven thousand spectators.

It was at the rodeo, the cowboy show, at Wembley, whither Jack had proceeded in company with Lady Iris Steene, Boobs Fennimore—youngest daughter of the ninth Earl of Merstham, a charming nobleman who died of experimenting in cocaine—Cleaver Arden, who, inspired by hot water, wrote amusing epigrams on his bathroom wall paper; Blythe Watney, the man who smoked a cigar with his fish at the Duchess of Wharnfield's dinner party to members of the American Bar Association; the duchess herself, in lemon and black; those three adorable girls, Moyra, Oyra and Ra of Preston Unity's, and a bunch from Green Street and Berkeley Square.

Some of the company were very young; in particular, Oyra and Ra. It had been decided it would be beneficial to them to witness a thrilling spectacle and learn to be bored by it; or at any rate, appear to be bored. Boobs Fennimore had come as a penance, because she had disgraced herself on a race course a few days previously by exclaiming "Ah-h," when a jockey fouled the rails, fell and broke his neck.

This humiliating display of sentiment was reported in the newspapers, greatly to everyone's regret.

Jack Tarascon was in love with Boobs. She had eyes that seemed to stay on you, a smile that never developed, and a way of speaking that had something ventriloquial about it. That is to say, she sounded words without using her lips. They flowed out soft and smooth as a breeze. Her lips were always parted, ready to be kissed—but you might not. The women of her set used to touch her as you would touch a flower. That was because she stayed so still. Also they talked of her rather than to her, those women; as if she were a vase, a view, a piece of music. "Dear Boobs, she's so pretty. Look at her hair." The men held aloof. They did not touch her. They were not let, for, speaking matrimonially, Boobs was destined for the foreign market.

Boobs was making a study of quiescence and nonacquiescence and it would have been rude to interrupt.

Unfortunately Jack Tarascon was rude. He preferred people to their complexes, a terribly unmodern confession to fill a man with shame. At the time he was born, his father was doing rough work in a rough place. That sort of thing sticks. In spite of refining influences, he still revealed appalling characteristics. The kind spoke of them as naïve, but others were greatly shocked. His most ungainly trait was showing civility to women. He used to open doors for them, get cars in the rain and even pass teacups and cakes, when all proper men were busy looking after their own needs. He would not admit that it was awfully bad manners to have any manners at all. Then he would make love to Boobs, saying, "I love you. I want to eat you." Impossible things like that, and trying to take hold of her hand.

Boobs found it thrilling, but so terribly *déclassé*. One couldn't forgive even a rich man for such awkwardness. Her friends helped to prove to her how *déclassé* it was. They lent her young men to protect her against Jack's impetuous advances—properly brought up young men who had read all the ultra books, who behaved abominably in the middle of a sentence and who, if rebuked, finished the sentence as though nothing had happened. They were a help, but sometimes Jack would turn up, throw one of them away and begin his love-making again. Boobs did not know what to do about him.

"Should I marry him?" she asked her aunt. "It might save trouble."

Her aunt said no, and two hundred and seventeen other people said no, in the same tone of voice.

"But he's unsnubable," Boobs protested. "If I married him he would simply have to be snubbed."

Then the women who touched her cheek smiled and murmured, "She says such exquisite things"; and, "Of course, Boobs mustn't marry Jack Tarascon. The tiresome creature is always getting into the papers, either through driving a golf ball too far or a car too fast."

No one had asked Jack to go to the rodeo. They were sorry when he turned up. It was evident he was in one of his moods, because he kissed Oyra and Ra and shouted across to Cleaver Arden, "Hello! Never thought you'd be up at this hour." Also he looked indecently fit, having just returned with a water tan, the result of a week's fishing on Exmoor.

"You look too dreadful, Jack," said Lady Steene. "I'm afraid you've been going to bed early."

His reply was: "Shift up a bit. I want to get alongside Boobs."

Before the eyes of ninety-seven thousand spectators it was impossible to refuse his request. Young Neville Tarkington had to vacate his seat.

He said, "Good-by, Boobs; hope you won't be bored."

Boobs pouted at Jack with her kissable mouth.

Jack said—and many heard him—"You've fixed your hair another way. I can see a pink lobe. Pleased I was able to come?"

Boobs said, "I haven't a program; get me one."

Jack replied, "And lose my place beside you—oh, no!"

So Boobs sighed. And the performance began. It was thrilling. Very soon a cowboy was kicked in the face and borne out on a stretcher. Boobs turned a little pale at that, but said it was the heat. It reminded Blythe Watney of a terrier he had that once bit him. Everything reminded Watney of something or someone else. Particularly was this so in the case of his second wife. She reminded him of his first; that was why he was again a bachelor.

In the arena below brave things were happening very quickly; so brave, adroit and unexpected that Moyra and Oyra were guilty of "Oh-ing." Ra, one is glad to say, was young enough to avoid "Oh-ing." Those splendid riders from the Wild West had captured imagination before it could be stifled.

Jack, gripping his knees, tense, watchful and envying, shot a glance at Boobs to see what she was thinking. To his amazement there issued from her lips: "That man—brave—brave."

Someone on the far side of her protested with an oblique eyebrow and—"Boobs dear—she can't be as young as that."

But Jack had heard aright. A mystery was revealed to him. Somewhere beneath her beautiful composure was a heart that could palpitate, respond, an elemental spark which *la politesse* of the Two-Twenty had failed to damp. Joy filled him, until superseded by a terrible thought. Suppose Boobs fell in love with a cowboy, discovered her complement in a man with a name like Skeeter Walaby, Chick Smutty-eye, Snub Jackson. And now the steer-wrestling contests had begun; muscles were strained to the task; terrific hazards were taken. Sometimes the steers prevailed. Sometimes they trod on the men or barged them into the wire. It was no joke. Came a steer of unusual ferocity and velocity, an intrepid beast. The man could do nothing with him. He was flung away with the wind knocked out of his body. Bravely he went to the task again—failed again and was beaten. After that the steer did what it pleased with everybody.

Boobs said, "The brute! No one could ever hope ——"

Jack did not wait for the end of the sentence. He scrambled over the parapet into the cheaper seats, raced down the aisle, leaped the wall, flung himself at the wire fence, scaled it and, by a miracle, dropped on the steer's back as it passed beneath.

Then He Would Make Love to Boobs, Saying, "I Love You. I Want to Eat You." Impossible Things Like That

At a Spanish bullfight this would have been ordinary enough, but at a London exhibition it was unthinkable. To its unthinkableness is due the enormous ovation granted to the amateur steer wrestler. After a breathless second in which the public thought Jack was mad, he was acclaimed hero—champion of Britain—what you will. Against the cowboy who, swinging his lasso, galloped up to attend to Jack's removal, screams of execration were raised.

As it happened, the steer attended to his removal without adventitious aid. Jack described an arc through the air, hit the wire and bounced back again within grasp of the horns. To these he clung and was propelled, in the approved style, round the arena with his feet stuck out in front. It would be agreeable to record that in the fullness of time Jack mastered the steer, even as Milo had done before him; it would be agreeable, but quite untrue. Failing to stop its mad course, he was borne through the wire and wooden palisade and telescoped against the stone wall beyond. Here he would have died had not timely help arrived. He was carried out, bruised but joyous. Being somewhat stunned, the newspaper men had no trouble in finding his card case One can imagine the publicity. It was appalling. People who should never have known there was a Two Hundred and Twenty talked of nothing else.

The select company with which Jack had been sitting before his unparalleled folly left the stadium like a single man. It was the most conspicuous thing they had done for years. Oyra and Ra were in tears, and Boobs—the calm, the exquisite—held a kerchief over her mouth because she wanted to be sick.

"You don't think we ought to ask how he is?" she queried.

"Ask?" repeated Lady Steene. "It will be in the papers."

She was right. The case came up for judgment in various drawing-rooms and dance clubs that night. The judgment was that Jack was splendid, but must be taboo.

"Not asked anywhere?"

"Asked everywhere, and dropped everywhere when he arrives. He must simply be brought in and left out. If he'd been reared in the Sahara his conduct could not have been worse."

Boobs was not of the council. She had pleaded a headache and stayed in with the evening papers. A pathetically human evening she spent. Jack, she learned, was in a hospital—was still at the stadium—was insensible—had refused an offer to appear at the Coliseum—was unable to take nourishment—had greatly enjoyed a steak and a pint of champagne. The papers referred to him as "This harebrained society leader." When asked why he had risked his life, he was reputed to have replied, "I don't know. I thought of marrying and settling down."

And that sounded terribly like Jack. If he had really said it, it was clear he was not dead—but should have been.

About midnight the telephone rang by Boobs' bedside and Jack's voice came along the wire.

"Boobs, what about that pink lobe?" She simply could not reply. "Boobs, I love you," he said. "Isn't that marvelous, Boobs, being loved like that?"

No answer.

"Enjoy the show this afternoon?"

"The show?" she repeated. "Oh, the rodeo—yes, quite fun."

"Sorry I didn't get you a program; but as matter of fact, they're always inaccurate—leave out half the events."

"Do they?"

"Boobs, I'm fishing," said the voice. "This is a sort of apology too. Sorry about—well, you know."

"I'm afraid I don't."

Here was a setback, and Jack hesitated so long that Boobs had time to collect herself.

"By the way, who's speaking?" she asked.

"Oh, that was a nasty one," said Jack, and rang off.

The taboo was carried out with force and effect. Jack, trailing a stiff leg and with one arm packed in a sling, went everywhere and not a soul inquired as to the cause or welfare of his injuries.

Conversation seemed to drift away from him, laughter to cheat him of his share. He was alone in a tiny desert surrounded by oases. When he approached the oases they melted before him like a mirage.

To prove he was without shame, he bought a cowboy hat and wore it in Piccadilly.

Boobs, thanks to the energy of her supporters, achieved a pinnacle of inaccessibility impossible to describe. She was always out of reach. Sometimes she would seem to be looking at him, but when he sought to intercept those steady eyes of hers he found them focused on some spot vaguely beyond him.

"This," said Jack to himself, "is very silly and strange. It is clearly evident I must marry Boobs and rescue her from becoming vacuous. Another season with the Two-Twenty and she will cease to have being."

Accordingly he bought a special license, and seeing her lunching at the Berkeley Grill a few hours later, he caused it to be conveyed to her on a salver in company with a scrawl on the back of a menu card which read: "For your approval, please."

Boobs rested her eyes upon it in a prolonged negative, after which she made the smallest gesture of erasure. The marriage license returned as a boomerang to the hand of the thrower.

Said Neville Tarkington, who was at Boobs' table, "Jack is getting quite vulgar in his infirmity. Head waiters are often used to dispose of marriages, but rarely to propose them."

"What was the thing on the tray?" asked Boobs.

"Social handcuffs—a marriage certificate—special license."

Boobs dissolved a spoonful of *fraise Melba* in her beautiful mouth. It gave her a little pain over the eye.

"Is that all?" she said.

Neville nodded appreciatively.

"We were talking of the treasure hunt when the stupid thing arrived."

Boobs began to listen again. She was a perfect listener Not a soul in the room could have known about the queer little thrills that were running in and out of her system. In a mirror to the left was the reflection of Jack's profile. It was jagged with smiles. For an awful moment she felt disposed to shy something at it—a strawberry—no, a tomato—something that would splash all over it and make a mess. What terrible thoughts this man inspired—so violent, so untidy. She forced her mind back to Neville and his treasure hunt.

"This must excel them all," he was saying. "A five-guinea entrance fee and about fifteen clews. To escape publicity we are going to avoid the West End and plant the clews in those suburbs one passes through when one's motoring or going to get buried. You know, Brixton, Kensal Green, villas and cemeteries."

Treasure hunting was the extreme vogue at the moment. The Two Hundred and Twenty were obsessed by it. Not to be denied enjoyment of the sport, they had even risked a little publicity.

It was no uncommon sight to see marvelously gowned matrons and maidens, hatless and perspiring, rushing through the galleries of the British Museum, scrambling over railings in Hans Crescent or dragging the ponds in Trafalgar Square in search of clews.

It was one of the only things about which, by general agreement, they allowed themselves to get excited and worked up. The first clew was always an easy one. "A bridge across a serpent," for example. Then and at the given hour, the Serpentine Bridge in Hyde Park would be packed with cars of every description. Pedestrians would be waylaid, nursemaids questioned, policemen interrogated, until the person was discovered who had issued the clew. It might be anyone: a lounger, an old woman selling apples. Would follow frenzied concentration upon paper slips until their mystery was solved. Then away, one car after the other, to where the next clew might be found Terrific sport. Of course, the first to solve all the rimes, riddles and acrostics and get to the place where the treasure was hidden won the prize money and the hatred of the other competitors.

"About a hundred entrants," said Neville. "So it'll be a treasure worth winning."

"The worst of really good prizes," said Freda Trondheimer, "is the danger of not winning them."

(Continued on Page 105)

"Boobs, You Don't Want to be Carried, I Suppose. That's What'll Happen if You Don't Hurry"

The Making of a Stockbroker

The Richest, Strongest, Safest and Most Conservative Bankers of All—the Public

By EDWIN LEFÈVRE

CARTOONS BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

IN THE stockbrokerage business the essential differences between today and twenty or even ten years ago are many because they follow the changes observable in American industry and finance generally. It was not to be expected that the stockbroker alone of all business men in these United States should stand still. We began about twenty-five years ago to lose our provincialism, commercially and financially. What a few farsighted men might have found desirable in 1900, by 1915 was generally admitted to be indispensable. Prejudices against a more civilized banking system, for instance, died hard. It took an unnecessarily large number of needless panics to make possible our present Federal Reserve Bank.

It was the same story with other American businesses. A private firm with two or three partners might handle a moderate semilocal trade competently, but to do a big national business a corporation was indispensable. And when that same national business became too large to finance its own growth through a friendly bank or two, the managers had recourse to the richest, strongest, safest and most conservative bankers of all—the public. Moreover, as the country grew, the number of concerns doing a large national business increased. In the old days only the railroads needed to be financed by the public: because only the public had the millions needed. Today all kinds of businesses are financed by the public: a public that not only lends money to corporations—that is, buys bonds—but owns the corporations and shares in the profits—that is, buys stocks.

Early Speculation in Steel

BRONSON & BARNES, when they started in business, were not thinking of inaugurating changes or innovations; but they managed to do what the rest of the country was doing—that is, they grew. They couldn't help it. They moved forward in order not to stand still. A business that stands still really goes backward, because its more progressive competitors pass it. I freely admit that when I went into the firm, successful as it already was, we had no such objective in mind as we eventually reached. I could not tell in 1900 or 1905 or 1910 what we should be doing in 1915. At the same time it is not fair to say we owe our success to chance, however accidental you may deem the manner in which our opportunity came to us. We prepared for success by following a consistent policy of looking forward, by having the prepared minds of Pasteur. The founders of the firm knew that their business must change and they were ready for the change at the right moment. You know it is as bad to be too far in advance as to lag too far behind.

We began in 1888 by buying or selling stocks for our customers. We expanded and got more connections so that we could have the customers of other brokers for whom to buy or sell stocks. We also established branch offices in other cities—that is, more customers, more public to appeal to, more sections of the country to cover. We developed a statistical department—we were pioneers in this—because we felt that the public had outgrown the haphazard tip-taking and tip-giving methods of the past. We shortened the periods of famine which a house dealing exclusively in stocks must go through and improved the office machinery to enable us to sell bonds as well as stocks, and later to sell securities direct to that public which did not sit before a quotation board.

After Howell & Stewart approached us to help them sell the 20,000 shares of the preferred stock of the P. P. Peltier Chain Stores Co., our firm agreed that we ought to find a specialty of our own and do some selling of stocks direct to the public—stocks of private corporations which were big money-makers. The appeal should be to investors and speculators alike—that is, to include both classes of customers. The investor would be attracted by the dividend, while the speculator would think of the future prosperity which would be reflected in a rise in the price of the stock. The return to the holder of a bond is fixed, whether or not the business booms. Of course he has first call on the profits. Preferred stocks also are limited to a fixed dividend rate in good times, but come after the bonds. The big money has always been made in the common stocks.

In the old days the common stocks were sold to the ticker watchers—that is, to the speculating public. In the case of a new company the common often represented water, or at best the expectations of promoters. The classic example is the United States Steel promotion in 1901. The underwriting syndicate employed James R. Keene to make the stock attractive to speculators. He distributed many million dollars' worth of the new securities. Almost exclusively they went into brokers' offices, where they were carried on margin for all kinds of speculators. Those who bought paid no heed to prophecies of eventual dividends; they preferred promises of a ten or twenty point rise, and planned to unload as quickly as possible. That is why the common, after selling at 55, found it easy to sell below 9 on the famous undigested-securities slump. But gradually, as the country grew, the value of the capital stock also grew. The water evaporated after ten or fifteen years.

Keene's method was too speculative to appeal to our firm, and bond selling was too slow, besides requiring a far more elaborate organization than the average commission house could easily manage. We thought a happy medium would be to place with individual purchasers the common stocks of profitable American enterprises. The bolder investors and the more conservative speculators would be reached. It was all a matter of finding the right enterprise, some privately owned and safely established business that might be sold in whole or in part to the public. Howell & Stewart had done it in the Peltier Chain Stores, and Hall & Freer in their low-grade lead-ore properties. In the meantime we attended to our regular business.

A Fairy Tale

ONE day in 1915 my good friend, William Albert Hicks, president of the Morrisania National Bank, where we had an account, telephoned to me.

"Jack," he said, "when you have a few minutes to spare will you drop in on me?"

"I'll be over right away."

"Tomorrow will do if you are busy just now. I want you to listen to a fairy tale."

Now Hicks was a tried and true friend. I had done considerable business with and for his bank. If he wished to tell me a fairy tale I would listen. Bankers' fairy tales are apt to be interesting. I wondered where I fitted in the narrative.

"I'll come over right away," I said.

"Right-o!"

And Hicks hung up. But I imagined he was chuckling to himself. That is how his voice sounded. When I went into his office he had a grin on his face.

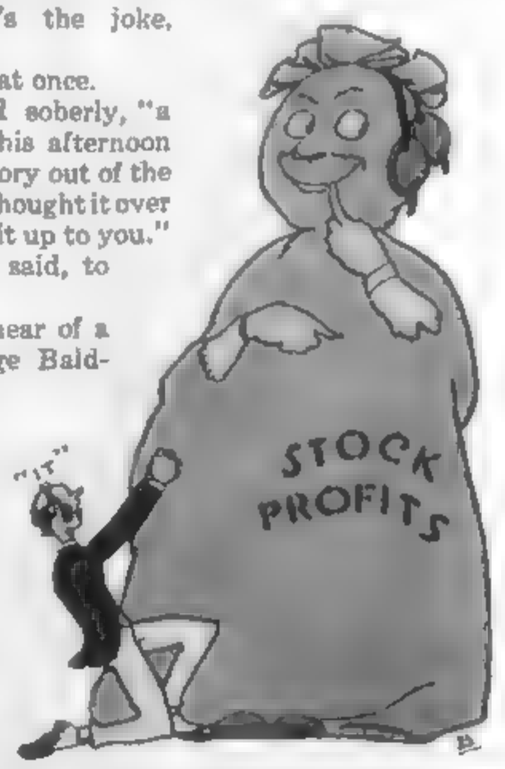
I said, "What's the joke, Bert?"

He grew serious at once.

"Jack," he said soberly, "a man was in here this afternoon and he told me a story out of the Arabian Nights. I thought it over and decided to put it up to you."

"That's nice," I said, to encourage him.

"Did you ever hear of a man named George Baldwin Townsend?"



"Yes," I answered. "He used to be president of the Consolidated Auto Company. I happen to know that fact because we were in the syndicate that sold some of their notes a few years ago. Then I heard that he'd been forced out of the company by Wentworth, Hopkins & Co."

"Is that all you know?"

"That's all," I said. Hicks looked pleased, probably at the thought of how much he had to tell me.

"Well, then, you listen. I wouldn't believe a word of it if I didn't happen to know it is all true. I've got his history from others. He has done wonders ——"

"In what way?" I interrupted.

"He has made millions and built up a tremendous business. But to hear that man is to listen to dreams of the

future that sound like fantastic novels. He only needs $5,000,000 to enlarge his plant so as to be able to produce enough to fill his orders. Fred Liddle brought him to me. I advised him to apply to our friends across the street, or some other banking house; but he says every time he talks to a banker he either gets frostbitten or they call the police."

"Why?" I asked

"Why?" echoed Mr. Hicks, the progressive president of a modern bank. "Why? Because he is an automobile manufacturer. His is a new business—too new. It is extra-hazardous when it comes to putting millions of your customers' money into it in a permanent way. I myself would take a reasonable amount of his paper for reasonable periods. But for keeps? No."

Hicks, I knew, was a shrewd, farsighted business man; but he had a banker's prejudices. They were perfectly proper prejudices for a banker to have, because he had to play safe. It was wiser to keep his eye on the sure thing than to play for the speculative ten-strike. It was Hicks' attitude that made me think instantly and inevitably of what the automobile business had done up to then. Thinking of the past in turn made me think of the future. Seeing the revolutionary changes effected by improved transportation methods, I saw the revolution spreading. I said:

"I think the automobile business is going to grow much more and become a very important industry. People need it. It is going to carry them and their families and their bundles on short hauls, and everybody is going to own one, when men like you cease thinking of them as luxuries."

"I'm glad you believe it," said Hicks, "because now I'll sick George Baldwin Townsend on you. You should help him find the few millions he needs. That's why I called you up. All the same, I myself can't ride more than thirty miles in a motor without somehow feeling that I ought to have taken a train."

Liddle's Story

"SAME here," I confessed. "But more and more people are using it as a necessity and not as a luxury. If the progress it has made, mechanically and toward cheaper prices, keeps up, it will be the most wonderful thing of our time."

"Say, has Townsend talked to you?" asked Hicks suspiciously.

"No; but I'd like to let him," I said.

"Let's go over and see Fred Liddle. He is an old friend of Townsend's and he is very much interested in getting somebody to finance the Arabian Nights necromancer. It may be he's got all the automobile paper he wants and would like to see some cash. But this might easily be a base suspicion. Come on, let's go!"

We went over to the Textile Trade National Bank, of which Frederick C. Liddle was president. I knew him very well.

"Fred," said Hicks, without saying howdy, "tell Jack Wing, of Bronson & Barnes, what your friend Townsend wants."

"Hello, Jack," said Liddle, and shook hands, saying, "We are polite in this bank even to other banks' depositors. Jack, considering the views he holds, my friend Townsend astonishes himself by his moderation. He wants to enlarge his plant. It will take about $5,000,000 to build the additions he thinks he will need to take care of the business he says is in sight. He has orders for an incredible number of cars. He has a faculty of making all kinds of men work their heads off for him and his agents simply make people buy his car, so he finds himself with orders for more cars for immediate delivery than he can possibly manufacture in three years. His idea is to produce in huge quantities, buy improved machinery, which will reduce the costs materially. Why, he thinks he can pay the $5,000,000 in two years if he never got another order! But he has a violent prejudice against banking relief. According to him, it always ends by the banker owning the business as soon as it begins to pay big."

"Will he allow us to audit his books and appraise his plants and study his methods and his personnel for ourselves?" I asked

"I don't see why he shouldn't," said Liddle.

"Why not give Jack a letter of introduction and let him talk to your genius?" suggested Hicks.

Liddle nodded and said, "I'll do it and I'll call up and tell Townsend you are going"

"Make the appointment, if possible, for tomorrow afternoon after 3:30," I said.

Liddle right then and there telephoned to Townsend and made the appointment for me. The next afternoon I went to see the automobile manufacturer. His office was on West Fifty-seventh Street not far from the river. It wasn't a large building. Downstairs was a saloon. In the rear of the saloon was the private office of Mr. George Baldwin Townsend, formerly president of the Consolidated Auto Corporation and now head of the Allenby Motor Company, in need of $5,000,000 to enlarge his business with. As I went past the garage I saw a lot of the little Allenby cars, all nice and new and unsold.

It was not a prepossessing sight any more than it was an aristocratic neighborhood. But that didn't affect me. If the Allenby people were doing enough business to justify our making some deal with them, I didn't care where they did the business or how the office looked.

George B. Townsend was waiting for me—a small man with a fine forehead. I gave him the letter of introduction from Liddle. He glanced at the envelope, laid it on the desk unread and shook hands.

"I am much obliged to you for going to all this trouble," he said pleasantly. "I am turning out 5000 cars a year—which won't be even a good month's work for us after we get going. I have orders for about 40,000 cars and I need a plant big enough to take care of our business. I am not thinking of the future. That will take care of itself. I am thinking of the present. I need $5,000,000. With that I'll make enough to build ten plants later on. Our profits will take care of all future expansion. That's the thing in a nutshell."

I felt sure that Townsend had stated the facts accurately. He had a remarkable personality and a convincing manner. I felt I must hurry with the $5,000,000 so that this man might not waste any more time. To delay was to let a lot of millions run to waste.

"How much are you making?" I asked him, feeling too pressed for time to waste any in preliminaries.

"I figure to make $2,000,000 this year," he said with conviction

"What?"

"Yes."

He said it so confidently that I asked him, "Have you any idea of how you want to raise this money?"

"Yes; I want to sell stocks or bonds of my company. I don't want any more notes. That's how I lost the Consolidated. Notes fall due when you don't want them to. I want partners, not bankers."

That was just what we'd been looking for.

I said, "You could raise the money by selling enough common stock."

"Very well," he said, as though everything was settled. "Don't you think we ought to hurry up?"

Getting Down to Business

"OF COURSE I must confer with my partners before I tell you positively that we'll do business with you, and before I speak to them I must know more about your business. I don't know, for instance, what your stock is worth or what I could sell it for until I have a look at your books and your plant."

"Of course not. Now, Mr. Wing, please tell me what you wish me to do in order to expedite matters."

"Well, we shall have to find out how you run your business. It isn't only a matter of your producing your cost sheets or a properly kept set of books, but of our studying your business as a business, because in order to sell your securities for you we shall have to recommend them to our clients and associates, and before we can do so we must know everything about your industry in general and your organization in particular. We wouldn't buy the finest manufacturing plant in the world at any price unless we also had the right man to run it, and we wouldn't back the ablest men in the world without the proper equipment for them to do business with. I'll say this, though, that I am a big bull on the automobile industry and its future."

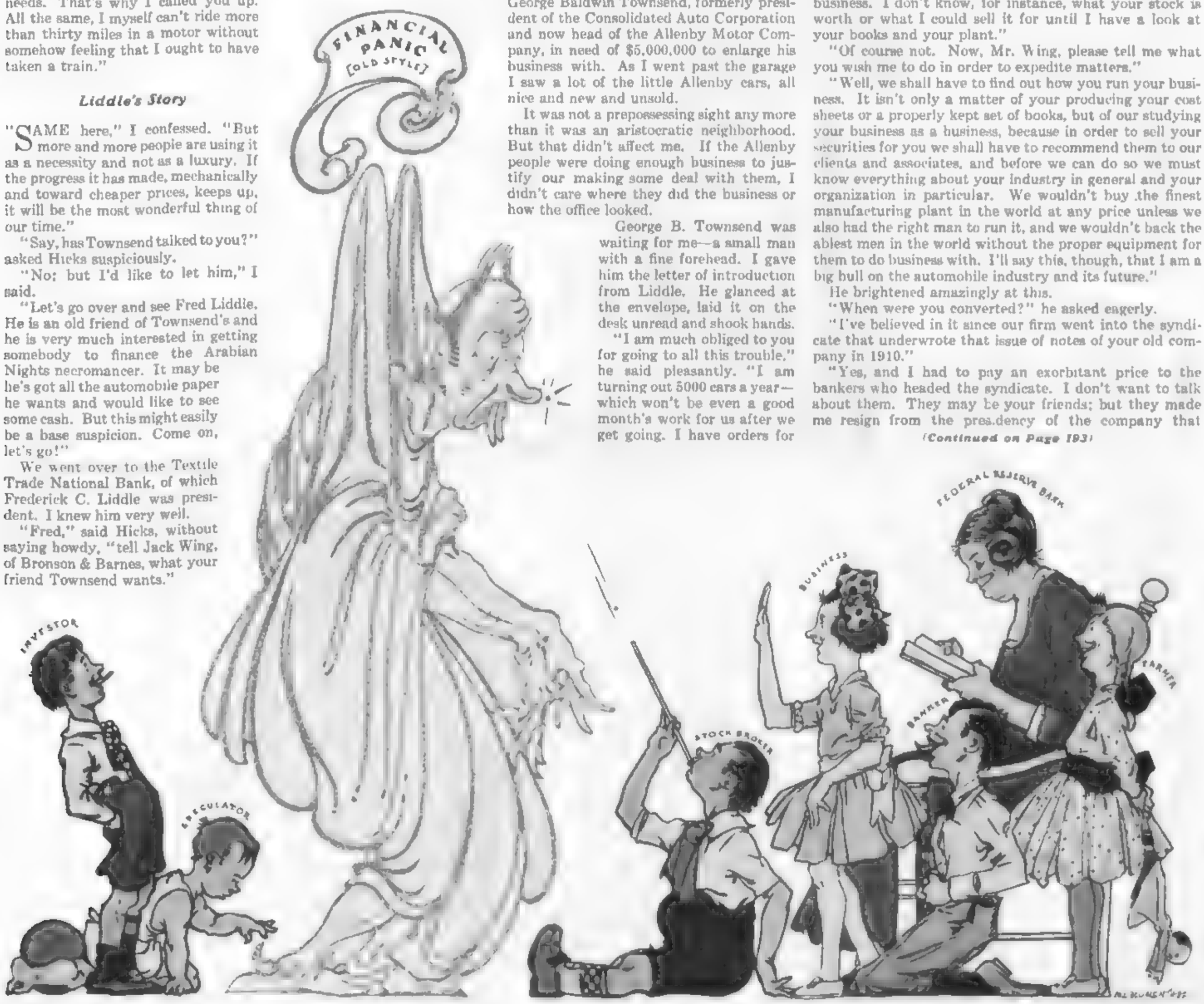
He brightened amazingly at this.

"When were you converted?" he asked eagerly.

"I've believed in it since our firm went into the syndicate that underwrote that issue of notes of your old company in 1910."

"Yes, and I had to pay an exorbitant price to the bankers who headed the syndicate. I don't want to talk about them. They may be your friends; but they made me resign from the presidency of the company that

(Continued on Page 193)



Not the Bogy Man He Was

POZZI OF PERUGIA

x

By J. P. Marquand

ILLUSTRATED BY MARSHALL FRANTZ

THE Harrowers had arrived. Mrs. Harrower, with a diamond necklace and pendulous chin, was sitting in the center of the drawing-room like a large central ornament. Mr. Harrower and Jethro Courtney were standing near her. Mr. Harrower was a little man with eyeglasses and a round red face. Even when he stood up straight he came only to Jethro Courtney's shoulder

"Yes, sir," Uncle Jethro was saying, "that's what comes of having it in the papers. Hanged if he didn't try to snatch it right from under my arm. Oh, no, he didn't get it; but I haven't felt right since."

"What did he look like?" asked Mr. Harrower. "You must have seen him."

"He was too quick to see well. He dodged back into the crowd. Well, I should say he was about as tall as Well, well, here they are."

Uncle Jethro was looking at Romano and rubbing his white mustache.

"My dear," said Mrs. Harrower to Helen, "I never saw you look so beautiful."

Though Helen laughed, Mrs. Harrower's remark seemed to her like an accusation She should have felt distrait, and she did not. Tom Bacchus was biting at his nails and looking dismally about. She knew she should be unhappy, and instead she was in a different mood. She was actually annoyed at Tom, selfishly annoyed that he should betray his feelings. There was a lack of dignity, a lack of self-respect——

"Folks," said Uncle Jethro, "the cocktails are on the table"

"Jethro," said Mr. Harrower, "before I take another, let's see the chain."

"Well——" Uncle Jethro paused with unlooked-for indecision. Everybody was looking at him except Tom Bacchus. Everyone except Tom Bacchus looked expectant. Tom, however, had his back to the party. He was finishing his second cocktail.

"I guess it's better where it is till after dinner," Uncle Jethro ended.

"I hope you have it safe," said Mr. Harrower.

"It's safe enough," said Uncle Jethro, "in the library. I put it up as soon as I got in."

Jethro Courtney prided himself on food His dinners were as long and devious as the passages in his house, intricate monuments to cooking. They were like anecdotes of an old man, which flag and wax and wane until it is hard to find the end. Course followed course down the long room. Empty plates appeared only to be whisked away, until the dinner became a series of ceramic patterns. The table always seemed too small for the dining room, a spot of light glittering with glasses. That evening it seemed unusually small and the walls and the sideboards particularly dark.

They had the constraint which often comes of an ill-assorted company. Mrs. Harrower sat on Jethro's right. Mr. Harrower was on his left, and then came Helen, and then Romano, and Tom made the last distrait and silent link that completed the circle.

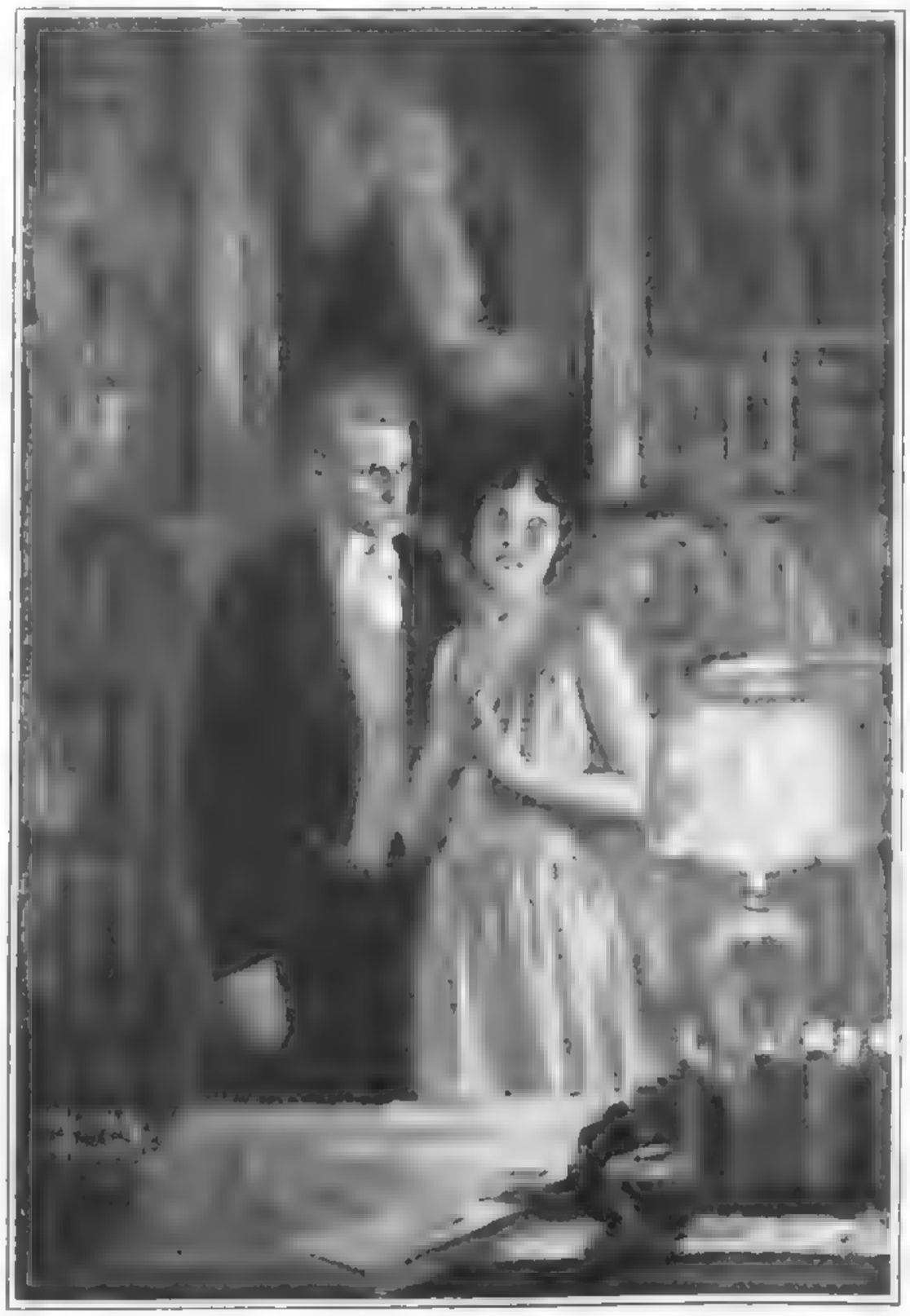
Uncle Jethro should not have told of his adventure with the japanned box. It remained in the back of the Harrowers' thoughts.

Mr. Harrower was a diffident little man who stumbled vainly but seldom hit upon a firm conversational foundation. His mind was in his garden and his office, and he never wholly succeeded in drawing his mind away. Mrs. Harrower, however, came of the old conversational school, where words were like chips in a poker game. As Helen tried to talk to Mr. Harrower, Mrs. Harrower's voice kept chiming in. Neither Romano nor Tom Bacchus spoke at all.

"I told George there was a burglar," Mrs. Harrower was saying. "I just could feel there was someone downstairs. You know the way you feel things."

"Yes," said Uncle Jethro. "That is, I begin to know."

"And I said to George, 'George, I tell you I just know there is someone downstairs.' Let me see, that was five summers ago; but of course I still remember, and you know the way George is."



"Perhaps," She Interrupted, "I'd Rather Have You What You Are. Perhaps I Wouldn't Stay If You Were Someone Else"

"Well, didn't I go down?" Mr. Harrower turned abruptly away from Helen. "Now that's a nice thing to say. I did go down, and ——"

"And you took good care to wait till they were gone," remarked Mrs. Harrower, but Helen had stopped listening.

"Why, Mr. Romano!" she exclaimed. "What are you doing?"

His right hand was on the table. He was playing abstractedly with a crumb of bread. Though he was not looking at it, the crumb of bread was taking a definite shape. Its edges were delicate and even, and twisted into a certain symmetry as his fingers moved. As she spoke Romano dropped the bread crumb.

"Nothing," he said hastily; "quite nothing."

"You were," she insisted. "You were modeling something out of the bread. I didn't know you could model."

Romano looked quickly around the table.

"Hush!" he said. "Please do not say that. It's only an old habit, the way my fingers move. How should I know how to use my hands? What use are hands when we have machinery? I might have known, if only —— But shall we talk of something else? It's a fixed idea of mine, and it isn't interesting."

"How can I tell if you don't tell me? If only what?"

Romano shrugged his shoulders and looked at her.

"I'm back at it again," he sighed. "I'm very out of date. I suppose it comes of being an antiquarian. I was going to say, if only I had lived three hundred years ago."

He had a power of illusion that was pleasant relief to everything that worried her most. She could understand his mood. It was a mesmeric thing, almost like the play of a child. He was smiling, yet as she watched him it seemed to her that he might have been looking from any of those canvases of thin-faced, thin-lipped men whose eyes haunt the galleries of Florence.

"You're back again," she said, "thinking of Pozzi of Perugia."

"Not that," said Romano. "I was thinking you should have been there too."

She looked down at her plate. She had a certain skill in reading men's expressions. A change had come over him as he was speaking, and she knew why. She knew intuitively that she should discourage him, and yet she did not. Instead, her mood grew light, irrationally light. She felt his eyes still on her, and she knew the beginning of anything was there. She heard his voice, and she knew it was a time when the tide of life might turn. She could have drawn away, and she did not. She had been unhappy a moment before, and now she found herself laughing

"Don't laugh," said Romano; "Titian would have painted you. You would have been a great lady of a noble house, as great as you are beautiful."

"But I'm not ——"

"Has no one ever told you so?" He had interrupted before she could finish. "You are as beautiful as Botticelli's Spring. Has no one ever told you?"

"I didn't mean to make you tell me," she said She hoped Tom Bacchus was not listening.

"You could not have stopped me," he replied

"If you had lived three hundred years ago," said Helen in an altered tone, "would you have played with bread crumbs then?"

"No, not with bread crumbs," said Romano.

"I wonder," said Helen, resting her chin on the palm of her hand, "what you would have been." It was easy for one's mind to run back, there in her uncle's house. It had confused itself with the past. She was thinking again of dark portraits and old canvas. "I know who you would have liked to be."

"Only a man."

"No; you would have been Pozzi of Perugia."

"Hush!" Romano looked hastily around the table. "I pretended I was once before tonight. I'm given to delusions. I may think I am again."

"I wish you would," she said, and laughed, because it was all so curious and out of the beaten path of things.

"You wish?" His eyes had grown unnaturally keen. His expression was so strange that she was very nearly frightened. "I told you it was easy—if I once get into the swing of it. You want me to be. Then I am. I am Pozzi of Perugia."

She gave a nervous little laugh.

"Don't laugh. I am Pozzi of Perugia, the goldsmith. I live close behind St. Mark's. The journeymen can tell you where. My shop is dark, but not too dark for me to do fine work. I was apprenticed first in the guild of Mantua, where I learned of the alloys and of the foils for jewels, and of how to use the sword; but my work is quite my own. My contrivances are my own, quite. And what do you desire of my hands, lady—a necklace, a bracelet, a chaplet for your hair?"

"Don't!" exclaimed Helen. "You make me quite nervous! Why, I might almost think ——" His voice stopped her

"I told you you'd bring back the shades. Until you spoke I was resting in the second circle of Inferno, but here I am. Will it be a chaplet, then? I have the gold. I can make it of ivy leaves, linked together, each leaf curled, as ivy curls in life—only look!"

His hands were on the table. He had picked up the bread crumb delicately between his thumb and forefinger. He touched it, flattened it. She could not tell how. It was like a conjurer's trick.

"Why, it is an ivy leaf!" she cried.

"Only a model, my lady. I have the eye for Nature. You would think Midas had touched a living plant if only I had my gold."

"Well, well." It was Uncle Jethro's voice. "What are you two doing?"

Neither of them had noticed that dinner was over. It was like the ending of a daydream, all an elusive thought. When she looked back at the table again the bread crumb was only a solid pellet which Romano was kneading between his fingers.

"Quite nothing," said Romano; "I was only explaining to Miss Courtney the technic of Pozzi of Perugia."

He was on his feet. Everyone was rising and pushing back his chair.

"You must tell us all," said Uncle Jethro. "If you'll all go into the sitting room we'll have our coffee there, and I'll go fetch the chain."

Tom Bacchus followed Helen and caught up to her as they crossed the hall.

"Helen," he whispered, "I don't dare ask him. I've been watching him all through dinner. The old boy's not the kind to touch for a loan. I know he'll throw me down."

It was blundering and awkward of him to mention it with Pozzi still in her thoughts. He was like the drab present.

Was it possible he was like something that she had tried to put in the back of her mind? Was it only an hour ago that she had wanted to see him so much?

"All right," she answered unkindly; "if you don't ask him, if you don't care enough for me to ask him, why don't!"

Tom drew his hand across his forehead, but before he could speak Helen had reached the drawing-room.

"Now, Mr. Romano," Mrs. Harrower was saying, "you must tell us everything. I really don't see how you could be so clever."

"Madam," said Romano, looking toward the door of the library, "given the time and place and circumstances, you can never tell what a man may do."

Jethro Courtney was in the library. They were all waiting for him to get back. They all fell silent finally. Mr. Harrower lighted a cigar. Tom drank a liqueur—his third liqueur.

"He's taking a devilish long time," Mr. Harrower complained nervously. "I wish he'd hurry up. You don't suppose anything could have happened?"

"My dear sir!" said Romano, setting down his coffee cup. "Here in this house? What could possibly happen?"

"Well," said Mr. Harrower, "you were talking about the time and place and circumstances. Suppose this was the time and place?"

"Nonsense, George," said Mrs. Harrower. "How you do go on! Here comes Jethro now."

Sure enough, Uncle Jethro was walking toward them, smoking a long cigar and regarding everybody with a mild, benign expectancy. The japanned box was under his left arm.

"Two of you boys take that little table," he said, "and put it under the reading lamp. We've got to have plenty of light."

It could not have been a better table. It was a low dark table from Florence, with a battered surface, worn by the touch of a thousand hands. They all crowded close about it as Uncle Jethro placed the box upon it and raised the lid. It was as though a beat of time were lost as old Jethro leaned over the box.

There was a covering of jeweler's flannel. He drew it aside very gently and then stopped to remove his cigar from under his white mustache.

"Romano," he said, "you're the one who found it. Take it out, Romano; you can tell about it better than I can."

Romano reached forward.

"Look!" he said, and that was all.

He had stretched out his hands and was holding them before him. Suspended between them was the Pozzi chain. It took a moment to see it. It seemed to hide itself behind a mist of age. It was a steel chain with graceful, elongated links. It was bitten deep with an obscuring rust, so that its rust and decrepitude were what first met the eye, but only momentarily. After a second the rust was forgotten, for through it from every link were spots of yellow gold. At first it seemed nothing more than a tracery, like frost on glass, and then the gold took shape, until it seemed against the rust almost like foliage breaking through dark wood in spring. Each spot, each filament of gold took shape. It was not flat like gold on a Damascus blade, but raised from the steel and modeled in minute reliefs. It gave a sense of motion. Each detail was like a discovery, and yet each detail fitted with the whole. Something fresh and living was struggling with the rust.

"Look!" said Romano. "See how the gold is raised, not like Damascene work, but in relief. You would go a long way to find another piece of work like that. There is no one but Pozzi who could do it so. Look where his chisel ran. Ah, you can look and look and still not see the end. There are two years of a man's life looking back at you."

"Let me see it," demanded Mr. Harrower. "How do you know it took two years?"

Romano, however, did not answer the question. Instead he asked another.

"Why is it everyone wants to touch it? They always do. Take it and look at it link by link and see how the gold's put on. There's not a link that has not a different design, though they look the same at first. You'll see when you get it nearer."

From the way he touched the chain it was plain to see he loved it. He gave it up slowly, as though he was reluctant to have it leave his fingers, but no one noticed. It was the gold they wished to see, the gold that was twining through the rust.

"Do you like it?" he asked Helen. "Won't you tell me what you think?"

If she had not known before, she could not have doubted then that something had changed. There was a difference between them which had come into being somewhere between the beginning of dinner and the end.

"I'm looking at it still," she said. "Did you ever think it's something like a story?"

"It might be," said Romano, "except the links are all together. There's no beginning and no end."

"But there was a beginning once."

Curiously enough, he did not answer. Perhaps in this way that ancient piece of vanity had its own meaning for everyone who was there, and its one particular moral. For Jethro, it was the story of gold and steel. What was it for the Harrowers? They leaned over it with hardly a word, twisting and turning it in the light. Only Tom Bacchus stood aloof, watching all the rest, while the gold twinkled in its dull setting beneath the light.

XI

IT WAS late in the evening, after the Harrowers had gone, when Tom Bacchus had his interview with Jethro. There was a restless sort of silence when the Harrowers had closed the front door behind them. Jethro drew the bolts himself, and when he drew the last every sound and sense of out-of-doors seemed to be shut away. Like other wealthy men, he had unexpected streaks of parsimony. When he had finished with the door he put out light after light until the hall was nearly dark.

"Well, well," he said a little wearily, "we've had a pleasant evening."

The house seemed closed in upon itself with a silence that was all its own. Helen found herself wishing, or almost wishing, that the Harrowers were back. There was a stability in Mrs. Harrower's flow of conversation. Without it her uncle and all his house loomed larger. His coat had an added sag at the shoulders. His vest was lower. His collar and tie had taken on an increased ungainliness. When he came into the drawing-room the dimming of the lights made him like an uncouth shadow, the same appearance that the sun had given him that afternoon.

"It's time to put away the chain," he said. "It's said its say tonight."

It was still on the table beneath the lamp. He picked it up and folded the jeweler's flannel around it very carefully. Romano had moved away toward the bow windows at the end of the room, but just as the chain was going into the japanned box they all turned at the sound of his voice.

"What's that?" demanded Uncle Jethro.

"I don't want to alarm you, sir," said Romano, "but you ought to know. There are two men just outside, standing on the lawn."

"Never mind," said Uncle Jethro. It was clear he was not alarmed. "There are always two men out there every night. I always have the house watched. I have too much valuable stuff."

He picked up the japanned box and moved toward the library. Tom Bacchus started and hurried after him, as though he had been awakened from a painful dream that had rested heavily upon him all the evening.

"Let me help you, sir," he said. "I'm good at locks and things."

And before her uncle answered, Tom Bacchus had closed the library door. Helen stood looking after them. Romano was still at the window.

"So Pozzi is gone," he said. "Locked in his cell again. We are all locked up. Have you ever known a place so still?"

Helen nodded absently, still looking at the library.

"I don't suppose there's a way to get outside," said Romano, "without undoing a dozen bolts."

And then the library door opened and Tom Bacchus came in alone.

"Where's Uncle Jethro?" asked Helen.

"He's putting the chain away," Tom's voice was far from pleasant. "He'd rather do it alone."

Putting away the chain must have had few difficulties, for Jethro Courtney was back just as Tom had finished. Whatever may have transpired in the library was not to be read on his face. He was as serene as ever, and his eyes more guilelessly blue.

"Still looking out the window, Romano?" he inquired. "It's rather dark to see the view, but wait till morning. Right over there's the

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"It Isn't Anything," He Answered; "Only a Punch Behind the Ear. I'm Always on the Receiving End, I Guess"

Woman's Place is in the Home

By FANNIE KILBOURNE

ILLUSTRATED BY R. M. CROSBY

ONE is not likely to be fond of the girl who is engaged to the man one would like to be engaged to oneself. Sue's dislike for the girl across the tea-room table, however, was greater even than these bare circumstances warranted. Its intensity was a purely personal tribute to Hyacinth Smith; made more pronounced, of course, by the fact that Hyacinth was being patronizing.

"Now this is my party, Sue, absolutely." The arm that reached across the little table to take possession of the tea-room check was up to the latest moment, its plumpness snugly incased in the sleeve of the spring mode tailored suit. "Have you time to walk up the Avenue and take in the new styles, or are you due back at the office? I suppose it takes a little longer to eat here than where you usually go for lunch."

"I usually come here for lunch. Oh, yes, I've plenty of time for a little stroll before I go back."

Which polite conversation, translated into what the conversers really meant, would have read:

HYACINTH: I'll pay for both lunches. I don't suppose you often eat in a really nice place like this. And while I have all the afternoon to walk up and down and in and out of the shops, I mustn't forget that you're a poor working girl who must go back as soon as her noon hour is up.

SUE: Oh, blah!

"I'm so glad tailored things are in this spring," Hyacinth observed, glancing down at her own plump tailored self with satisfaction. "They make you look so much slimmer. They're nice for business too," she added kindly. "You know"—with a little titter—"I've often thought I'd like to take a position myself, but dad just howls at the idea. He's such an old-fashioned dear—woman's place is in the home, you know, and all that old stuff. Wants to take care of his little girl. It sounds funny, of course; but there's something dear about it too."

"Your father is a dear," Sue agreed.

She and Hyacinth's father both worked for the C. L. Dennet Construction Company and in some ways she knew old Burton Smith better than his daughter did. Surely, Sue thought, if Hyacinth knew her father's salary and how often he drew it a couple of weeks in advance when a payment on his house or his life insurance premium was due, surely if Hyacinth knew even half as much of her father's material existence as Sue did, she could find scant pleasure in posing as a pampered, idle daughter.

What pleasure could a new hairline black tailored suit be when it meant pushing an old nose a little harder to the grindstone?

"Thanks, but I don't go on parties," said Sue crisply, laying seventy-five cents on the luncheon check, sixty-five for the Twinkle Tea Room's regular lunch and ten for the waitress.

Hyacinth laughed.

"Aren't you the cocky independent little thing! My, I wish I were as smart as you are! Dad says"—a self-conscious little laugh—"that I'd be as much use in an office as a butterfly."

"Well, there wouldn't be much point in your going into an office anyway," said Sue, "when you expect to be married soon."

She made her voice determinedly pleasant. One couldn't allow oneself to be a cat. Besides, there was a certain self-respect in facing the fact that Dan Seward was going to marry Hyacinth.

Sue remembered so well the day they had met. She had been at the switchboard—Sue did anything or everything around the Dennet office, from opening the mail to making out the pay envelopes—when Hyacinth had come in to go to lunch with her father. Dan had been working on the Harrisburg job and had come into the office that noon by order of the boss. The foreman on the job had been taken sick and Dennet had decided to let Dan try foreman's work. Big, brave, brawny, blue-eyed, bonny, on down through all the pleasant *b*'s in the dictionary, and they fitted Dan like his working clothes. He was leaning against the switchboard and he and Sue were bantering personalities after the free-and-easy fashion of the Dennet office.

"Only three months on the job and a foreman already! I'll bet you're one of these boys they put in the school readers, that unties the string on all the packages and rolls it up neatly and gets to be president of the company before they're thirty."

"Sure," Dan agreed. "I'm the fellow that takes courses and studies nights." He struck an attitude of pleased surprise, extending a greeting hand to Sue. "Of course I remember you! You're Mrs. Addison Sims, of Seattle. And how is the little Sim that had the measles that day I met you on the steps of the courthouse in Portland?"

"The only thing that's going to hold you back," Sue went on speculatively, "is that you're maybe too honest. You've got a terribly honest face."

Dan resented this, of course. Good people are always more ashamed of their goodness than bad people of their badness.

"I may have an honest face, but nobody's ever stepped on it yet," he boasted.

"There Must be Something Wrong With This House That I Can't See," He Said

"Well, look out that somebody doesn't step on it one of these days," Sue cautioned him. "Some woman, probably," she added darkly.

And at that very moment Hyacinth Smith had come in. Hyacinth had simply not seen Dan at all that day, though her father had introduced him. Dad was just the kind of democratic old dear who couldn't see anything out of the way in introducing a carpenter in his working clothes to his daughter. That was a year and a half ago, though, and now Dan and Hyacinth were engaged.

This was the best of signs that, true to Sue's prophecy, Dan had come on in that year and a half. Foreman for three months and then superintendent. Then the group of workmen's cottages out Jerome Avenue way that he had left the Dennet company to build on his own. Dan had made money on that venture.

Good little houses they were too. Nothing fancy, but sturdy and honest.

Sue knew all about them: what they cost, how much Dan made on the whole deal. It was easy for any man to confide in Sue. She had a way of cupping her tip-tilted chin in her hands and looking up with a whole-hearted interest that was as flattering as it was genuine. Easiest of all for Dan, for her interest in his project was not only genuine but also shrewdly understanding. She knew what he meant when he talked about grounds, laths and hardware. No need to explain specifications.

So he stopped in at the Dennet office often, sometimes to see his old boss, when he would stop in the outer office to talk to Sue. Sometimes he stopped quite frankly to see Sue herself; often to thank her for some favor. She had heard of a jobber's lot of plumbing fixtures he could pick up at a bargain; there were enough redwood shingles for a cottage left over from a big Dennet job and Dennet would be glad to sell them cheap.

With Sue doing him these little kindnesses, there was nothing personally significant in Dan's bringing her a huge box of candy now and then, nor in the full-bloomed poinsettia plant he sent her at Christmas. He had sent Dennet a box of his favorite cigars at the same time. Sue was a good business friend, that was all.

She had reminded herself sternly of this frequently enough during the year and a half, yet she found herself watching for Dan to come into the office, treasuring their matter-of-fact conversations, finding an exciting pleasure in his frank confidences. The sternest of reminders could not check the thrill that swept over her like sudden sunshine when she would glance up from her work and see him coming in at the office door. A girl may be a business woman and still be a girl for a' that and a' that.

Then one morning Dan telephoned and asked her to go to lunch with him. "I'd like to tell you about a stunt I'm going to try," he explained.

Business again, of course; but Sue hummed excitedly under her breath all morning as she filed plans, and thanked the kindly fates that had made her don her new spring hat that very morning, an outrageously becoming little dark brown hat that hid nearly all of her crinkly bronze hair, but made up for this by the dashing feather slanting down against her cheek. What if it was just business? It was spring and you never could tell!

Businesslike enough at the beginning of the luncheon. Dan was going to take the money he had made on the workmen's cottages and build a house in Cloverdale, one of the smartest suburbs near New York.

"I can get hold of a peach of a lot cheap," he told Sue. "It's near the station and just a couple of blocks off the Boulevard. Nifty houses going up all around it; nifty, but not too big. Just about the size I can swing."

"What's the matter with the lot," Sue demanded practically, "if it's cheap?"

"Low," said Dan. "Everybody figures it would cost too much to fill it. Plenty of the big builders would have snapped it up before now except for that. But they're starting to excavate for an apartment house just a couple of blocks away and they'll sell the dirt cheap. I can get top soil for only a dollar and a half a load."

Sue nodded approvingly.

"And I can get what extra money I need from the First National"—the name of the big city bank with naïve pride. "Got acquainted with the president, you know, when the Dennets were building his house. He offered to fix me up when I got ready to go into business for myself I guess he meant it for a joke, but I called his bluff. When I showed him what I'd done with the cottages, he stood for it. I can get up to five thousand on a three months' note. The houses around there are selling like hot cakes," he went on eagerly. "And they're frails, believe me. I've been through 'em all. Dawson & Co. are building most of them and—say, it's a wonder they don't use thumb tacks! They figure that any wall that won't blow over before they can sell the house is plenty strong enough The first houses they built are only two years old now, and the suckers that bought 'em are having to replace the plumbing fixtures already"

"Oh, for heaven's sake!"

"'S a fact. I can fill my lot and build a good, seaworthy house on it and sell at a decent profit for the price Dawson & Co. are getting. Do you know"—still more eagerly—"that's how Dennet himself got started? Building a house at a time."

"I'll bet you'll have a business as big as Dennet's when you're his age," Sue prophesied.

Dan said nothing for a few moments. Then, suddenly, "I've got to get along," he said. "I'm going to get married."

Sue's look of intense interest did not change. It stayed on her face as frozen there as the thin coating of ice on a lake that hides the melting and the breaking up beneath.

Dan and Hyacinth Smith!

"Never dreamed she'd look at me —— You've been such a darn good friend ——"

The becoming new hat with the feather sweeping across her cheek; the piece of hard roll that was so dry she couldn't seem to swallow it; the sunlight on the waitress' arm —— For weeks afterward, whenever Sue passed this restaurant a feeling of utter dull dreariness would creep over her like nausea.

But Dan never guessed. Sue had at least her shreds of pride to huddle into. She could go right on being all she ever had been—a good business friend of Dan's.

Even Hyacinth recognized the harmlessness of this. She no more resented Dan's friendship for Sue than she did his loyalty to Dennet. It was all cut from the same piece.

Whenever she came downtown to shop she stopped in and went to lunch with Sue; even went out of her way to repeat to Sue nice things that Dan had said about her; to pretend, in a caricaturing fashion, that she was jealous of Sue. Patronizing femininity can go no farther than this.

Neither was there any harm in Sue's continuing to think of Dan; no harm to anybody but herself, that is.

It made her more alert to do him friendly services; but surely feeling that is expressed in nothing more emotional than business coöperation can't be very harmful.

When the carpenters struck against all members of the County Builders' Association in July, vastly inconveniencing even big firms like the Dennet company, Sue's first thought was of Dan with his one house only half done and his notes falling due in September.

"How's Dan managing about the strike?" she asked Hyacinth anxiously.

"The strike?" Hyacinth looked vague. "Oh, yes, there is a strike. I remember Dan said something about one."

"But won't it hold up the house? He's got to sell it before fall."

"I really don't know," Hyacinth admitted. "I never talk business with Dan. There are so many more interesting things to talk about. You'll understand this one of these days when you're engaged yourself, Sue."

Sue smiled.

"Woman's place," she said, "being in the home?"

"Yes, all joking aside, it really comes down to that." Hyacinth turned serious with conscious sweetness. "After all, I guess I'm awfully old-fashioned at heart. Maybe I'm too feminine, but I can't seem to help it. I'm willing to let you smart young business girls have your business. I just can't feel that there's anything sweeter or finer for a woman than to be just a woman; the kind a man comes home to for rest and relaxation when the business of the day is done."

Friend or sweetheart, that was it. Well, Sue couldn't deny that Hyacinth had the better of it. The first time she saw Dan, she asked him about the Cloverdale house and the strike.

"It's the devil's own," he admitted, his candid blue eyes dark with worry.

"How near are you done?"

"Ready to put on the siding."

"Can you get your notes extended?"

"I have—up to the middle of September. Nothing doing after that though."

"Well, Mr. Dennet thinks the strike ought to be settled in another couple of weeks at the most. You can rush it through then. It'll have eaten up all your leeway though, won't it? You'll have to sell the house as soon as it's done."

"Yep. I sold the last cottage before it was done though. And this is going to be one peach of a house. Copper leaders. The only house around there that's got 'em. And I'm getting a furnace with a boiler big enough to heat the house. Good and solid the place is too. No puff of breeze is going to blow down those walls."

"I like your plan," said Sue encouragingly. "A good plain colonial is a safe bet."

She wanted to encourage him, to help him out with his worries, to —— But Sue clamped down suddenly and firmly on these wants. It was absurd, that sudden impulse to cry that rose in her throat just because he was so big and boyish and dear in his eagerness and his worries.

"It's just the famous old mother instinct," she reminded herself hardily.

But woman can be as hardy and as cynical as she likes, and what good does it do her?

There was no harm, though, in her stopping by to see Dan's house. She had taken some forgotten blue prints out to a Dennet job in Merrivale, two stations beyond Cloverdale. Going as near as that, she would have stopped to see a house being built by anyone she knew. She was interested in houses anyway; always poring over the furnishing and garden magazines like any suburban matron.

Dan's house was apparently deserted, all work stopped midway. Sue picked her way in over soft dirt, up the plank that served as gangway till the steps should be built. It was a scorching hot day and the afternoon sun baked down on the bare boards. Sue sat down on a sawhorse standing in what was sometime to be the living room, took off the dashing little brown hat and fanned herself with it Her cheeks burned scarlet with the heat and the walk; her crinkly bronze hair curled in tight little ringlets against her warm neck

"Nice big living room." Her quick, trained glance missed nothing from the under floors laid diagonally to the ash dump in the fireplace. She picked her way through the dining room, noting with approval its convenient base outlets, into the kitchen with its carefully planned cross ventilation. "Be a nice cool kitchen to work in. Not that plenty of women who are going to keep a maid ever think of that though." The bathroom fixtures and laundry tubs stood outside at the back and she saw that they were from one of the most reliable makers. Dan was building this house to last. Sue went back outdoors to look at the front of it.

"It's a good house all right, all right," she decided. "But isn't it maybe a little too plain?" She studied it dubiously, then shook her head reassuringly. "Any house is plain at this stage. Like a baby before its hair comes in. Even a good-looking baby is pretty plain when it's bald."

She went back inside and considered the shaky-looking ladder leading to the second story. She was startled to hear footsteps, to see an overalled workman coming toward the ladder top. Dan had evidently got a nonunion man Then her heart seemed to turn over with a half-sick little flop as she recognized Dan himself.

He was delighted to see her and guided her safely up the treacherous-looking ladder, showed her over the second floor, fairly glowed under her honest compliments.

(Continued on Page 72)

"Maybe I'm Spoiled, But I Must Say I'm Used to Being the Most Important Thing in the World to a Man"

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PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER 15, 1924

The French Debt

WITH the installation of the system of reparation payments in accordance with the Dawes report, it is natural that discussion should revert to the subject of payment of interallied debts. Since it is expected that proposals looking to the refunding of these debts will be submitted to our Government this winter, it is but natural that feelers projected by the debtor countries should be anticipated. One recent proposal, representing possibly a feeler, is worthy of particular attention because it has aroused widespread interest.

It is proposed that the war debt of France to the United States be refunded at a low rate of interest—say 2.5 per cent—and a low rate of amortization—say 0.5 per cent—over a period of years not longer than that provided in the agreement with Great Britain—say, sixty-five years.

It is further proposed that one-half of each annual payment be applied to domestic uses and one-half invested in the industries of France—returned to that country as foreign investments.

There is nothing novel in the first part of the proposal. We have already indicated that the attitude of the country is sympathetic and that consideration in rates of interest and amortization and in duration of payment is to be expected, as indicated in the British agreement. The second proposal is novel—and worthless. Let us scrutinize it.

Just to use a figure, let us say that under the terms of such an agreement $100,000,000 would be due and payable to the United States each year. We would receive $50,000,000 in cash to use at home and $50,000,000 to invest in France. The first $50,000,000 would be used to redeem our national bonds. The bonds of French industries secured through the obligatory investment of the second $50,000,000 would come into the hands of the Government. If we kept these securities we should defer the redemption of a corresponding amount of our national bonds or redeem them through taxes. Or we could sell these French industrial bonds and with the proceeds redeem national bonds. Thus the Government would become an investment holder of French industrial securities and to a corresponding extent would defer redemption of our national bonds or pay them out of taxes; or our Government would year after year act as an investment banker, buying French bonds and selling them to our nationals.

Who would select the French securities? A commission of congressmen? A commission of business men? The Department of the Treasury? Whoever made the selections, if securities of solid established industries were sought, this would not suit the French, who would naturally seek to have the purchases used to inaugurate and promote new industries.

Naturally the securities bought would include bonds of industries competitive with those in the United States. With a tariff set to protect our manufactures from French competition, our Government would be engaged in buying securities of these competitive concerns and floating them on the home market. Rather a queer business.

Possibly the French would wish us to help in setting up industries that would aid in trade wars with Great Britain and Germany. Certainly such a course would not be highly regarded in the other countries. If we would avoid implications we should need to make our investments neutral, so to speak. But this would be forcing the French position.

From the standpoint of the creditor country, such an obligatory annual foreign investment would develop into an entanglement of which the extent, duration and consequences could not be foreseen. From the standpoint of the debtor, also, the advantages would prove to be illusory.

In some unspecified way it is apparently assumed that such an arrangement would improve the financial and budgetary position of France. This assumption does not stand scrutiny.

Does France need private capital for sound industrial development? She does need capital for public improvements—waterways, railroads, hydroelectric plants, sanitation. But these are not included; the loans are to be to private industries, not to the state. It may be stated without fear of successful contradiction that private capital is available for all French industries that can pay their way in the world. For political industries, monopolies, trade-war promotions—no. But for sound investments investment funds are not lacking in France or for France.

It makes little difference to the problem of balancing the budget of the state, in the long run, if the government owes our Government a certain sum or our nationals have the same sum invested in France. The payment of interest and dividends has about the same effect on the international account. Since France has no gold, the government and the industries must make foreign payments in goods or services. As between the two, probably the government would be the easier to deal with. American investors would make trouble if payments were suspended; our Government might be induced to let the suspended payments run. If our Government sold these securities to our nationals, the investors would hold the Government responsible for the outcome. It is to be assumed that the Government would pass the French securities on to investors; one cannot picture Uncle Sam filling his lock box, year after year, with French securities.

The proposal is chimerical. We have our Government in domestic business enough. Let us keep it out of foreign business. Let us give the French generous terms in the scheme of payment of war debts, and confine the relations to straight-out financial transactions.

Adorning Nature

A CURIOUS new field seems to be developing for the always-imaginative promoter in the exploitation of a new type of club devoted to various forms of country life and sportsmanship. The country club, composed of unequal parts of golf, tennis, dancing, bridge and parties at the nineteenth hole, has long constituted a well recognized and for the most part wholesome feature of modern life in this country. One would suppose there were already enough honest-to-goodness conventional golf and country clubs in existence, but evidently not.

Now we have the new super-de-luxe country club, usually built upon the financial ruins of a magnificent estate upon which the heirs can no longer afford to pay the enormous taxes, whatever the founder of the fortune was able to pay, to be taken over by a company which sells, through newspaper advertisements or printed circulars and de-luxe booklets, stock, shares or memberships to such portions of the public at large as have the jack. The name of the former owner, the well-known Mr. Blank, is conspicuously displayed in the reading matter, and one is told that the comforts and luxuries of this wonderful new club will be like those of a combination of the finest hotel, the finest club and the finest private residence.

In addition to the multiplication of country clubs, there is the new style of ranch club; not the dude ranch exactly, but the outfit which has failed to make money for its owners by breeding cattle and which, with the addition of sufficient tiled bathrooms, is expected to shift from red to black in its new rôle of sportsmen's club. One wonders at times whether the great outdoors, either East or West, is not being somewhat overclubbed and overorganized. There is too much of a tendency to enjoy Nature only after one has paid a two-hundred-dollar initiation fee. Nature, after all, is akin to simplicity of character and heart. The Scotch have played golf for centuries without much show.

Thousands of volumes have been written about tuning in with Nature and how to enjoy it. What Nature needs most just now is to be let alone. Man has ruined a great portion of this country's out-of-doors, but not all. Can't he let what is left alone and thereby enjoy it?

Parceling Out Our Import Trade

BEFORE the war Germany had a practical monopoly in the potash trade of the world. She had extensive deposits, mined with exceptional efficiency. The German potash interests were a trust to which the government was a party. During the war, shut off from German potash, we developed potash resources in this country, most of which, however, have since been abandoned for reasons of price. Through the outcome of the war one of the two large German deposits of potash became the property of France. The deposits in Alsace are practically the property of the French Government. The German deposits, as before the war, are in a trust to which the government is a party. Last year we imported some 55,000 tons of potash salts from France and some 143,000 tons from Germany.

It is now reported that the Germans and the French have concluded an agreement in respect to the potash trade with the United States during the next three years. Germany is to furnish some sixty-nine per cent of the tonnage of potash imported into this country, France is to furnish some thirty-one per cent. We are to have nothing to say about that. The price is to be twenty-seven dollars a ton, in terms of a certain concentration of a fixed salt of potash. We are to have nothing to say about that. In case of dispute provision is made for arbitration. We are not to be included on the board of arbitrators. Germans and French agree to share the expense of a campaign of propaganda in the United States to increase the sales of potash, it is hoped, to 300,000 tons annually. Apparently the farmer is expected to take his information as to use of potash as fertilizer from the European trade and not from American agricultural experts.

We do not know if the price stated is fair, high or low. But it is a repugnant situation to have a price fixed by the two foreign producers, practically through governmental coöperation. It is repugnant to feel ourselves the field of a technical propaganda. It is an ominous thing to have the price of a raw material fixed in such fashion without competition or open trading. What would be thought if the United States and France, the largest producers of phosphate, should ration it out to Germany at a fixed price and flood her with propaganda? What would be thought if the producers of rubber should undertake such a procedure, of which indeed there was some discussion? Is the world to be divided into monopolies after this fashion? The industries of the world cannot tolerate a noncompetitive rationing of essential raw materials. It is a dangerous game, and the rules of this game are quite like the rules of war.

The Secretary of Commerce has recommended the passage of a law permitting importers of essential raw materials to combine, under proper control, for self-defense in importation. Apparently it is about time for some such weapon of defense to be devised.

THE WEAK BRANCH

By WILL PAYNE

SOMEBODY is always proposing to reform the Federal Government, but nobody proposes to reform it in the right place. Think it over a moment. If you had power to remake the Government of the United States, where would you begin? What portion of that Government, in your opinion, most needs reforming?

Of course, I know the answer. Everybody knows it. I ask the question merely for the purpose of hopping off.

There are no signs of rejoicing in the land when the President takes a vacation or when the Supreme Court adjourns for the summer. But when Congress adjourns everybody—who does not happen to have a private pension bill pending at the moment—thanks God.

Once in a while a President has been intensely unpopular. John Adams was toward the close of his term, when what his contemporaries called the spirit of faction was boiling furiously. Andrew Johnson was, in the furious period following the Civil War. But with few exceptions there has never been a President who at a given time could not command the respect and support of about half the people in the country—the other half belonging to the opposition party. For all the years during which we have been experiencing national legislative bodies the chronic condition of Congress has been that of a man without a friend. The normal attitude of the public toward it could best be expressed by throwing a brick.

It is not necessary to recite the evidence in support of this proposition. It is a matter of common knowledge. It finds expression a thousand times a day all over the country, in print and in conversation. By common consent the weak branch of the Federal Government is the legislative branch. But though we have never lacked reformers and our reformers have never lacked projects for making over the executive and judicial branches of the Government, hardly anybody has even whispered reformation of the branch which admittedly needs it most.

That is not so much a reflection on the reformers as it may seem at first glance. Mark Twain observed that though everybody talked about the weather, nobody did anything about it. That is the case with the legislative branch. Doing anything about it has seemed so far beyond human power that ever since we've had a Congress people have taken out their dissatisfaction in just talking about it.

The framers of the Constitution were more dubious about the legislative branch than about any other part of the job; and it is a rather solemn thought now that James Madison—probably, next to Jefferson, the foremost early protagonist of democracy—urged them to wipe Congress pretty nearly off the map by making every bill that passed its two houses subject to the direct veto of the Supreme Court, in addition to being subject to the direct veto of the President. On July 21, 1787, they came rather close to adopting Madison's interesting motion. Imagination fails to picture Senator La Follette's state of mind if he should find himself in that situation.

From the start the Constitutional Convention practically agreed on three propositions: First, that the country was fast going to pot under the wholly ineffectual scheme of government which had been improvised in stress of the contest with England; second, that it would go quite to pot unless a more effectual government was set up; third, that the new government ought to be divided into three branches, legislative, executive and judicial. But judging by experience of national and state legislatures ever since '76, the first branch would be the most intractable, arrogant and irresponsible department of the new government. Hence arose the grand problem of so hog-tying

Continued on Page 182

ANYWAY, HE'S NO QUITTER

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Teaching Them to Drive

The Sweetheart

TO LEARN to drive the auto, dear,
First put the lever into gear,
Then push your left foot in like this
That's fine. Now teacher gets a kiss

Now step upon the starter, so;
That makes the precious engine go.
Now let your left foot back like this.
Good! Teacher gets another kiss.

Upon the gas you now must step.
That fills the engine full of pep.
That's great! You are a clever miss.
Here teacher gets another kiss

Now change to second. Now to high.
You do that just as well as I.
Now stop the car right here, and then
We'll do the lesson once again.

The Wife

First, see your car is out of gear.
How? By this gear-shift lever here.
How can you tell? Why, feel it. See?
The thing is simple as can be.

Now step on that to make it start.
Great Scott! You'll tear it all apart
If you don't take your foot off quick
The second that it gives a kick.

Now throw your clutch. For goodness' sake!
Your clutch! Your clutch! No, not your brake!
Why? 'Cause I tell you to, that's why.
There now, you needn't start to cry

Now pull this lever into low,
Step on the gas and start off slow
Look out! You almost hit the fence!
Here, let me drive! You've got no sense!

Busy Salesman to New Buyer

Here's your gas and there's your spark.
Turn your lights on after dark.
There's your brake, emergency;
Here it's held in neutral, see?
Here it's low and here it's high.
That's all. Don't hit a truck. Good-by.

—*Wallace M. Bayliss.*

The Fear Complex

The Fear Complex Not Only Jumps at Its Own Shadow But All Kinds of Shadows. It Anticipates All Disasters, From a National Panic to Ptomaine Poisoning, Long Before They Actually Happen. Most Things It Anticipates, However, Never Happen

Balcony Scene From Romeo and Juliet

As It Might be Written by Octavus Roy Cohen

DISCOVERED: JULIET WASHINGTON LEE *on rear balcony of Sally Crouch's Cozy Home Hotel, in Birmingham, Alabama. Enter* ROMEO PICKETT JACKSON, *via the back fence; he advances stealthily in the shade of the shrubbery.*

JULIET *sighing deeply* Lawsy me! What a perfec'ly splendiferous moon! All I needs is a man!

ROMEO *(aside):* Hot dawg! She referrin' to me? *(Aloud:)* Angel gal, announce somethin' more!

JULIET *(alarmed):* Who this intrudin' on my solitariness?

ROMEO: Reckon you knows me, Juli'!

JULIET. Well, if 'tain't Rummy Jackson! Say, nerve is the one thing you ain't got nothin' else but! Is you 'ware 'at my Aunt Sally vow she goin' to 'nihilate any o' the Jackson fambly as comes pesterin' roun' heah?

ROMEO: Jus' cause my Unc' Lucifer done her outn two weeks' boa'd! That woman is sure pizen; carbolic acid ain't got nothin' on her! But listen! I kain't sleep nights for thinkin' o' you, Juli'! You is the onliest gal in Bummin'ham!

JULIET: Man, you says words, but they don't mean nothin'!

ROMEO: Listen at me swear by the moon

JULIET: Don't you swear by the moon! Tha's the most pestiferous bad luck!

ROMEO: Hot dam! How I goin' to swear then?

JULIET: Don't swear 'tall! 'Tain't perlite 'fore ladies, nohow. *(Leaning over balcony rail)* Oh, Rummy, Rummy! Wherefo' is yo' what yo' is 'stead o' what yo' ain't? Reckon a snowball by any other name'd smell as sa-lumptious!

ROMEO: Does yo' get it? I done spilt a en-tire bottle o' imported perfume on me 'fore startin' out! *(Begins to climb lattice.)*

JULIET: Should my Aunt Sally cotch us heah together each with the other she jus' nat'rally lam the stuffin' outn the bofe o' us!

ROMEO: She ain't gwine to cotch us! Golly! This lattice ain't fit for no cullud man to trust hisself to! *(Clasping* JULIET *in his arms.)* Honey, does yo' love yo' Rummy?

JULIET *(simpering):* I don't dast to tell yo'!

ROMEO *(kissing her):* Julie, yo' meet me termorrer afternoon down by Bud Peagler's pool parlor; I'll be waitin' in my new gol' and silver taxicab an' —

JULIET: Has yo' got a taxicab?

(Continued on Page 57)

ORIENTAL PENSION

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Manager Okita

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recently The HARBOUR And WHARF ADMINISTRATION BUREAU been allowed for a special class washerman on board and giving a certificate means only permited one's own washing all Kinds of silk or woolen Clothes with the highly skilful hands as dry, water, Chemistry, any proper ways, Can be made the gentlemen and ladies have a satisfactory use two or three days which during in the short staying without a long time when require hurry. and believe that the above BUREAU responsible for any illegality no doubtfully.

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English as She is Wrote

Even if you could buy them yourself how much would these fine vegetables cost you?

Luncheon
Dinner
Supper

"If you start you never will stop."
Shouts this ruddy faced Campbell's cop
"For now I invite you
To food to delight you—
The pick of the country's crop!"

There are fifteen of the choicest selected vegetables in Campbell's Vegetable Soup. We search the United States to get them. We have devoted fortunes to raising fine vegetables and to improving their quality, on our own great farms. Other growers also profit from our experience and so the vegetables that come to the Campbell's kitchens are the best that money can buy.

21 kinds

If you were to put your market basket on your arm and make the most tireless search you would find it next to impossible to get such splendid vegetables. But if you could, think of the price you would have to pay! Yet every day you can enjoy exactly this quality of vegetables in Campbell's Vegetable Soup!

12 cents a can

STILL FACE

By Clarence Budington Kelland

ILLUSTRATED BY T. K. HANNA

IX

THIS Carl Phillips," said Grandma Newton, "he was a vindictive man."

The remark came out of nothing, with no context, as so many of grandma's statements came. "And now you're sleepin' in his room."

"Do you think me vindictive?" asked Keats Dodd.

"No; but I just got thinkin' about him. If the wind was to carry off his hat he'd bear a grudge against the wind. That's how he was. It's how I first suspicioned mayhe butter would melt in his mouth after all We had a kind of a dog." Here grandma paused to let her mind dwell upon the dog. "Well, this dog that we called Rover didn't take to Carl Phillips, and once it kind of bit him some—not much as bites go I fixed it up with iodine."

"Yes?"

Still Face Produced From a Box a Bodkin and, Setting the Little Image on the Desk Before Him, Proceeded With Deliberation and Meticulous Anatomical Exactitude to Thrust the Bodkin Through Its Heart

"Carl he didn't say much; but one day, out of the kitchen winder there, I see him come into the yard, and he had a club. This Rover was sleepin' there on the grass Carl's face was plain to be seen and it had a smile on it that showed his teeth. He looked all around him, but he couldn't see me, and then he walked over and fetched his heel down onto Rover's paw. If you was a dog," grandma asked, "what 'ud you 'a' done? Uh-huh. That's what he did. He come for Carl to eat him up, which was what Carl wanted, and he nigh clubbed Rover to death. . . . 'Twan't the cruelty of it set me agin him," grandma expounded; "it was the plannin'; the way he made it seem like it was Rover's fault and he was jest defendin' himself. . . . What you lookin' worried for?"

"Logs. The Wesley deal's fallen through the one I was going to sign up this afternoon."

"Le's see, he was goin' to commence deliverin' a mess of logs "

"A hundred thousand feet. Mr Maxwell bought that piece of timber last night."

Grandma nodded

"Goin' to try to hender you from gettin' logs." She seemed to dismiss it as unimportant. "What I'm glad of," she said, "is that Carl Phillips must be dead. If he wasn't he'd come back and plan to get even with me—like he did with Rover. And Faith, too—she kind of snubbed him some. It was me put my son on the track of him."

It was no ancient feud that could interest Keats now; no bygone malignancies of a character vanished from the scene forever. Carl Phillips meant nothing to him, even if he did sleep in the man's bed. Matters of actual present moment demanded all his thought and energy; problems of dollars and cents, puzzles in mechanics. He was learning a business from the ground up—indeed, he was compelled to start somewhat below the ground; and as for feuds, he seemed to have one on his hands that was of more than historic interest. The night before he fancied his urgent need of logs to be satisfied and a supply provided that would enable the mill to operate for months; today he found that portion of his foundations undermined by Mr. Maxwell and all the building to do over again. It was the first overt act of war.

"Faith was drivin' in his car yesterday," said grandma.

"Whose car?"

"Maxwell's."

Keats considered this from all angles before he spoke again. He was conscious first of a little flare of anger against Orson Maxwell; then of disappointment with Faith. It seemed to him to savor very much of disloyalty until he remembered how opposed Faith was to the mill and their project. No, he decided, it would not be fair to tax her with disloyalty. But he wished she would not drive with the man. When he asked himself why she should not there seemed to be no logical answer; he just wished her not to do it.

"Ole," he said, "thinks we can turn over in ten days" Thus he ignored the circumstance. One might almost have fancied he shied from it nervously. "It was lucky we picked up those Italians. Labor's scarce here."

"With stilettos in their pockets," said grandma. "Foreigners!" All foreigners were untrustworthy in grandma's mind, but the most untrustworthy of all were Italians. This, of course, was due to stories of years ago having to do with the Mafia and suchlike noxious growths.

"Good workmen, and quiet—three of them."

"First Italians ever came to town," said grandma. "We git French from Canada, and Swedes, but never any Italians before. Now we'll git overrun with them."

"I've got to find an engineer," Keats said, getting slowly to his feet. In the door he paused. "Someone was out there last night," he said, pointing.

"I heard them," said grandma; "but they didn't do anythin' but snoop. . . . I wonder what Faith's up to. Somethin'. Every time she gits into somethin' she ought to stay out of you can tell it by how little trouble she is around the house."

Keats stood for a moment looking down at his feet, not as a young man who actually is interested in the appearance of those useful members, but as one who revolves something in his mind. He, too, was wondering if Faith was up to something, and whether he should put into words for grandma's ear a number of matters that had been prickling him uncomfortably. Not in connection with Faith altogether, but it seemed to him she came into it somehow—as if it touched her in some way not clear to him, and perhaps not salutary for her. Twice he had seen her on the river road in conversation with Still Face. This was nothing in itself. It was nothing that she had numbered Still Face as one of Westminster's tiny minority of interesting men. But there was the matter of the ledgers! If those books had been burned in Still Face's fireplace, why had they been so destroyed? It indicated a connection between the man and the business, and therefore between the man and the Newton family. He would have liked to know if Faith had encountered the man casually or if he had made possible the meeting. No, on the whole, matters did not warrant him in intruding upon Faith's affairs and, after all, what was it to him? He was there to operate a novelty mill and not to sprout the wings of a guardian angel. But, all the same, it vexed him. Abruptly he opened the door and strode down the driveway.

Ole was driving the three Italians when Keats arrived at the mill The shafting was practically in alignment again, and now two of the men, upon a ladder, were fitting into place upon the core of steel the halves of a split pulley of iron. Keats moved closer to watch the operation, craning back his neck in an effort to miss nothing of the fascinating process. Anything that had to do with mechanics gripped him and moved him as music or a painting or a sunset or a cathedral moves other and perhaps more highly imaginative souls than his. He stepped closer, standing directly under the shaft and the ladder. One Italian spoke softly to the other in his own tongue, and they strained their muscles to fit together the twin parts so that the belts might be inserted. And then the man who gripped one half slipped on his insecure footing. It occurred very suddenly and unexpectedly—and silently. Apparently the laborer was too startled to cry out a warning as the heavy sharp-edged casting tore from his fingers. If Keats had not been so engrossed in the thing, had his eyes strayed for an instant from those laboring hands, the thing must have fallen upon his upturned face. As it was, his eye flashed warning to the motor centers of his brain and he leaped backward so that the pulley only grazed his shoulder before it splintered the floor plank upon which he had been standing

The Italians were down off the ladder, frightened, apologetic. Keats was not of the temperament that comes to a boil before heat has been applied; he remained affixed to his handle and did not, as the saying goes, fly off it

"It's safer," he said, "to watch you boys from an angle. Get her up again."

With Ole's assistance, the pulley was put in place and Keats went to the renovated office to give thought to the matter of timber, for the need was becoming imminent. He was conscious of a slight irritation with life in general, which found so many subtle ways of making things difficult for people who were compelled to live and to earn their living. It was enough, he thought, that Nature and the organization of society made matters so complicated without adding the further obstacle of personal malevolence and mischief.

Heaven knew, or at least he hoped it knew, how difficult it was to reorganize and operate a wooden-novelty mill. If heaven was ignorant on that subject, then the powers above were guilty of neglect. At any rate, they might have seen to it that he got a fair deal and no favors. Now in addition to the perversity inherent in any business, he must figure on and overcome the carefully planned antagonisms of Orson Maxwell and his associates. Also, as if that were not enough, and as if his unimaginative mind had not shouldered all the load it could weigh, he appeared to have entangled himself in the personal affairs of people to an annoying extent. Grandma Newton and her night

Continued on Page 36

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C A D I L L A C

STANDARD OF THE WORLD

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prowlers; Faith Newton and her perversities and resentments and the perils he felt she would draw upon herself by her headstrong plunging after the fulfillment of her desires—they distracted him. Still Face and the mystery that sat upon the man and, like some mist arising from a marsh, exuded from the house in which he dwelt—this interfered with his purpose single-mindedly to mind his own business and keep both eyes upon the main chance.

He was practical. Practicality had ruined him as a poet; it had made his earlier life and its people distasteful to him. Now just when it seemed he could devote all his attention to being very practical and humdrum and businesslike indeed, he was discovering that it was difficult to do. It was being borne in upon him that one cannot live in a world, rubbing elbows and touching hands with men and women without, against his will, being put under the inescapable pressure of their demands. Apparently people who came close to being perfect strangers to him had the power to make demands upon him. He tried to reason it out and found it wholly without rime or reason. But it was fact. He could not be a hermit—even a practical business hermit.

Imagination, he insisted, he had none; but without admitting its existence in him, he had something nearly as bad, and that was a quick and lively interest in what went on all about him. It would have upset and displeased him to be told that he was a naturally endowed meddler in the affairs of others, but it was fact. He did not meddle through curiosity, nor to change their manner of life to one he felt a preference for. He was no reformer. The trouble with him was that he could not step aside like the priest and Levite, but must good-Samaritan all over the place. Not charity or altruism! No; but lack of defense against the plights and the demands of those with whom he came in contact.

He fancied he disliked Faith Newton. She was not the sort of girl he admired in his moments of giving thought to girls in general. She was upsetting with her temper and her dissatisfaction with life, and her very evident intention to sacrifice the higher to the lower. There was nothing restful about her, nothing comfortable. She was a nettle—but a nettle compels more notice than a blade of grass. He worried about her at odd moments and hoped she would never come a cropper. He knew a great many words through his former contact with the literati and their lingo. He told himself that Faith was lamentably understocked with inhibitions and overstocked with complexes. She was at fever heat and he could not think of a febrifuge. "Kick over the traces"—that was an expression he used often in thinking of her. She was always, it seemed to him, on the verge of doing that, and of wrecking the vehicle of her life. And besides she had a villainous disposition—coupled with the ability to be charming when she wanted to. He admitted this last against his will. Undoubtedly she was beautiful, and when she wanted to be could become exceedingly desirable. He suspected her of practicing on him the wiles she intended to make use of to capture the rich man she planned to marry and use as a sort of derrick to hoist her to the spot in the world she wanted to occupy.

It was with some dismay that he discovered how much time he was wasting in worrying about Faith—time that was demanded to solve the timber problem. Resolutely he lifted her out of his mind and set her down on a dusty back shelf out of sight.

"I've got to have ten thousand feet of logs immediately," he told himself; and then, five minutes later, discovered he had done nothing but repeat this sentence over and over again until it had become meaningless. "Next deal," he said, "I'll get in writing and pay over money. Maxwell will have no chance to come any shenanigan. I've got to have ten thousand feet ——"

He got up from his desk and went out into the mill.

"Going out," he told Ole, "and not coming back until I get logs."

"Goot!" said Ole, and the three Italians looked after him with bright eyes, and then regarded one another with significant expressions when he was gone.

Keats turned to the left and walked up the road with the intention of making one more attempt to bargain with the Tumper twins for their timber lot. It would be enough to care for the emergency and give him time to contract for a greater supply. Their house was half a mile past the one in which Still Face had established his strange ménage, and as Keats approached this portentous dwelling his curiosity as to the man and his doings displaced timber and manufacturing.

Who was the man? Why did he never smile? Why was he in Westminster? The ledgers! If Still Face burned those books, what earthly motive had he for doing so? There was no sense to it. A stranger did not come into a town and occupy his spare time by abstracting ancient bookkeeping paraphernalia and giving it to the flames. If so, that was a form of amusement new to Keats. It did not stand to reason. If Still Face burned those ledgers, after going to the trouble of stealing them, there was an adequate reason. It meant a connection between Still Face and the books. But on the other hand, there could be no connection. Nobody in Westminster had ever seen or heard of the man until his unheralded appearance so short a time ago. There could be but one reasonable motive for burning a set of books, and that was to obliterate something they contained, some fact dangerous to the incendiary, to destroy evidence. Keats shrugged his shoulders impatiently. Anybody might have burned those pages, for his evidence against Still Face was tenuous; yet he believed it and only adequate proof could convince him to the contrary. He knew that fire had been kindled in the man's fireplace. . . . At which he thought again of Faith. It seemed she refused to remain on a dusty back shelf, but was all for asserting herself at the slightest encouragement. . . . Why was Still Face interesting himself in the girl?

Now he was abreast of the house, scrutinizing it with capable, seeing eyes. After all, it was nothing but a house. Nothing was to be seen that marked it as other than a commonplace dwelling; yet he felt an emanation from it—an emanation subtle and malignant. Yet he was a young man without imagination.

"Anything could happen there," he said; and as his mind registered the words there came from behind the house a scream—a frightful, tearing, inhuman scream of unbearable pain. It was unmistakable. Not fear, not any emotion could have caused it, nothing but the most unspeakable physical agony. It rose and fell, rose and fell horribly—and was silent.

Keats had already resolved into action. It was characteristic of him that he planned always to deliberate first and to move only after deliberation matured; but in

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Miss Newton's Eyes Flamed. "You—Oh, You're Impossible! You're an Atrocity!"

A GENEROUS RESERVE OF MERIT

INCREASING favor is readily explained when a product consistently surpasses in performance the expectations of its purchasers.

This, Oakland owners find, is an outstanding characteristic of the Oakland Six—a satisfying ability to bring to the fore even greater motor car qualities than they had anticipated—

—speed beyond need when the open road invites—a wealth of power to pull when the grade is steep or the going hard—a purring engine when traffic drags—a flying start when the congestion clears—and perfect control at all times with four-wheel brakes.

It is this generous reserve of merit in the Oakland Six that is winning and holding the good will of all who buy it.

Oakland Motor Car Company, Pontiac, Michigan

OAKLAND

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

(Continued from Page 36)

practice, where the occasion demanded, he acted suddenly, automatically, and accomplished without thinking at all. Now he vaulted the picket fence and plunged around the corner of the house, where he came upon two static figures. Upon the ground, with blood flowing from smashed lips, was the black man, uttering strange and appalling sounds; over him stood Still Face, erect, his countenance placid, serene, emotionless, lofty, with the body of a puppy in his hands—a limp, dreadfully distorted and twisted lifeless puppy. Keats snatched it almost before the man became aware of his presence and saw what dreadful, cruel thing had been done to it—saw and understood whence had come that scream of agony. The sort of rage that urges to murder welled up within him, rendering him speechless, so that he could only hold out that tiny body accusingly.

"Poor creature," said Still Face in his calm, studied voice. "It was insignificant, yet it suffered. That little knowledge it has gained, but died in the gaining. It has learned the taste of the ultimate in physical suffering."

"Who did this thing?" Keats demanded.

Still Face rested his eyes upon Keats' face, and the young man felt the power, the will, the intellect in residence behind them—felt and feared.

"I am an instant too late," said the man. "Yet it is not for me to judge. I am a seeker after knowledge, one who contemplates rather than acts, and judgments are not for me. Human beings differ only in degree, and the degrees are separated by so slender interspaces that one is compelled to keep silent. To you it seems a frightful thing so to mutilate and torture this little animal. Perhaps it is. Yet the animal is insignificant, as is the man who harmed it. Can two insignificant atoms join in an event worthy of notice?" He spread his hands. "It is infinitesimal, negligible."

"It may be all that," said Keats, "but the man who did it deserves worse than hanging."

"You feel rather than reason," said Still Face. "Even I was shocked for an instant—a natural reaction. One cannot avoid such things so long as one clings to this finite body."

"I have asked you a question. Who did it?"

"He has already been punished," said Still Face, pointing to the black man upon the ground. "Yet perhaps unjustly. Doubtless he regarded it as an action bringing him merit. His is a dark and fearsome religion, sir—yet it is a religion, a fumbling after the infinite."

"What do you mean?"

"My servant," said Still Face, "was but offering sacrifice to his strange gods. I was too late to avert the thing."

"Sacrifice! Strange gods!"

"He is a Haitian," said Still Face, "and Haiti is the cradle of voodooism."

Keats hesitated, eyes dry with the fire of rage.

"Perhaps, sir," he said, "you can tolerate this sort of thing in your servant. I cannot. Warn him against repeating it. And you, who harbor such a creature, let me suggest that it is your duty to hold him within bounds tolerable to his neighbors. This is Westminster, not a tropical swamp."

"Some reason is on your side," said Still Face.

"Reason or no reason, if this thing or a barbarity like it is repeated, I will treat this savage as he treated this puppy."

"Which," said Still Face softly, "differs in no degree from the act of which you complain. Perhaps, to the higher intelligence, his cruelty to the dog is as justified as would be your punishment of it. Ponder upon that—and good day."

With his right fingers he signified his will to the negro, who lifted himself to his feet, a horrid, bleeding object with working lips and rolling eyes and misshapen head. Still Face turned his back and entered the house, with the negro slinking at his heels.

x

KEATS was astonished next morning to see Faith Newton step through the open doors of the mill and stand peering about her. Knowing her distaste for the project, and not being equipped with a profound or even a working knowledge of feminine psychology, he fancied something must have occurred to bring her to the place. He was wrong.

"Why, Miss Newton!" he exclaimed.

"You seem surprised to see me. I'm real, I assure you. Perfectly material and solid."

"Of course," he said; "naturally."

Her eyes twinkled as she watched him feeling for solid bottom to stand upon. He was so absurdly serious and so easily flabbergasted. After all, he might prove to be rather fun; he blushed and lost his bearing so easily. A much less clever girl than she could keep him in hot water, squirming.

"After all," she said "it's really my mill, you know. So I just thought I'd drop in to see how badly you were ruining it."

"I am not ruining it," he said. "If you'd like I'll explain just what we have done. You see ——"

"I couldn't bear it." She made a little face. "It's such a dingy, dinky little mill."

This she said because she knew it would hurt him, for she sensed his pride in the place, the pride he would feel when he had taken the ramshackle building and rusted machinery in his artisan's hands and made them to live again as a vital organ of the town's commercial life. But she did not sense how deep and sensitive was his pride, like that of a painter in the canvas upon which his brush has spread the beauty visualized in his soul. Perhaps had she understood she would have ventured less.

Keats flushed and his eyes fixed themselves upon her face so that even she took little pleasure in the hurt perceptible in them.

"It is not large," he said, "and it is not especially clean; but I am sure it will do its job well, and that is something." He paused and then said, not as one who would offer a rebuke, but musingly, thinking aloud, "I am afraid you reach conclusions by feeling and not by thinking, prejudice and not reason. You don't like this mill, so it's dinky and dingy. You're the sort of person"—here he paused reflectively and rubbed his ear—"who thinks everything she wants or wishes to do is splendid and—er—right, and everything she doesn't happen to cotton to is ugly and no good."

"The idea! Mr. Dodd, are you hoping to endear yourself to me by talking like this?"

"Eh? Oh, I say! I—why, I never thought of endearing myself to you, or the opposite, either. I really wasn't talking to you at all—really. I was just thinking about you aloud."

"So I get your honest opinion. Well, that's something, certainly." Somehow she was not in the least offended, although this was a small fact she would take good care Keats was not made aware of. "I gather you disapprove of my character."

"Well, now—of course, it's none of my business ——"

"Exactly."

"But on the other hand, it is."

"Oh, it is! And how so?"

"Because I guess everybody is everybody else's business, sort of. As soon as you meet a person, or come into contact with him, then neither of you can help being each other's business. We all get so mixed up with one another. Like the different parts of this mill—belts and pulleys and saws and lathes and planers, you know. They were all strangers and not concerned with one another until they met, but now they have met not one of them can get along without all the rest. See? Interdependent. And people in a town are like machinery in a mill. Each person is hitched to all the rest by some kind of belt or drive. The process each one performs is essential to the processes performed by all the rest. And so everybody is everybody else's affair."

"Nonsense! That's just meddling, being nosey."

He shook his head.

"It's necessary. I don't believe anybody in Westminster can do even the slightest thing without affecting everybody else in town—buying a pound of sugar, selling a cow. The most valuable life, I should say, is the one that affects beneficially the greatest number of other lives."

"You're one of these altruists. All nonsense. It's a selfish world and everybody in it is selfish. We're all out for ourselves and mean to get what we want no matter whom we have to bowl over to get it."

"I'm not an altruist. It's mechanical. It can't be helped. The universe is a whopping machine, and all the planets and earths are littler machines, and each country is another and each city another and each person another—all going round and round in the same factory."

"Manufacturing what product?" she asked jeeringly.

He paused to reflect, and for the first time Faith appreciated his face, approved it, felt somehow that it was a good face to have around. Not one to get excited about, but one that might come in very handy in case of unpleasant emergency. She smiled as she watched him rummage for an answer to her question, for he was so serious about it, and evidently regarded it as important.

"God knows," he said finally; "but it must be something fine and wonderful. Maybe—possibly—it is thought."

"What?"

"Thought," he said; "a great, perfect fabric of thought. You can fancy it—the whole universe busy with the different acts of carding and spinning and weaving; and the whole combined on the loom into one tremendous perfect thought—a great roll of it. It just came to me that might be it."

"But who would use it? What good would it be when it was finished?" His conception impressed her, made her serious for the moment.

"It might be," he said, "the food that keeps God alive."

"Billions and billions of people and millions of planets laboring through infinity to keep alive a nonexistent deity!"

"Nonexistent!"

"Do you believe in a God with a long beard and flowing robes seated forever and ever and ever on a golden throne?"

"I don't know exactly what I believe Him to be like. But I do know that so great a machinery as the universe must have some sort of engineer."

"Who consumes the entire product of his factory! How silly! Then we should all be nothing but slaves to this God."

"Why not?"

"It's all wrong," she cried hotly; "wrong and horrible. I hate to think about it; but here I am, cooped up in this miserable hamlet with nothing to do, nothing to distract me—and one can't help thinking. It's dreadful."

"What do you think?"

"Nothing pleasant. It's so easy to see—and you are so wrong. The world is a trap. We are caught in it, thrust into it against our wills, and here we are. There's just one way to get out of it, and that's a very unpleasant way. It's futile and selfish and dreadful. Living in a trap under sentence of death—and any sensible person will make the best of it."

"How?"

"By putting in the years as pleasantly and with as much forgetfulness as he can—get through it easily. Grab what we can grab, for it is all we can get. We are entitled to what we can grab, in any way we can grab it."

"But what becomes of morals and that sort of thing?"

"They're nothing but inventions of expediency. There is no such thing as moral right or wrong. There can't be. Just expediency, laws invented to protect somebody in the enjoyment of his money or his land or his house or his wife. There's no such thing as abstract right and wrong. Just the invention of property owners."

"I'd call that a pretty hazardous philosophy. If you're sincere, it—why, it allows you to kick over the traces any way you want to."

"It does—and I'm going to. I'm going to have what I want. While I'm alive I'm going to live. I'm going to be full of living—jammed, crammed, crowded with it."

"Um"—he stood silent again—"I wonder, Miss Newton, if you thought that up all alone, or if somebody helped you to it."

She flushed and bit her lip.

"I try to be intelligent," she said.

"What you say," he said, "sounds—well, the tone of it is kind of like a parrot."

"That is the rudest thing I ever had said to me."

"It wasn't meant to be rude. I was just thinking again. But really, honestly, Miss Newton, did you invent that all alone, or did somebody—argue you into it?"

She had an uncomfortable feeling of the young man's keenness of understanding, of an instinctive perception which resided in him, and she hated him for it in that moment. She hated him for daring to see through her, for venturing to understand.

"Who," she demanded furiously, "would be apt to teach me—in this town?"

"There is one man who might," he said; "one man, I fancy, is malignant enough to spread such teachings."

"What man?"

"People call him Still Face," said Keats.

She laughed, but there was no mirth in it, only suppressed embarrassment and discomfort.

"Still Face! Mr. Jones! How can you use the word 'malignant' and think of him? I think him wonderful. Have you ever seen him?"

"I have."

"And you could study his face and think anything but good! Where do you find it, Mr. Dodd? I have never seen such a face, so perfect, so—so lofty, so good. He looks as if he lived in another world. I believe he does live in another world."

"What one?"

"A world of contemplation, of thought."

"Did he tell you?"

"One can see."

"And he's been teaching you his philosophy?"

"No; I've talked to him a little, but he has made no effort to teach me. Everything he says is so—so detached from this miserable world."

"And yet," he suggested, "so tolerant of the evils in it."

"He thinks evils are so minute in comparison that they are inconsequential, almost nonexistent."

"Very comfortable, indeed—for anybody who wants to do evil. If I were going to be a thief I would try to make myself believe in the virtue of stealing."

"Oh, you're unbearable! You have one of the little minds that suspect what they cannot understand."

He considered that. Honestly, he wondered if she might not have hit upon it. It was true he did not understand Still Face, and it might be that here lay the ground for his suspicion—an unjustified suspicion. It was a suspicion of the emotions rather than of reason, and he had just accused Faith of reaching conclusions by that route exactly. Yet some instinct against which he could not argue insisted to him that the man was not as his face advertised him; that those serene, aloof, beautiful features were but the dangerous lure, the mask, the covering concealing a thing evil and malignant.

"Do you know anything against Mr. Jones? As I understand it, a gentleman does not insinuate against another without some foundation in fact."

Should he tell her what he knew, what single material fact had come to his notice? No; it was too slight, the thread was too tenuous, and she would only laugh at him.

"Have you seen his servant?" he asked.

She shuddered.

"Yes; but such an unusual man would have an unusual servant."

(Continued on Page 78)

Whipped Cream Pumpkin Pie

½ cup Swift's "Silverleaf" Brand Pure Lard
1½ cups flour ½ teaspoon salt
Cold water

Sift flour and salt together. Cut in Swift's "Silverleaf" Brand Pure Lard and cold water. Roll thin. Line 2 pie tins and fill with this pumpkin mixture:

4 cups pumpkin
1½ cups brown sugar
1 teaspoon ginger
3 teaspoons cinnamon
1 teaspoon salt
3 eggs
2 cups milk

Bake in a moderate oven. Chill and serve with whipped cream

"Best to buy for bake or fry"

The new "Silverleaf" carton makes it possible for you to measure quantities as needed without the trouble of leveling spoons and packing measuring cups. Simply score the lard as shown in the diagram printed on the flap; cut it; your measurements are accurate. This is an exclusive "Silverleaf" convenience

DELICIOUS fillings for your pumpkin pies may bring great pleasure to those who eat, but your skill as a pie-maker will be judged mostly by the crispness and flakiness of your crusts.

That is why so many experienced cooks prefer Swift's "Silverleaf" Brand Pure Lard. They know that, always uniform and guaranteed pure, it has just the right consistency to work in best with the flour, insuring perfect results every time. They know, too, that it imparts to the crust a certain delicacy of flavor that only a very pure lard can give.

Your grocer or butcher has Swift's "Silverleaf" Brand Pure Lard, the ideal lard for all shortening and frying uses, in convenient one-pound cartons and in pails of 2, 4, and 8 pounds.

Swift & Company

Swift's "Silverleaf" Brand Pure Lard

THE ROAR OF THE CROWD

By James J. Corbett

James J. Corbett About 1894

ANYWAY, I was not going back in the financial game; and I opened a café at Broadway and Thirty-fourth Street where Saks' store now stands, and across the way from the old Manhattan Theater, where Minnie Maddern Fiske was then playing. This theater has since gone the way of so many, and part of Gimbel's store stands on the spot.

It was a clean, orderly place that I ran, and I tried to keep it always on a high level. Consequently we had, usually, only the best sort of patronage. This was in the center of the Rialto then and many of the leading actors of the day dropped in when they were playing on the big lane. Maurice Barrymore, father of Jack, Lionel and Ethel, and an old friend of mine, was a frequent visitor; and it was here that he stood when they had to take him away—that last time before he died.

Come to think of it, I have had the misfortune to be present when six famous old stars lost their reason; and these memories hurt, for, though I have met all sorts of people, from Presidents to pickpockets, the actors have always been my greatest friends. A kindlier set I never met. Their hearts and their purses are ever open, and they are never uncharitable in their judgments of others.

Back in '91 it was that W. J. Scanlon, the best Irish comedian of those years, met me on Broadway one day. Perhaps I was tactless, but I couldn't believe the report I had heard, that he was losing his mind, and I said to him, thinking it all a great joke, "What's all this talk about your going crazy?"

Immediately poor Scanlon flew into a rage, and pointing to all the people passing by, exclaimed, "Why, Jim, I'm feeding all these people! Yes, I'm feeding them all, and now they turn on me."

I soothed him for a while, and as soon as he was calm bid him good-by. A short time afterward he had to be taken to Bloomingdale.

About this time, too, I met Johnny Page, another comedian of the day, then with Beauty and the Beast, in Chicago. I thought it strange that he wasn't at the theater, for his show was on, and I said, "Johnny, aren't you working tonight?"

Old Friends in Affliction

HE LOOKED very frightened at the question, and his lips began to quiver. I repeated the question, and finally he answered, "I'm going over to see you play."

And I was not billed at all that week. A few days later I read that he, too, had been taken away.

One of the best-known vaudeville teams of thirty years ago was that of Conroy and Fox. Little Johnny Fox was with me the night I demanded $10,000 to fight Peter Jackson. About the time of the Sharkey fight I lent him $100 and he went into bankruptcy, listing this as a liability. Not long after this he came into my café and wanted to borrow $200 more.

"Why, Johnny," I said, "you borrowed $100 not long ago and have gone into bankruptcy and listed it as a liability. That's strange. Aren't you getting a bit mixed up in your affairs?"

At this question he started to cry, and I made up my mind that he was out of his mind. A week later they had to take him away too.

Then there was Bert Leslie, the slang comedian, a most lovable man. I played pool with him at the Lambs' one night, he laughing and kidding in his familiar way. It was his last rational hour.

Maurice Barrymore was probably the handsomest actor that ever graced our stage. He had fine flashing eyes and a wonderful voice into which he could put volumes of feeling. He had been amateur boxing champion of England, when a young man, and he loved the game and idolized boxing champions.

One night he dropped in the café, slapped me on the back and cried "Hello, Jim," seeming his usual cheerful self, I thought.

Then, after I had responded to his greeting, he pulled up a chair and sat down with me. Suddenly thinking of a poem he had often recited, and wanting a copy of it, I said, "Barry, would you mind giving me a copy of that poem you recite the one about the clouds?"

"Did you like that?" he inquired, looking at me rather excitedly, I thought

"Yes," I replied; "I thought it was beautiful."

Immediately he stood up and started to recite it, with his fine rounded voice and magnificent gestures. It was always a treat to listen to him. But just as he said "The big cloud said to the little cloud"—I forget the exact lines, but they were sad—he started to cry.

I got up, pulled him down into his chair, and remonstrated with him.

"Barry," I said, "you're too big a man to get up and recite in a place like this before a lot of strangers."

But he wouldn't listen to me, and insisted on getting up again and reciting it through to the finish.

"Don't do it," I urged. "There are two newspaper men over there, and it might get in the papers."

I thought this argument might stop him, but it had a very different effect. Rising, he walked over to the two reporters and began ripping it into them with a magnificent flow of language. He seemed to remember every grievance he had ever had against any paper in this country or England and was taking it out on these two fellows, and I never heard a man more eloquent. Only, instead of talking to just two, he appeared to be addressing a big audience. Finally I got him into another room and again implored him to keep quiet, when, wheeling suddenly and seizing the lapel of my coat, he exclaimed, "Jim, I'm a greater man than Shakspere!"

Now I knew he hadn't been drinking, and that by nature he was one of the most modest men that ever walked the stage. So I felt it must be all up with poor Barry. At once I sent a message over to the old Lambs Club, and dear old Digby Bell, a great pal of Barrymore's, came over and took him to his room. That was the last night he was ever seen on the streets.

While I was training for the Sullivan fight, in Asbury Park, in '92, Harry Kernell, of the Kernell Brothers, a favorite vaudeville team on the big-time variety circuit, came out to see me. It was after dinner when he drove up; and, seeing him coming, I went out on the porch to greet him. Without saying anything that a man would naturally say on meeting a friend he hadn't seen for a long time, he seized me and dragged me to a secluded corner of the porch and began telling a long string of jokes without any points—an endless succession of them.

Feeling chilly, I excused myself and went in to get a jacket; but when I returned, Kernell was driving away in the buggy.

Without thinking of the significance of my words, I said jokingly to Brady, "That fellow must be crazy."

This was repeated to him, and one night a few months later, when he was appearing at Tony Pastor's, now the Olympic Burlesque Theater, in the Tammany Hall Building on Fourteenth Street, he couldn't remember his lines. Suddenly he spoke up and told the audience, "Jim Corbett says I am crazy, but I'm not."

They led him off the stage and he, too, went up the road that the others of my poor friends had taken.

Meeting Mrs. Kernell one day, I asked her when she was going to see Harry. Agreeing on a day, we went up together to visit him and also poor Billy Scanlon.

Kernell had been there some six months then, but he recognized us, kissed his wife and shook my hand very heartily.

"How are you getting on?" I asked him.

"Fine," he answered. "They gave an entertainment for the poor loonies here last night and asked me to appear."

"And did you?" I asked.

"Why, of course; and a lady came out and introduced me as Harry Kernell, the greatest Irish comedian in the world. You should have heard the applause! You never heard such an ovation!"

All of a sudden the look on his face changed from the fixed stare that such people have to a saner expression, and he seemed startled. He looked at his wife. He looked at me, then around the room, and I could tell that for the time being he realized where he was. All at once he laid his head on his wife's shoulder and cried as though his heart would break. And we all cried. I couldn't help it. Then, just as suddenly as the other change had come, his sobs stopped and he whispered cunningly: "Don't let them know I was crying. They'd put me out of here." Then: "You see that fellow out there? That's So-and-So; he's crazy." He was off again.

Mrs. Corbett About 1900

To calm him, his wife asked, "What did you do at the entertainment, Harry?"

"Oh, the old stuff," he replied; "song and dance."

Then off he started to show us his new steps. He had been one of the best eccentric steppers we had in those days, but his wife told me, as she left, that never had he danced quite so well as he did that afternoon on the floor of that asylum.

Matched With Jeffries

I HAD been out of the ring and running this café between four and five years, also appearing on the stage very frequently, when I made up my mind that I could whip Jeffries and regain the championship. With this determination in mind, I started in exercising at Wood's Gymnasium on Twenty-eighth Street, just off Fifth Avenue. My principal companion and sparring partner was Fred Stone, who was a fine athlete, as anyone who has seen his stunts on the stage can well believe. He also could box very well; in fact, I have never met a man in my life who could do so many things expertly. He was the only one who knew of my trips to Wood's, and we kept it all a dark secret, for I was anxious to find out if I couldn't bring myself back into condition. That would warrant my challenging Jeffries; but I didn't want anyone to learn of my plans too soon.

After one year I felt that I had reached this stage, and meeting Brady one day, I said, "Bill, why don't you get Jeffries to fight me? He's giving Sharkey and all these fellows a chance."

Knowing nothing of my secret work, Billy was shocked.

"Why, Jim," he exclaimed, "you can't fight any more. Jeffries is liable to kill you!"

"Perhaps," I returned; "but we'd get some money for it."

Just as I made this remark to Brady, who should walk in but Jeffries—everyone seemed to come to my place those days—and Brady repeated to him what I had said. Jeffries stood there with his head bent down, partly because he was never much of a talker and partly because he still felt the old respect for me that one would for his old boxing instructor. So I spoke up.

"You ought to give me a fight, Jeff. It doesn't make any difference who wins, it's just a business proposition. We'd draw a big house."

Brady added his arguments, and they promised that Jeff's next fight would be with me. Then they left to go over to the Manhattan Theater.

(Continued on Page 126)

Imagine the Leviathan being driven by automobile engines. It would require nearly two thousand to do it. Yet half a day's output of Harrison radiators would cool them.

HARRISON RADIATORS

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THE MARK OF RADIATOR SATISFACTION

Glimpses of Our Government

Friendly Enemies—By William C. Redfield

ANY man who holds a cabinet position in Washington is certain sooner or later to have adventures with the press, and these may be exciting or depressing, according to his philosophy or his sense of humor. The press, like all Gaul—no reflection is meant—may be divided into three parts—reporters, correspondents and editors; and these together form a hierarchy, the so-called fourth estate, whose gradations it is well to observe. Each of the three divisions thus arbitrarily made has its subdivisions; all reporters are not alike, all correspondents are not the same, and one editor differs from another in glory. To an editor in chief of a great daily newspaper attributes are often ascribed that approximate those of royalty. He speaks from his editorial sanctum and the world listens, or at least officially he likes to think that it does. At home it is, of course, quite another way. There his wife may disapprove of his remarks and his children take liberties with him. In those domestic haunts he is just a human being, with no visible aura, no outward sign of wielding the thunderbolts of Jove. It would, I venture to say, have a helpful effect on opinion if all of us, in reading the journal we prefer, did so remembering that its editor is a man, like ourselves, as liable to error and not always better informed. The printed page reflects the human qualities, the knowledge, the ignorance, the wisdom or the prejudice of the man behind the pen or, to be quite modern, one should say the man before the typewriter.

Reflections such as these clarify the atmosphere so that an official may, if he can keep his poise, visualize the press not so much as an implacable institution as the means by which certain individuals speak in disguise. Instead of dealing with a remote impersonal engine of power, one is concerned with fallible men who have varying standards, some high, some low, and who share the common passions.

Taming an Overzealous Reporter

THE solidarity, however, of those who make the press their profession is such as to make them a compact visible unit, with accepted professional customs and ethics and with a stock of standard bromidioms with which to confound such members of the laity as may venture to offer criticism from the outer darkness. Let anyone have the temerity, regardless of locality or circumstances, to charge the press with responsibility for its visible faults, and those who have long been familiar with its standardized responses may anticipate the substance of the reply. Such phrases as "news value" and "what the people want" and "the demands of our readers" are familiar and are often used in such wise as to imply that they are obligations from which the editors would escape if they could. One infers at times that editors are unable to write and print as they wish, but must rather act as a vague external force requires of them. They are obedient rather than independent.

It must be understood from the above, for it is the fact, that there is a warm spot in my heart for my friends and fellows who make the press their vocation; no greater ratio of exceptions exists with them than with those who follow any other calling, although the offenders in the press are more exasperating. I think a reservation for the worst must be made concerning headline fiends. For them a special type of Sheol must be prepared if the future is to be at all adequate to their deserts. It is more than suspected that there are times when editors, correspondents and reporters feel like joining in this malediction.

If the men of the press were to publish even a small part of the confidences intrusted to them this would be a very much more mixed-up world than it is. When I was Commissioner of Public Works in Brooklyn in 1902, I called together in my office the reporters assigned to my department and told them that they were welcome to know everything that was going on, but that I should expect them not to publish confidential matters until released nor to write of unfinished things as if they were complete. All but one of them respected my confidence, and he abused it to the great wrath of his colleagues. His editor, on learning the facts, promptly dismissed him.

The group of intelligent young men in Washington who covered the Department of Commerce had among them no black sheep, but were all as correct in their professional activities as they were personally courteous. We became a group of friends and they complimented me often by asking my counsel regarding rumors that were afloat or about matters that were in progress but not ready for publicity.

Outside of this circle that almost formed part of my official family, relations with the press were not always pleasant. In October of 1915 I went over to the White House with Joseph E. Davies, chairman of the Federal Trade Commission, to discuss certain routine matters with the President. There was nothing unusual about them. After our interview we were beset by seven reporters who were convinced that we were withholding some important story and would take no denial. I told them there was nothing of public interest and referred them to the President or his secretary. One of them followed us to the gate, but learned nothing more, for there was nothing more to be learned. This did not balk him; he rose to imaginative heights from which he soon had a sad fall. He drafted an imaginary tale. In it he included by name an official who was not present, putting in his mouth an extract from a recent speech. He added as my words two statements made elsewhere, and sent this choice collection to his paper as an account of what had occurred. Leading papers carried the story the next morning, assuming, of course, that it was correct. The other reporters complained to the President's secretary because this man had been given a story which had been refused them, and there was a pretty row. One prominent paper got it that I had been rebuked by the President, and so on. He never to my knowledge heard of the scrap, but others did. I wrote to the reporter's chief as follows:

October 30, 1915.

My dear Mr. ——: I venture an earnest protest against the methods used in the preparation of the article . . . which I enclose. . . .

The article purports to be a statement in part coming from me and in part from Mr. —— pursuant to a conference between the President and Mr. Davies and myself. It has no basis whatever in fact. . . .

The facts are these: At the close of our interview with the President, Mr. Davies and I were surrounded by a group of reporters quite insistent upon knowing what had been said between the President and ourselves. Mr. Davies said nothing. I refused to make any statement and referred the reporters to the President or to the President's secretary. . . .

Thereupon your representative built up the first portion of the article. . . . No one saw Mr. —— What purports to be his statement is an extract from an address made by him in New York . . . The final paragraphs . . . are wholly imaginary except that two . . . are taken bodily from an article . . . published . . . on October 17.

I should be loath to believe that you would approve this kind of reporting.

I beg to remain, Yours very truly,
WILLIAM C. REDFIELD,
Secretary.

Mr. —— did not approve such reporting. He promptly placed the discharge of the reporter in my hands, and the young man made a frank confession and apology. He had learned a severe lesson, and because of his candid repentance I wrote the chief and requested him to cancel the reporter's discharge, which he did. This incident, otherwise unimportant, shows how metropolitan dailies could be deceived about a matter in which the President was said to be concerned.

The Weasels of Journalism

IT WOULD be unfair, however, to speak of the delinquencies of reporters and to say nothing of more serious lapses of their superiors. I must indeed except from this as a whole the group of writers who are generally known as special correspondents. Some of these are men whose judgment is sound and whose information is accurate. They have deservedly the confidence of those who direct affairs and they write with a restraint which gives to their work both character and influence. Among them are some whose names are almost household words. Their counsel is sought because they unite intimate knowledge of affairs with a wisdom in its use which has brought them to the top of their profession. In their individual opinions they are sometimes at variance with the editors they serve. I recall one case in which an experienced correspondent spoke of an official as "the find of the Administration" at the time when this same appointment was under bitter and mendacious attack from his own editor. The word "mendacious" is used advisedly because the facts were known.

Of course the word "correspondent" covers all sorts and conditions of men. Those in the lower grades crawl about looking for scandal and can hardly write without snarling. It is an axiom with them that public men are motivated by selfish and vulgar purposes. Intellectually decadent themselves, they think it a mark of decadence to believe that officials can be sincere, unselfish servants. These men unite a flippant breezy style with a callous cynicism in their regard of men and affairs. They are the weasels of their trade, but fortunately they are few, and they are better known to their professional brethren than to anyone else. They could not exist if certain editors did not want them, which brings us naturally to consider some of the men higher up.

Bear in mind that it is only some of the men—indeed, only a few—and these few are known and judged in the profession better than outside it. Some of them injure good causes by bad methods; some are just blindly, angrily prejudiced; some sacrifice personal honor and public truth in pursuing a policy. One day in Chicago the man who had been assigned to cover my work for a journal was for some unknown reason replaced by an older man, who inquired whether I would frankly answer a number of questions relating to the policy of his own paper. Being answered affirmatively he questioned me closely for a long time. Then, referring to the past attitude of his journal, he said, "All I can say is it's a damned shame."

Of course no cabinet officer in giving out public news discriminates between the Republican and the Democratic press. All releases, as they are called, are offered to all alike, and the representatives of the papers of both parties are given the same consideration. It is this impartial and proper course which puts the graver responsibility on those who may abuse confidence.

Interdepartmental Squabbles

I HAVE in mind a group of three men—one the editor of a journal of social uplift, another the editor of a trade journal, the third, editor of a great city daily. The last lent the columns of his newspaper without inquiry to a misleading statement when the facts were available, and defended his act in so doing. The first published an editorial containing partial and untruthful statements, characterized, as I told him, by "certain omissions of fact as well as statements of things which are not facts." Out of nearly a thousand pages of testimony he selected three brief paragraphs which, apart from their context, were made to support his case, omitting to print a brief statement contained in the record which would have given his readers the truth. The second published a statement which steered skillfully between the facts concerning the matter of which he was writing and by omissions and modifications gave an impression that was wholly false. These cases occurred in different years and related to different matters.

I remember with amusement the small group who went insane on the subject of resignations. One of these wired me collect from Chicago to Woods Hole, Massachusetts: "Rumored in Washington that you will retire from cabinet. Would be glad to print any statement as to your intentions."

My reply was: "As Mark Twain said of his reported death, rumors greatly exaggerated."

The conditions which I have described above are well known in the editorial profession and are not regarded any more highly by the great mass of honorable men therein than they are by me.

If an experienced executive who knew Washington intimately were elected President, we can imagine him saying to his cabinet at their first meeting something like this: "There is one thing, gentlemen, which you must not tolerate and which I will not, and that is strife between your departments. I expect you to be so considerate of your colleagues that you will not allow your subordinates to embarrass them through excess of departmental zeal. This is one government, not a group of quarreling antagonistic organizations."

Some of the new department heads who are imagined above would be surprised at such a statement, but nothing of a purely administrative nature would do more for peace and progress in the current work of the Government than such a rule at the beginning, provided it was carefully followed through. The general public knows little about the squabbles between the executive departments. These are not paraded for citizens to see, but nevertheless they are a thorn in the flesh to many a bureau chief as well as to the secretary who is his superior. Some of these quarrels have lasted for years, until they have become traditional; others appear when conflicts of jurisdiction arise. They are not created nor are they usually promoted by the secretary at the head of the department. Sometimes he tries to check them and finds that the traditions of the service are stronger than he. Sometimes the President himself condemns them without success. They are disavowed, but they are real and powerful and numerous.

For two years the Treasury Department and the Department of Commerce differed over the clearances of vessels. The law placed them under the jurisdiction of the Department of Commerce and specifically forbade the Secretary of the Treasury to exercise the function. Nevertheless, under an executive order which arose from a

(Continued on Page 62)

On the floor is seen Rug No. 534 surrounded by Gold-Seal Congoleum Rug-Border Pattern No. 150

Facsimile of Gold Seal label pasted on the face of every guaranteed Gold Seal Congoleum Rug.

Mrs. J. C. solves her floor-covering problem—

The old wooden floor was much the worse for wear; ugly, dust-collecting seams had begun to show in the fabric rug; sunlight had faded its once pretty colors. Something had to be done!

So this thrifty housewife bought a *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Rug and around it she placed *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Rug-Border. What a transformation! No wonder her friend is delightfully surprised. For the artistic design and rich colorings of the new rug rival those usually found only in more expensive floor-coverings, while the neat Rug-Border looks for all the world like real hardwood flooring.

Save Time and Money

Gold-Seal Congoleum Rugs are a boon to the housewife who wants to save money and time, and yet have her rooms cheerful and attractive. Easily cleaned, seamless, flat-lying—unharmed by sunlight, exceptionally durable and very low in price, they completely meet her every requirement.

Let your dealer show you the many beautiful designs today. You can choose from Oriental, conventional or floral motifs that will go with any type of furnishings and any color scheme.

Popular Sizes—Low Prices

6 x 9	feet	$ 9.00	The patterns illustrated	1½ x 3	feet	$ .60
7½ x 9	feet	11.25	are made only in the five	3 x 3	feet	1.40
9 x 9	feet	13.50	large sizes. The smaller	3 x 4½	feet	1.95
9 x 10½	feet	15.75	rugs are made in designs	3 x 6	feet	2.50
9 x 12	feet	18.00	to harmonize with them.			

Owing to freight rates, prices in the South and west of the Mississippi are higher than those quoted.

There is only one "Congoleum" and it is identified by the Gold Seal pasted on the face of every pattern. The name "Congoleum" is a registered trade name and the exclusive property of Congoleum Company, Inc. If you want "Congoleum" be sure to ask for it by name and look for the Gold Seal.

CONGOLEUM COMPANY
(INCORPORATED)

Philadelphia New York Boston Chicago Kansas City San Francisco Atlanta
Minneapolis Dallas [illegible] New Orleans London Paris [illegible]
In Canada—Congoleum Company [illegible] Montreal

Pattern No. 534

Gold Seal
CONGOLEUM
ART-RUGS

Pattern No. 544

HELD FOR RANCID

By Hugh Wiley

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD

Live and Let Learn. V. MARSDEN.

THE Wildcat, guarding his mascot goat, met Lucas Goode, colored, in the crowded Clover Club on Fillmore Street in San Francisco.

Lucas was seeking a new field of effort, a new graft, new victims, new confederates, new money. The po-lice had learnt him a lesson. "Naw suh, Wilecat—blessed is de meek."

"You orates facts! Blessed is de meek so long as he don't act dat way."

"Act whut way?"

"Like a meek does."

"Whut you think a meek is?"

"Fo-legged animal, sort of wid brown fur—an' smells."

"Huh! You wouldn't know a meek did you meet one in de middle of a road like a skunk."

"Don't aim to meet nuthin', no place, like a skunk in de middle of no road. Ask dem pool-playin' boys what a meek is."

FIRST WITNESS: Meek's a adjective.

WILDCAT: Whut I tell you—one of dem strong smellin' kind.

SECOND WITNESS: It's whut dese hoot owls an' chickens is got on de end of dey nose.

LUCAS GOODE. Us sez "meek"—not beak."

LILY THE GOAT: Blaa-a!

WILDCAT: De mascot knows who's talkin'.

PROPRIETOR OF CLOVER CLUB: Ise talkin' now! Fo' de las' time, Wilecat, I tells you, stop dat goat eatin' cue chalk or else buy some.

The Wildcat jerked his mascot away from her repast, and then, seeking to calm his host with the tongue of flattery, "Knowin' animals like you does, big boy, tell dese ig-runt niggers whut a meek is. I means de un-fragmunt kind wid de sort of brown fur."

"Fur what?"

"Fur to stop dis argyfyin' you claims dis yere Clovah Club is a place to rest. Ain't as much peace round heah as dey is in bigamy."

"Neveh heard de place. If you don't like dis place yo' destination is mo' vacant dan yo' whereabouts, an' you is free to let yo' chair an' yo' feet trade loads."

"Ain't mentioned me! Whut I sez, tell dese folks what a fur-bearin' meek is."

A squall of argument developed—and became epidemic.

The definition was still incomplete after twenty minutes, and peace had sunk without a trace in a stormy sea of arms and legs, butting heads, chairs, cues, pool balls, pop bottles and po-lice. Leading Lily, the Wildcat escaped through the back door of the Clover Club ten seconds before a riot call was relayed to headquarters.

"Come 'long, goat! Blessed is de peacemaker—pervidin' he kin land de fust wallop!"

After he had escaped the crowded zone of trouble, the Wildcat kept walking toward wherever it was that spring was luring him. He sought peace and a quiet life away from the strife of the city. He kept on his course, giving no thought to the morrow or to the moment. Earthly matters were forgotten in a calm which came to him in the rolling hills below San Francisco, and the cares of life held no sway until, nearing Millbrae, he discovered that he needed rest for his feet or a new pair of shoes to replace the frazzled patent leathers destroyed by his march.

He stopped and made one of a roadside throng that had rallied around a talking man. The man held in his hand an enlarged model of a safety razor. The man craved to know about the tariff on wool. He asked the crowd about it and questioned them concerning the greatest loss to one of the country's greatest industries. Answering himself:

"Folks, it's next to the hide. That's where the loss is. That's where the wool grower loses 5 per cent of his profits. Did you ever see a man shave himself with a pair of scissors? You did not. The same principle is involved in the shearing of sheep. Five to 10 per cent of the wool is lost. This will be a net gain under the Universal Wool Hoe System. I hold in my hand a demonstration model of the Universal Wool Hoe. It gets all the wool and never nicks the hide."

"You Savee China Game, Thlee Dice, Call um Jing Low?"

The orator got a good look at the Wildcat and the mascot goat, and in his quick mind there formed a scheme for a demonstration of the wool hoe which would sell more capital stock in one hour than could be moved by abstract oratory in a week. He concluded his remarks on the advantages of buying Wool Hoe stock, and when the crowd had thinned he made a proposition to the Wildcat.

"Hot weather is coming and that goat will sweat himself to death walking with that thick coat of wool. I want to shave that goat for you so as to make the goat comfortable. Let me use that goat as a demonstration goat and you get ten dollars and the goat gets comfortable."

Ten dollars meant new shoes and considerable rations. The Wildcat was quick to execute the contract after he had satisfied himself about a humanitarian specification.

"Ain't gwine shave Lily dry, is you?"

"You never saw a man shave dry."

"Den it's all right. Whah at's de ten dollars?"

Half the contract price was paid to bind the bargain and within the hour the wool hoe had been demonstrated on its unwilling victim. The process left Lily looking like some strange four-legged reptile instead of a goat. The Wildcat looked at his mascot.

"Come along here, goat, till I gits a gunny-sack coat for you. I neveh seed no animal so plumb nekked 'ceptin' in spots."

Straggling festoons of wool hung around odd areas on Lily's exterior like swamp moss dripping from gnarled cypress limbs.

The Wildcat found a gunny sack and cut four holes in it for Lily's legs and a larger one through which the mascot's head protruded. He threaded a drawstring along the fabric of the sack in contact with the goat's neck and Lily emerged from the fitting wearing a garment plentifully supplied with superfluous bulges. A mane of extra material flopped around from the goat's horns to her shoulders.

"Dah you is. Now you is 'quipped fo' de hot spell."

"Blaa-a!" Lily seemed to lack appreciation of her equipment.

"Nemmine talkin' back. Like as not dat's de latest spring style fo' molted goats. Like anything else, you craves it when you gets used to it. Come along wid me whilst I 'cumulates me my pussonal shoes."

The Wildcat bought himself six dollars' worth of shoes and enough rations to solve the sole remaining problem of the hour. He booned Lily with a head of cabbage as a compensation for the sacrifice of her natural coat, and then in a quiet and shady glade a little off the highway he rested, admiring his yaller shoes and absorbing his rations.

"Whuff! Sho' is noble sourdeen fishes. Eat yo' cabbage and graze yo'self round in yo' new overcoat, Lily, whilst I gits me whut sleep I needs."

Lily grazed while the Wildcat slept. After the cabbage item of the mascot's banquet had been disposed of, an area of color backed by inviting green foliage invited her attention. The goat investigated the new food supply and found the banquet table garnished with flowers.

In the abundance of the repast Lily ate a veritable Chinese banquet. She was restricted less by anatomical details than by spring styles in gunny-sack overcoats. She ate her way through the first course of the banquet and continued industriously until the speech-making began along around the twenty-fifth course. The oratory began at twilight and was so loud and strenuous that it awakened the sleeping Wildcat. He got to his feet in time to see a wild man leading the mascot goat out of what had been a two-acre field of prize-winning tulips. The floral decorations on Lily's banquet table had practically disappeared.

"Lawsy! Who ever think one goat could eat so many flowers?"

The Wildcat faced his problem and made his decision. He sought the owner of the tulip farm and opened the conversation with a casual observation concerning the local goat supply.

"Goats sho' is plentiful now'days round dese parts."

The tulip owner snorted.

"Cap'n suh, is you got any goats you craves to sell? Ise a goat buyer fo' de new Universal Wool Hoe Company." The goat buyer instinctively audited his available cash and discovered something less than two dollars in silver. "Us buys mighty cheap now'days 'count of so many goats bein' in California."

The man snorted again and named a price on the goat.

"The only goat I've got will cost its owner a hundred dollars."

"Cap'n, yes-suh!"

Lily, concealed somewhere on the premises, hearing the Wildcat's voice, bleated faintly. The Wildcat heard it.

"Dat's mighty high fo' one goat. Would you take mebbe two dollars cash down an' de rest in 'stallments?"

"Humph!" The wild man, faintly suspicious, grunted an eloquent negative. He should say not!

Lily bleated again and the anguish of a hopeless felon was in her voice. The Wildcat turned away from the tulip owner and walked toward the broad highway. Halfway down the lane his walk slowed into a drag and this in turn became a one-mile mope, so that, entering the highway traffic, he mingled with the heavy shadows of evening moving at a gallows march, freighted with a heavy heart whence hope had fled.

"Hund'ed dollars! Lawd!" The ransom money seemed to be an unsurmountable obstacle to Lily's freedom. "De only way out is wid de help of Lady Luck an' Ol' Man Work. Whut I need is a job so I kin pay off Lily's rancid an' pardon her free. Po' li'l' goat—tomorr' I gits me a job. Right now I craves to sleep me loose from trouble."

The Wildcat flopped down in the warm night under the low branches of a spreading oak tree and in three minutes

(Continued on Page 46)

Be Prepared!

Why women—even more than men—welcome the Sealed One Quart Cans of Mobiloil

WOMEN DRIVERS frequently want to add a quart of Mobiloil to the crankcase supply. While a 5-gallon can of Mobiloil may be right there in the home garage, this large container may seem big to some women. And they would prefer not to have to measure out a quart of oil.

With two or three quart cans on hand, the problem vanishes. You open the seal easily. The generous spout makes it simple to pour the oil into the engine without any possibility of soiling your hands or clothes. And the oil is *already measured out for you—a full quart.*

But no matter who drives the family car, the quart can is a great convenience. It enables you to carry genuine Mobiloil at all times. So you assure the constant, continuous use of Mobiloil.

You are always prepared for an emergency shortage of oil. You need never accept a substitute for Mobiloil.

Yes; it pays to keep a 5-gallon can or 15-, 30-, or 55-gallon steel drum of Mobiloil in your own home garage for your own home supply.

It pays also to carry 2 or 3 of the sealed quart cans of Mobiloil under the seat of your car. Fair Retail Price 35c (grades "E", Arctic and "A", 3 for $1.00). Slightly higher in the Southwestern, Mountain and Pacific Coast States. See that the seal is unbroken.

Be prepared!

GARGOYLE

Mobiloil

Make the chart your guide

Domestic Branches:

New York *(Main Office)*	Buffalo	Des Moines	Kansas City, Mo.	New Haven	Philadelphia	Rochester
Albany	Chicago	Detroit	Milwaukee	Oklahoma City	Pittsburgh	Springfield, Mass.
Boston	Dallas	Indianapolis	Minneapolis	Peoria	Portland, Me.	St. Louis

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

Chart of Recommendations

(Abbreviated Edition)

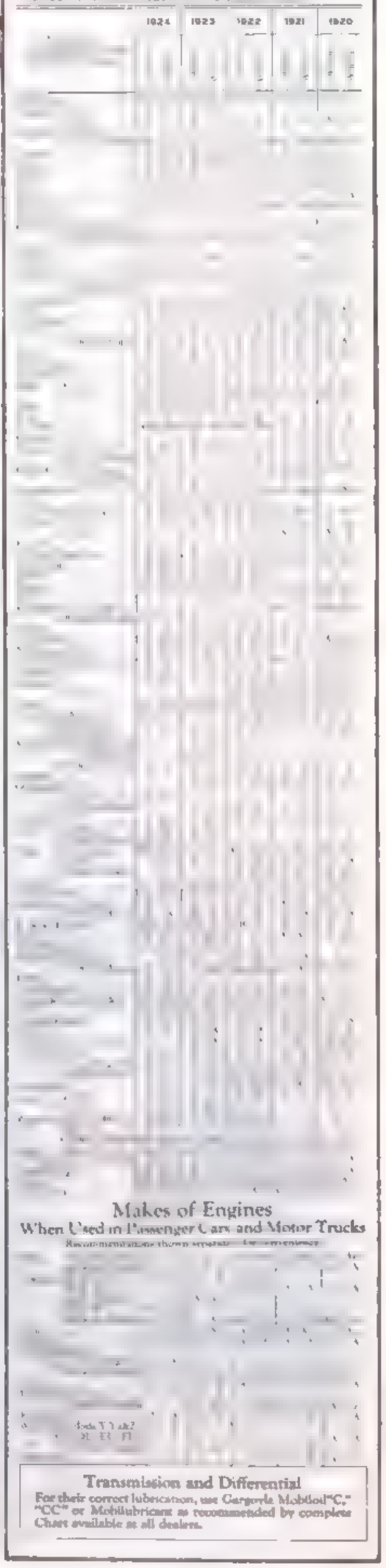
THE correct grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil for [illegible] passenger cars and motor trucks are specified in the Chart below.

How to Read the Chart:

A means Gargoyle Mobiloil "A"
B means Gargoyle Mobiloil "B"
BB means Gargoyle Mobiloil "BB"
E means Gargoyle Mobiloil "E"
Arctic means Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic

Where different grades are recommended for summer and winter use, the winter recommendation should be followed during the entire period when freezing temperatures are experienced.

The Chart of Recommendations is compiled by the Vacuum Oil Company's Board of Automotive Engineers and represents our professional [illegible]



Makes of Engines
When Used in Passenger Cars and Motor Trucks

Recommendations shown apply to [illegible] engines

Transmission and Differential

For their correct lubrication, use Gargoyle Mobiloil "C," "CC" or Mobilubricant as recommended by complete Chart available at all dealers.

(Continued from Page 44

he was a thousand miles away from the kingdom ruled by Old Man Trouble. Awakened by the warm rays of the early morning sun, the sleeper remembered Lily's predicament and the work solution to his problem

"Kain't do no work widout bein' nutrified fust," he decided. At a lunch stand he invested fifty cents in heavy and gratifying rations. He began his search for work by asking the foreman of a road-patching crew half a mile down the highway for a job. He was hired on so quick it made his head swim.

"Get yourself an iron wheelbarrow and build a fire in it," the foreman directed. "Get a couple of smoothing irons out of the tool box and follow that patching crew. They work fast and your job is to smooth the joints and edges if they leave any rough places."

"Cap'n, yes-suh. Whut wages does I git?"

"Six dollars a day. Get busy—the gang is a mile ahead of you now and that stuff cools off mighty fast. Better wrap a couple of sacks around your feet. Some of that asphalt is hot and all of it sticks."

"Cap'n, yes-suh; in five minutes you kain't see me fo' speed."

The Wildcat accumulated his equipment, and while the two asphalt smoothing irons were heating in the fire he had kindled in the iron wheelbarrow he wired a gunny sack around each of his bright yaller shoes. When this was done he wheeled his portable plant half a mile down the road and began work on the edges of the hot asphalt patches which spotted the failing areas of the highway.

He worked for an hour, enjoying the novelty of the game, and then in the work of edging a patch of hot and viscous paving material ten feet long and half as wide his attention was distracted by a roar in the sky above him. He paused and looked up, to observe the antics of an exhibition demon trying out a new plane.

"Oozin' along away up in de sky. Lawdy, ain't that boy got pidgin blood! Dat's it, hot damn! Swoop, you ole hawk! Flap yo' wings befo' you hits de ground! Dere you is! Look at dat tumblin' fool! Makes me seasick a-lookin'! Climb up, eagle! See him touch de top of de sky! Back you come widout tryin'! Look at dat corkscrew! Makes me dizzy thinkin' 'bout you runnin' off de track, but you ain't bothered wid no track. Whereveh you flies at, dere you is. Ain't so wid us folks on earth. Whereveh us is, dere us is at!"

The exhibition had lasted fifteen minutes, and now, to rest his vision, the Wildcat lowered his gaze to earthly things, glancing casually at the new asphalt about him.

He discovered that his gunny-sacked feet were half imbedded in the cooled paving material. Wherever he was, there he was at. He tried to lift his right foot out of its gripping environment and failed. He essayed a similar attempt with his left. This, too, was a failure; but he felt a slight movement of the yaller shoe in its nest of sacking. He looked down the road and enjoyed the poor satisfaction of learning that his predicament had not been observed by the boss of the road crew. Well, lacking wings, the desirable commodity of the moment seemed to be momentum and lots of it. He took a deep breath and began swinging his right arm like a windmill, similar to a desperate pitcher winding up for the heroics of extreme physical exertion. When his windmill arm was flailing the air at sixty miles an hour he translated the energy into an uplift that almost dislocated his right hip. It became evident that if he jerked himself loose his hind legs would remain in the trap.

"Lawd, heah I is, like a ol' buzz fly stuck in a 'lasses pitcher. Dat damn mascot ain't ketched no mo' dan whut I is!"

He essayed a broad jump from a standing start and finished without budging his feet—with five points of his anatomy in contact with the sticky pavement instead of two. Sitting down and resting was generally all right, but this was no place to sit down. He got his hands loose without difficulty and wrestled with the problem of prying his equator out of the trap. He attained success and was once more on his feet.

"Dey ain't no way out 'ceptin' to leave dese gunny-sack wroppin's where at dey is stuck."

He stooped down and unwired the gunny-sack wrappings which concealed the yaller shoes. Petals of gunny sack opened about the yaller shoes to reveal fresh disaster. The sacking was not impervious to hot asphalt and the yaller shoes were cemented to the fabric about them.

The Wildcat resigned himself to his luck. He unlaced his shoes, and when both his feet were free he used the trapped shoes as a take-off and leaped clear of the site of Old Man Trouble's latest victory.

"Good-by, shoes, an' good-by, job. Don't need shoes nohow in de summehtime. Mebbe when dey sees dem shoes dey thinks Ise riz an' ascended unto heaven, but such is not de case. Ise Sam Francisco bound."

He headed along the highway toward San Francisco. The road boss and his crew were in the other direction.

"Whateveh de boss man finds, dat's his business. Whateveh I loses, dat's my business."

The Wildcat passed out of the road-patching picture and the highway was a little rougher in two spots for his passing. Fronting the devastated tulip farm, the Wildcat paused in his march to glance toward the shacks wherein Lily was imprisoned.

"Po' li'l' Lily. Both of us was held fo' rancid. Only one of us got loose. Nemmine, goat, I gits de money some way in Sam Francisco an' I comes back to pardon you free."

II

THE Clover Club on Fillmore Street exercised its usual fascination for the Wildcat as he neared San Francisco, and thither he directed his barefoot march.

"Chances is eve'ybody is fo'got de ruckus by dis time and is got free again f'm de po-lice. Me an' dat Lucas Goode mebbe kin 'filiate in some scheme whut might bring in enough money to pay de rancid on Lily."

Raising the ransom on Lily was the Wildcat's main object in life, and he was correct in his surmise that he could instigate an enterprise with Lucas Goode which would bring in considerable money

He found the Clover Club enjoying a notable calm. Peace reigned within the place as a result of the promises made by and to the po-lice who had settled the argument concerning the real nature of a fur-bearing meek. Entering the Clover Club, the Wildcat answered a few questions concerning the summer mode of wearing his feet bare.

"Kain't be bothered wid no shoes durin' de hot spell. I likes my feet free an' easy."

He wiggled a set of dusty toes in demonstration of the enjoyment he derived from free-an'-easy feet. He encountered Lucas Goode and sat down beside him.

"How dey stackin'?"

"Wilecat, seems like you is de man I needs fo' my new projeck."

"Whut you mean—projeck?" Some ended in disaster.

"Upliftin' de cullud race. You knows why us is downtrod? Kin you tell me why de advancin' world is left de dark brotheh behind in de race fo' Soopremacy? Naw-suh, you kain't! I tells you why. Fust come de Stone Age, an' all men wuz equal. Den come de Middle Ages an' folks consisted of kings an' slaves. Den come de age of invention whut brung machinery an' commerce. De white folks

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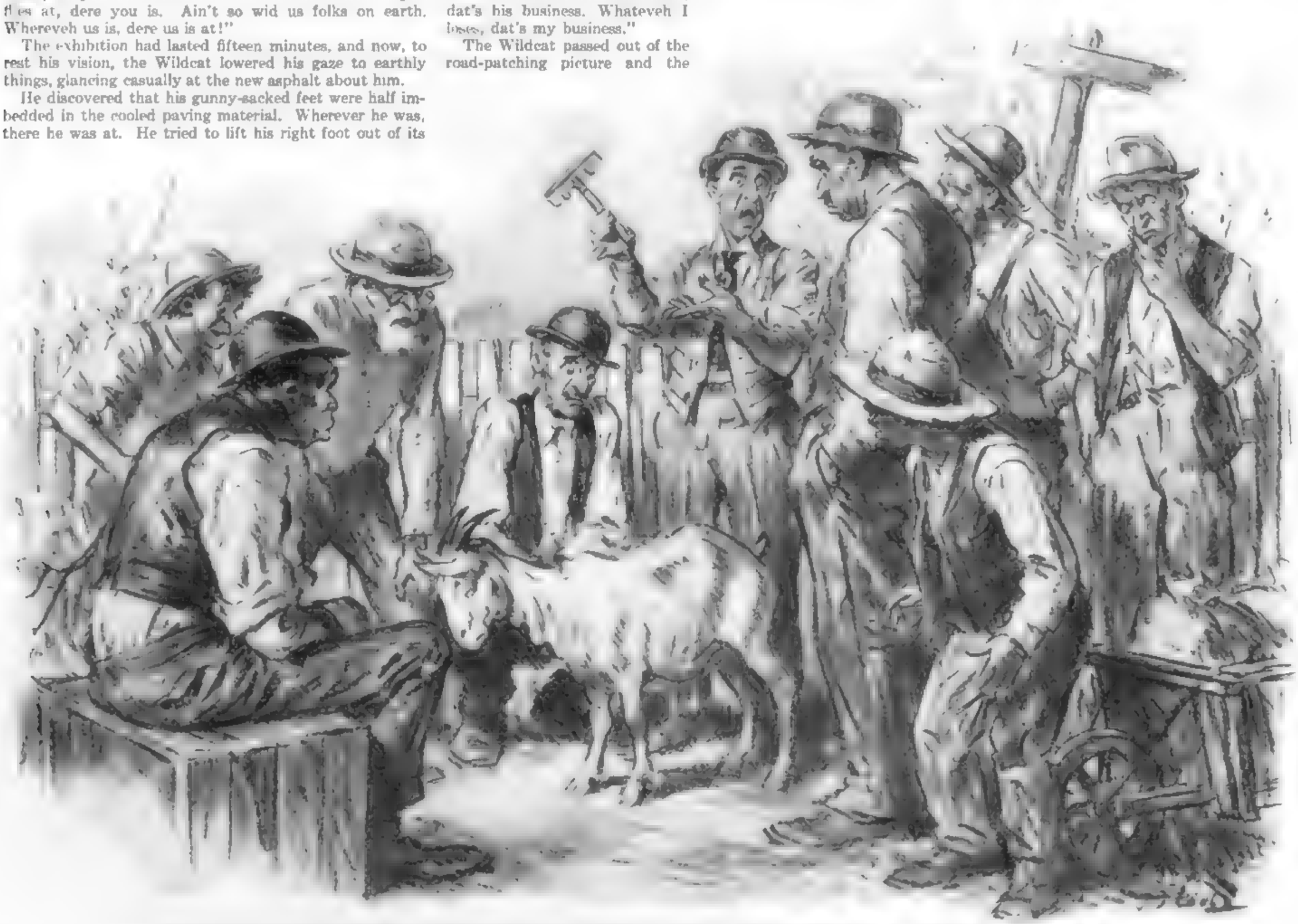

Half the Contract Price Was Paid to Bind the Bargain and Within the Hour the Wool Hoe Had Been Demonstrated on its Unwilling Victim

TEN YEARS AGO!

In the Middle Ages of motor car design, the Twin-Six was getting ready to make its bow to the public.

For eight years it held high place among the foremost V-type motor cars in the world.

Then, it had to go.

It lacked simplicity.

Its successor is the Packard Eight, which has—

More power
Fewer parts
Less weight

combined with lower operating and maintenance charges.

Packard Eight and Packard Six both furnished in ten body types open and enclosed. Packard's extremely liberal time-payment plan makes possible the immediate enjoyment of a Packard—purchasing out of income instead of capital

Watch This Column

HOOT GIBSON

Henry Herbert Knibbs has written many fine romances of the West, and one of his best is ***"The Ridin' Kid from Powder River."*** Universal has produced it and chosen HOOT GIBSON for the title role. I am intensely pleased with the result. This is a fast-riding, heroic, breezy outdoor romance full of speed and thrills. The plot is excellent and popular. It was directed by Edward Sedgwick, who made the two Gibson successes, ***"The Sawdust Trail"*** and ***"Hit and Run."*** Ask your favorite theatre to get it and, after you've seen it, write me your opinion.

Early this coming month you will enjoy seeing ***"Love and Glory,"*** a Universal Jewel adapted from the novel "We Are French," written by Robert H. Davis and Perley Poore Sheehan, and a Rupert Julian production. It is a drama of the entire human race, which fires your patriotism and arouses your emotions immeasurably. It is an all-star production, with CHARLES DE ROCHE, MADGE BELLAMY, WALLACE McDONALD, FORD STERLING, A. GIBSON GOWLAND and others.

You must not forget to see MARY PHILBIN in ***"The Rose of Paris"***—VIRGINIA VALLI with PERCY MARMONT in ***"K—The Unknown,"*** by Mary Roberts Rinehart - LAURA LA PLANTE and NORMAN KERRY in Kathleen Norris' ***"Butterfly"*** —***"The Fast Worker,"*** starring REGINALD DENNY—***"Wine,"*** featuring CLARA BOW—***"The Turmoil,"*** featuring GEORGE HACKATHORNE, ELEANOR BOARDMAN and others. These all come within the Universal requirement of clean, wholesome, entertaining pictures.

We have great hopes for HOUSE PETERS, in ***"The Tornado,"*** and ***"The Phantom of the Opera,"*** starring LON CHANEY. These will be thrilling spectacles as their titles suggest. Put these down in your note book.

Universal Pictures Booklet sent on request.

Carl Laemmle

President

(To be continued next week)

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

1600 Broadway, New York City

(Continued from Page 46)

steps into de railroad an' steamboat commerce business whilst de cullud folks wuz sleepin' in Africa. Nobody in Africa eveh heard about a steamboat. Whut I aims to do is to make a marateem navy fo' de cullud race, beginnin' in Sam Francisco Bay, an' haulin' provisions to Africa an' bringin' back gold an' dimuns an' such like. Fust off, trainin' is needed. How much you spose a big boat costs?"

"Sho' costs a heap o' money."

"Dat shows you don' know nuthin'! Durin' de war big boats costs a heap o' money, but now dey is cheap as trash. I knows a boat called de Beagle whut is 'quipped wid three sailin' masts an' gas engines, whut de Government is gwine to sell fo' almos' nuthin' next week. Boat gwine to be auctioned off on de cotehouse steps. Sho' is a fine boat. Masts an' sails an' a wood hull so it kain't sink. De scheme is, you an' me gits dis boat an' trains de cullud race to be sailors 'stead of wastin' dey time as field hands."

"How you gwine to git niggers to join on wid you?"

"You an' me 'suades 'em."

"Whar you gwine to get de money to buy dis boat?"

"Every time a cullud man joins on he pays cash down a hund'ed dollahs. Figger out whar dat puts him."

"Puts him out a hund'ed dollahs to begin wid. Mighty few folks is got dat much money."

"Lots of folks has got mo' dan dat. When a cullud sailor boy pays down his hund'ed dollahs he gets a full sea trainin' in Sam Francisco Bay fust off. Next thing he gits one share of stock in de Cosmick Marateem Corporation. Dey is only a hund'ed shares fo' sale. You an' me goes in equal podners. Everybody whut buys a share gits his part of de profits. Spose you takes a thousand dollars' worth of provisions such as bananas an' soda pop an' things whut cullud folks craves an' sells 'em in Africa fo' ten thousand dollahs. Everybody is made a hund'ed dollahs profit right there."

"Don't tell me no mo'. I sees whar de profit kin be. How much dis boat cost?"

"I figger us kin buy de boat, usin' some white man to bid it in, fo' mebbe two thousand dollahs. Dat means, fust off, you an' me 'suades twenty folks to join on wid us."

The Wildcat committed himself to the enterprise.

"Lucas, I is wid you wid de 'greement an' understandin' dat de money is divode fifty-nifty."

The pair shook hands on the bargain and immediately thereafter Lucas Goode revealed an inside detail of his plans. He looked about him, and then: "Wildcat, I tell you confidential what us makes de fust big money. I ain't crazy 'bout Africa no mo' dan whut you is, but I been talkin' to some Chinee boys down on Grant Avenue. De main point is dat down de coast in Lo' California dey is a lot of Chinee boys landed whut de Government won't let git into dis country. My 'greement wid de boss Chinee is I gits a hund'ed dollahs fo' every man I brings up from Lo' California, where dey is waitin'. Dat's a projeck whut is a projeck. I don't mind tellin' you Ise broke at de minnit an' fo' dat reason us is got to git lots of quick help fo' de Cosmick Marateem Corporation at a hund'ed dollahs per git."

"Lucas, I sees de scheme." The Wildcat made a mental calculation as to the capacity of a three-masted vessel and decided that the first cargo of Chinese could be worth a hundred thousand dollars. The scheme looked better every minute and the rancid money for the mascot goat was fairly within his clutch. "Kain't do as much in Sam Francisco as you kin wid dem Oakland boys."

Lucas Goode entered an objection to Oakland as a field of effort.

"Dey knows me mighty well in Oakland. I runs my fust ginagogue in Oakland till de po-lice begun a prohibition revival."

"Dey fo'gits quick in Oakland. You kain't do nuthin' in dis town. De steamboat scheme done been tried two yeahs ago by a boy whut called hisself Honeytone Boone."

"Ise agreeable—only you does de 'suadin' if us begins in Oakland."

"All right wid me. Dat's de 'greement. Us goes over dere tomorr' and begins."

"Even so, brotheh, as you sez. De lips ob de righteous feeds 'em, but fools die fo' de want of wisdom. An' remembeh Proverbs xii, 23—'A prudent man concealeth knowledge.' I figgers us has lots of luck in Oakland. Proverbs xiv, 15—'The simple believeth every word.' Wilecat, you sez de word an'—Proverbs xiv, 23—'In labor dere is profit.'"

"How come you know so much Proverbs?"

"My early trainin' wuz laborin' in de vineyard wid backslid folks. Me an' my revival quartet follered a circus through Dixie fo' goin' on two yeahs. Ise 'quipped wid language what kin follow yo' oration an' mebbe some whut you kain't 'suade to pay down de money I kin reap into de Cosmick Marateem flock. Proverbs xxix, 18—'Where dey is no vision de people perish.' Tomorr' us meets up wid folks in Oakland whut has vision and money both."

"Kain't remembeh no Proverbs, but my pussonal slogum is, 'Live an' let learn.' Lucas, de chances is, wid a runnin' start, us does de livin' an' dem Oakland boys does de learnin'."

"Wilecat, you says a mouthful. Proverbs x, 13—'Wisdom is found in de lips of him whut has understandin'. Let's trail up de street to a place I knows."

"Gin place?"

"You has yo' choice. Two bits a choose."

"Sounds noble to me."

The Wildcat started to rise and then subsided again into his chair. A sudden look of apprehension spread over his enlivened countenance. He hesitated a moment and then with greater physical exertion he lifted himself out of his chair to a low accompaniment of rending fabric. He walked out of the Clover Club without hesitating en route. Cemented to the seat of the chair he had just vacated was an important area of his trousers, held in the relentless grip of the asphaltic residue which had adorned his raiment as a result of his road-patching activities. Here was a new item for the budget.

"Us needs a hund'ed dollahs fo' Lily's rancid an' another five to get me some new pants wid. Seems like eve'ythin' goes wrong at de same time. One mo' week like dis an' Ol Man Trouble leaves me stripped mo' nekked dan whut de wool-hoe man left Lily. Well, heah I is, Lady Luck. Right now I needs gin."

III

"WILECAT, Ise de rear admiral in dis boat bizness. You is de cap'n."

"Whut's dis rear animal thing whut you is?"

"Soopreem commandin' ruler of de Cosmick Marateem Fleet is about whut I does when I rear admirals."

"Ain't dey nuthin' between dat an' dis plain ol' cap'n name? Any nigger wid a boat kin be a cap'n."

"Lemme see, I deppitizes you soopreem aërial an' submarine admiral. I rules de waves fo' de Cosmick Marateem boats an' you rules above an' below in airplanes an' submarines."

"Ain't got to ride in 'em, does I?"

"Naw-suh! Yo' job, fust off, is to run de Beagle afteh us gits de boat. In de meantime you is a admiral like I is, only we don't conflict together none like dese admirals whut rides on de same ocean. Dat's dat. In de meant me us betteh git to Oakland tomorr' an' start dis benefactorin' fo' de cullud race."

"Kain't start too soon fo' me, Lucas—animal, I mean. I jus' thinks up a good 'suadement to use if dem unhatched deck hands holds back. Gin."

On the following day a group of embryo deck hands listened to the Wildcat's persuasions without stampeding toward prosperity until he dangled the gin bait before them.

"Ever'body whut hires on wid de Cosmick Marateem Corp'ration gits his reg'lar ration of gin, mawnin', noon an' night. 'Cordin' to reg'lations instigated by de soopreem rear animal, de daily gin ration is one full quart fo' every man, every mawnin', wid a 'mergency ration in de evenin' if aforesaid ration is tolerated by yo' commandin' officer. Ise yo' commandin' officer, an' confidential I tells you I tolerates up to three full quarts. On de fust trip us goes direct to de gin place fo' yo' lisker ration befo' leavin' Sam Francisco. Shares is a hund'ed dollahs. Don't rush me."

The soopreem aërial and submarine admiral returned to San Francisco that night heavily escorted, with more than four thousand dollars in his pocket. He tried to sidetrack himself long enough to get to Millbrae to pay the ransom on his mascot goat; but the guard of honor voted against all detours, and his straight and narrow course lay in a direct line toward the office of the lawyer who was to function as the purchasing agent for the Cosmick Marateem aggregation at the auction of the Beagle.

The craft was bought for thirty-two hundred dollars and forthwith the soopreem rear admiral headed for his new command, followed by a pop-eyed parade long enough to pass a given point in military formation.

Brief but impressive services were held on the shore, during which the rear admiral orated, using The Beacon Light as his melancholy theme:

Darkness wuz deep'nin' on de sea
An' still de boat driv on;
No sail to answer to de wind
De sails an' ropes wuz gone.
Gloomy an' drear her course of fear,
Each looked but fo' a grave,
When full in sight de beacon light
Come streamin' o'er de wave.

The aërial and submarine admiral whispered a suggestion in his companion's ear: "Tell 'em somethin' pleasant."

The rear admiral cast a scornful glance at his adviser.

"Us got de money, ain't we? Dat's de pleasant part. Shut up whilst dat respondin' woman elocutes back."

Miss June Frizby, the noted colored authoress, responded with eight pages of her own work, written in lavender ink and spoken in purple alto.

A Life on the Ocean Wave, elocuted, followed by a deep bow and a light sneeze, concluded Miss Frizby's performance.

Half an hour later the entire personnel of the Cosmick Marateem organization was on board the Beagle. The rear admiral, knowing his crew, had provided one barrel of alcohol and plenty of groceries for immediate use. The Wildcat had made two barrels of gin grow where but one barrel of alcohol had been, and presently, at anchor, the Beagle crew was out of sight of land.

Lum Goo, nominally cook, but actually the agent of the Oriental Human Importing Company, approached the rear admiral with a question: "What time you start?"

Details were beyond and below the rear admiral at the moment.

"Boy, don't pester me wid no questions. Dat Wilecat aërial an' submarine admiral kin tell you all about it."

Lum Goo found the Wildcat navigating a pair of dice in the Beagle's basement. The harvest had about concluded and the winter of his discontent threatened, and so the Wildcat was ready enough to quit the game with his winnings at the opportune interruption afforded by Lum Goo's question.

"Us leaves tonight. Sho' got lots to do. Got to bring back some gold an' dimuns f'm Africa an' mebbe some of dese costly circus animals like elephants an' buff'loes whut runs wild oveh dere an' is wuth big money on de hoof oveh heah. Got to stop in down at Cuba an' Paris an' load on some mo' gin an' bananas to trade dem Africa niggers fo' de gold an' dimuns—sho' plenty work!" A sudden energy inspired him. "Come on up on de roof an' git to work, deck hands," he ordered. "Git dat gas engine goin', whichever nigger gwine to run it. You gin hounds git away f'm dat barrel! Git outen dis basement! I needs you on de roof. Git mil'tary an' come a-runnin'!"

The evening air on deck promoted sobriety, and presently to the Wildcat's surprise the anchor was up, a sail or two was hoisted, the cough of the auxiliary engine's exhaust barked at the water line, and through his unpracticed hands the spokes of the wheel conveyed their announcement of life that seemed suddenly to thrill through what had been the sleeping hulk of the Beagle. When the novelty of control had passed, the steersman deputized one of his companions to function at the wheel.

"Take a-holt of dis steerin' thing an' turn it round gee-haw, so as to git past any other boat. De main thing is to keep a-goin' till you gits out in de ocean whah dey's plenty room."

The aërial and submarine admiral made his way to his superior's quarters. He found the promoter of the Cosmick Marateem project sogged down in a chair, gazing with glassy eyes at a half-empty pitcher of gin.

"Everythin' goin' fine, Lucas—rear animal, I mean. Us is on our way. I aims to git off at Cuba or whaheveh us stops fust. I just remembered some bizness I got to 'tend to down below Sam Framcisco."

He had just remembered a grand total of four hundred and fifty dollars which was his half of the Cosmick profits plus the money the crap game had netted him.

(Continued on Page 50)

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THE HANOVER SHOE, Hanover, Pa.

(Continued from Page 48)

The business below San Francisco was the ransom of the tulip-gorging mascot goat.

The rear animal answered the Wildcat with a gin-gargled snore.

The Wildcat, not so popular with his crap-shooting victims as he had been before the ivory harvest started, sought out and found a neutral soul in Lum Goo, the Chinese cook.

"Sho pleasant weatheh dis evenin'," he began.

"Good night," Lum Goo agreed; and then, "What name you call what you do—two piece dice?"

"You mean crap shootin'? I calls it a kill n'."

"You savee China game, thlee dice, call um Sing Low?"

"No savee." The Wildcat was an obliging linguist, and affable enough with a preliminary show of curiosity to afford Lum Goo an opportunity of explaining the simple technic of the game.

See 'Ng Low, or Sing Low as it is pronounced by impatient addicts, is fast enough to give even a hardened crap shooter a new set of thrills. One-two-three loses, four-five-six or three of a kind wins, or the player's point is established by the odd die when a pair is thrown. His opponent wins or loses with one of the two extreme sequences, wins with three of a kind, or else loses with a point higher or lower than his predecessor's. Lum Goo demonstrated this to the Wildcat.

"Now you savee plenty good. You likee bet mebbe fitty cent?"

"How much money you got?" In the high tide of prosperity fitty-cent calisthenics meant useless work.

"I got lily bit money. You likee bet mebbe fitty dollum?"

"Shoots fifty!" the student agreed. "Gimme dem dice! Tumblin' triplets, on yo' way! Bam! An' I reads fo'-five-six! Whut you call dat?"

"Sing Low. You ketchum money."

"I know I does. Lets it lay. Shoots de hund'ed. Fade me, Lum Goo, whilst I learns you yo' national game. Dis time, triflin' trio, Sing High! Bam-dam! Dem singin' fools joins on de one-two-three funeral tune!"

"I bet two hundet dollum." Lum Goo pointed steadily at the pile of bank notes and squinted at the Wildcat with steady eyes that glinted in contradiction to the fixed smile that masked his face.

"Roll 'em, you is met opposition." The Wildcat laid half his remaining roll on the table. "Shoot whilst de losin' fever heats de dice."

"Sing Low! Tsai chia shang ih-tien! Get a lily bit mo! Hai!" and then, quietly, "He Sing Low."

"Sho' do! Damn dat Lady Luck! Whah at is dat dog-gone woman went? Gimme dem dice! Shoots my las' two hund'ed. Fade me an' hol' yo' breath." The Wildcat breathed the gin-scented breath of life upon the three dice in his left palm and cast them spinning, into the cash-fenced arena. "Bam! A pair wid a five! Five is my point! Takes a six to beat it."

He passed the dice to Lum Goo.

"Sing Low, Hai!" The yellow peril released his pets. "Su su k'au iu to-shao! Look see, count how many!"

The Wildcat took his look-see and counted a pair, with a winning six on the odd die. "Six yo' point—beats my five. You wins, an' Ise bust."

Lum Goo ended the conversation with the same words with which, ten minutes earlier, the Wildcat had begun it: "Pleasant wella dis evening."

"Not in dis place. Ise gwine up on de boat's roof whah de wind kin cool me off. You got it too hot inside dis kitchen. Neveh seed a place so hot!"

On deck a strong west wind did the best it could to cool the superheated gambler.

The Beagle, puttering along on a blind course, had cleared Fort Point and hesitated, abreast of Mile Rocks, between answering the impulse of her engines and the outgoing tide or succumbing to the fog-bearing wind that swept in from the sea.

The Wildcat spoke to the man at the wheel. "How she stackin'?"

"Stackin' all right. Can't see no use keepin' dem sail things up. Dey is a-holdin' us back. De wind's blowin' right in my face."

"Boy, you is a natural-born rear animal." The Wildcat roared an order into the darkness. "Git dem sail things outen de way. Kain't sail no boat de way de wind ain't blowin'."

Presently the impeding sails were out of the way and all was well. When the low wind-borne fog had veiled the twinkling lights around the Cliff House, toward which the man at the helm had instinctively swung his craft, another question came out of the darkness, aimed at the Wildcat's ears: "Kain't see which way to go. What does I do now?"

"You is doin' all right. Go just like you is. Dey is lots of room out heah. From now till us gits to Africa it's all plain sailin'."

The Wildcat voiced his creed of confidence as much for his own reassurance as for any other reason. A group of stockholders in the Cosmick Marateem enterprise had rallied around him. Now, responding to the influence of the uneasy open sea, one by one, members of this group began to suffer the first effects which the rolling deep exercises on land dwellers' stomachs.

When more than half the seasick voyagers had lined the rail the Wildcat realized that his own normally black complexion was fading to a sickly green. His companions' complaint department began working overtime to add to his troubles.

"Nemmine, boys, us hits de coast of Africa whah de gold an' dimuns is mighty soon."

An acute malady overtook him, but even in this the quiet enjoyment of his misery was interrupted. First of all a child's-size earthquake shook the Beagle. Then the earthquake's father brushed its offspring out of the way and demonstrated exactly what a full-grown earthquake could do when it got enthusiastic. At this moment the Wildcat roared his rallying call: "Come on, niggers! All out! Us is landed in Africa!"

A low surf whose crests were stilled in the lee of the Beagle's hull broke on the African coast, enabling pop-eyed bystanders to locate the dark line of the welcome land fifty feet from the Beagle's rail.

"Jump oveh de side and wade ashore! Dey ain't no gangplank!"

The Wildcat's main object in life was to get away from his embarrassing associates. He realized that the Beagle was beached, and, approximating his geography, he figured that they were somewhere around the wet end of Golden Gate Park. Over the side now and in water up to his waist, he looked back a moment and saw that he was being followed by an agitated crowd. He kept on going.

In the dark hour before dawn, trotting along the route of escape below San Bruno, the Wildcat went straight ahead across an open mud flat whose area was still soggy with the waters of the receding tide. He had covered twelve miles since the abrupt termination of the Beagle's voyage, and to this twelve miles he added twelve feet of tide-flat traverse before his own voyage ended. Eight feet of the tide-flat trip was in a horizontal direction and the other four feet was straight down. "Heah I is bogged down like a mule!" He floundered in the soft mud for a moment, and then, raising his impassioned voice in an appeal to Lady Luck, "Somebody better come heah!" he called. "Somebody better come an' git me!"

Nobody came and got him for more than two hours. During this long time he was alone in a world whose real dimensions he had never before appreciated.

"I neveh seed so much lonesome land. Ain't dey nobody no place on earth?"

Somebody was some place. A crew of surveyors running a preliminary line for a new highway down the peninsula were the first to answer the Wildcat's summons.

With advice from the transit man, a daring stake artist, aided and abetted by an agile back flag, shoved an extended level rod out across the mud to where the Wildcat could get a firm grip on salvation. A tug of war then by the devils of vacuum, adhesion and viscosity, opposed by three lusty members of the survey crew. Victory, as usual, for the engineers. They hauled their dilapidated trophy onto firm ground and looked him over. They listened to his story and in the midst of it the chief of the party discovered a vaudeville entertainment worth cherishing. The engineer checked his laughter long enough to ask the Wildcat a question: "Are you looking for a job?"

"Cap'n, yes-suh!"

The Wildcat felt that what he needed most was a job, and patrons, and plenty of friendly white folks between him and past events.

"Well, you've got one. Four dollars a day. Get yourself a new pair of pants and catch us down the line. We'll be workin' across the tide flats a mile from here."

"Cap'n, suh, us don' need no new pants. When dis mud dries some I cracks it off. Dey is good pants 'ceptin' fo' de mud."

A visiting party, made up of the locating engineer, a right-of-way man and two members of the highway commission, inspected their new and humble assistant shortly after the survey crew had languished through the noon hour. The Wildcat, watching the white folks out of the corners of his eyes, saw a lot of wild gestures and heard the beginning of a violent argument that had something to do with a choice of routes for the new highway. One of the commissioners orated with considerable heat.

"You know your costs and estimates and a hell of a lot more." He aimed his words at the locating engineer. "I'm fed up on saving one dollar and spending a thousand, just because some indoor mathematician proves that a mud road will hold up under truck traffic. What do I care for your stabilizing flotation and your angle of repose and all the rest of it! Stick to the high ground and get away from the mud! There's my best argument drying himself out in the sun." The orating commissioner pointed to the Wildcat. "Keep the line in the hills and away from these tide flats even if it costs ten times as much. If you don't, your traffic and your reputation and the whole bond issue will be stuck in the mud five times deeper than that nigger was."

The half-dry object lesson won the high-ground debate for the orating commissioner. Technical theory bowed to common sense. The locating engineer spoke to his transit man: "Forget your lower route. Run a high-line location through Millbrae and keep your line west of the present highway." He turned to the right-of-way agent. "There's some high-priced country up ahead. Maybe we had better look it over this afternoon."

The high-priced country along the high-line route included the Millbrae tulip farm and the line of the highway hit squarely down the center of the mascot goat's ravaged floral banquet. Grasping his opportunity, the progressive owner of the tulip farm sold a hundred-foot strip of right of way at a record-breaking price.

The survey crew, with the Wildcat trailing in its wake, retraced its course, setting cross-section stakes through the zone of the mascot's captivity.

The Wildcat had enjoyed a brief glimpse of the imprisoned Lily on the previous day, and now, covering the country at the slower gait imposed by the work of cross-sectioning the new highway, he asked his chief a question:

"Cap'n, suh, is de road goin' through dis flower bed?"

"It's going right where you see those stakes."

"Is you folks bought dis land f'm de wild man whut raises dese flowers?"

"Yes. Why, do you want some of these tulips?"

"No-suh, cap'n, thank you. I was jus' figgerin' out sumthin' else."

The Wildcat's figuring resulted in enough courage to carry him once more into the presence of the tulip-owning wild man. He essayed a preliminary statement concerning superfluous goats:

"Goats is mighty cheap now'days. Ise buying cheaper dan whut I did when I worked fo' de Universal Wool Hoe Company." A pause, and then the great question: "Cap'n suh, is you got any goats whut you cares to sell fo' mebbe fifty cents or six bits?"

The tulip-owning wild man, pleased with himself at the sale he had made to the highway commission, indulged himself in a generous deed.

"I've got a hairless goat that ate up half these tulips the other day. You can have him for nothing if you want him. Mighty glad to get rid of the blasted animal. Keeps me awake bleating all night. Go get the goat if you want it."

"Cap'n, yes-suh! Wuz thank-you-kindlys a nickel apiece, you is a millionaire."

Two minutes later Lily's leading string was clutched in the Wildcat's hand.

"Come 'long heah, goat! Shut up dat bellerin'! Foller 'long wid us road survivors to whar Lady Luck is waitin'. Next time you gits held for rancid I lets you stay. Quit eatin' dat gunny-sack raiment. Dey's a green-grass valley up ahead."

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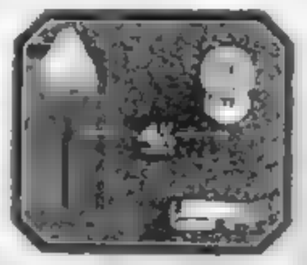

Installed 4 inches or more to right of brake—impossible to accidentally strike accelerator when applying brake. Positive action—easily attached to right hand side of motor. Nickel finish. $1.50 at all dealers.

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712-759 Ave. Milwaukee Wis.
Automotive Equipment
Fine Sellers of Quality

GLIMPSES OF OUR GOVERNMENT

(Continued from Page 42)

misunderstanding of the law, this power, forbidden to the Treasury, was exercised by it until a frank statement of the law corrected the matter. I wrote the President about this dispute that it was "merely the revival of an ancient combat settled fourteen years ago." Secretary McAdoo asked Congress to transfer the function back to the Treasury Department, and I wrote again to the President that I should not be under "the necessity of defending the integrity of my department against the attacks from a colleague."

The Espionage Act was drafted by Mr. A. L. Thurman, solicitor of the Department of Commerce, and was sent by me to Judge Adamson, chairman of the Interstate and Foreign Commerce Committee of the House of Representatives, who introduced the bill. The Trading With the Enemy Act was drawn by Mr. E. T. Quigley, our assistant solicitor, with the aid of an associate in his office, and was sent to the Department of Justice, whence it went to Congress and was introduced. In Congress the two bills were united into one. The original draft provided that the act should be administered by the Secretary of Commerce. To this the Treasury Department objected, demanded a hearing and insisted that it should be administered by them. Congress declined to interfere in a difference between two departments and passed the bill in such a way that the President was made responsible for deciding by whom it should be administered. He placed its execution with the Treasury Department.

The Secretary of the Navy once told me in a kindly way, but reflected the convictions of his department in what he said, that the Navy Department should have under its control "everything that floats." He had forgotten, if he ever knew, that the Bureau of Lighthouses had been created to remove that service, with its considerable fleet, from the jurisdiction of a board composed of army and navy officers. The two military departments did not get along well with this civilian engineering work, and experience led to legislation which wrought beneficial change. One has only to look at the recent hearings on the pending legislation for readjusting the departments to find this dispute sharply emphasized in connection with the Coast and Geodetic Survey.

Inherited Antagonism

The two services which together compose the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce were originally in the Department of State and were taken from it by the law which created the former Department of Commerce and Labor. There were those within the State Department who never forgot nor forgave this transfer and who sought either to replace it by the creation in their own bureau of new commercial officers or to secure legislation which would restore the lost functions. This went so far that President Wilson more than once at my request gave instructions that the antagonism should cease. It did not, and was carried later to such an extreme that a consul abroad was known to transmit by way of Washington information required by a commercial officer in the same European capital. This old quarrel has been active recently because of pending legislation, but has been allayed and, let us hope, ended by an executive order from President Coolidge which should make plain to the combatants that their loyalty is to the Government of the United States as a whole and is not limited to any one department of it.

The differences between the Interior Department and the Navy over naval oil reserves are not new. They were painfully familiar to Secretaries Lane and Daniels, to Attorney-General Gregory and to President Wilson. Daniels insisted on keeping the oil in the ground; Lane wanted it conservatively used. Many a time they had it back and forth over the cabinet table.

The Department of Agriculture disagreed with the Interior Department on the question of jurisdiction over national parks and forest reserves, each seeming to feel that it should have control of both and that the other department by reason of its separate authority was trespassing upon its rights.

These are but illustrations—they are not all. They did not, as I have said, originate with the secretaries, but were inherited by them. Some of them had a historical basis in the fact that the functions had once existed in an old department and had been removed to a new one. This left a feeling in the former abode not unlike that of some parents who can never realize that their child has grown up and has passed out of their parental control. The differences were accentuated by a course sometimes followed by department heads, of consulting with their division chiefs rather than their bureau chiefs. They got closer to the rails, to use a financial phrase, by this method, but at the cost of getting the narrow local view from the men of shorter vision. They represented, so to speak, the local opinion within each department as to what their functions ought to be, and they led to persistent appeals to Congress for changes in the law and to constant friction in doing the country's work. With rare exceptions this condition did not involve personal feeling between the cabinet members, because it was understood that the differences were traditional and our thoughts were more given to quieting the troubles than to promoting them.

Silencing the Critics

It is doubtless true that many of the difficulties arose from inept legislation, some of which was absurd, as, for example, the division of the jurisdiction over three kinds of bears in Alaska among three departments in Washington; or in lesser degree the making of the collectors of customs into officials both of the Treasury Department and of the Department of Commerce, performing functions definitely fixed by law for both departments though paid by one of them. Sometimes a department officer, even its chief, would in a sincere desire to serve undertake something quite outside his sphere, as when Secretary Lane during the war undertook to secure some steamships which he knew were necessary to transport men and supplies, supposing the matter to have been neglected. There has been pending for many months a plan to simplify and coördinate the working organization of the Government with a view to remedy the faults that may exist in the past legislation on the subject and to placate the opposing elements in these family rows by a fair adjustment of their functions. It receives small share of public interest, for there is neither politics nor scandal in it, but it is far more important to the country than many of the things which, being scandalous or political, are widely exploited.

Quite as characteristic of official life in Washington are the constant criticisms made by persons who have no knowledge whatever of the matters of which they speak. I was sometimes tempted to think that the knowledge of the critic was in inverse ratio to the extent and positiveness of the criticism. I am referring, of course, to the individual faultfinder who, being, let us say, a Democrat, thought everything wrong which was done by a Republican, and vice versa.

There was a steamer running between places on the New England coast about which some of the local public knew a great many things that were not so, and they were as voluble as ignorant. They kindly conveyed their caustic comments to me through my sister. It happened that there had been an earlier complaint about the vessel and I had caused our supervising inspector in Boston, who was also a trained seaman and shipmaster, to examine her personally. He reported her safe and sound, but in accord with the usual practice of the service she was regularly examined four times a year. That made no difference; the talk went on. When, however, the critics got after one of the ladies of my family I told her that I wished to stamp out the rumor once and for all and would take the method that we had adopted successfully in a similar case. So I wrote her:

> You may say to anyone speaking to you upon the subject that if any responsible citizen will put in writing a request to that effect I will cause a special inspection of the vessel to be made in the presence of that person or any other person he may select. This will be, of course, without expense and will be open for all to know the facts. I would not cause the reinspection to be made unless or until the person making the complaint will be present throughout that reinspection either in person or by deputy. He would then be expected to point out the weaknesses to which he refers and to show such basis as in his judgment existed for his complaints. If he is unwilling to do this or to have some person whom he trusts do it for him, the matter must drop, for the service cannot operate on baseless rumors. . . .
>
> Furthermore, you may say that if this does not strike any critic as fair he is at liberty, and is indeed invited, to state what would be so.

This ended the matter; the critics would talk, but they would not write.

There were certain parties in Washington engaged in the business of sending out periodic statements of what they alleged to be information to business organizations, which these bodies in turn would transmit to their members. A former associate sent me some of this stuff and asked about it. Part of it had to do with imaginary phases of the Clayton Act, which was then pending, and the complaint was made that President Wilson was more accessible to labor than he was to business men. I wrote to my friend:

> This is another case where evil is assumed which does not exist. . . . What reaches you is altered and distorted by the medium through which it comes, and I, to be frank, do not see how you can form accurate opinions.
>
> I hope . . . to take up further that portion of your letter which relates to the accessibility of the President. I will simply say that ten business men have seen him, aye twenty to one representing labor. Business men see him every day. I can arrange an appointment for you or for any other business man on any sufficient notice to cover current engagements. I can name to you many of the most prominent business men of the country who have seen and talked with him. This again is a dream which will not bear the light for a moment.

Not all business bodies drew their alleged information from uninformed sources. It was a pleasure to write, in June, 1914, to a friend connected with the technical press:

> I have in thought the calmness and candor which marked the National Foreign Trade Convention recently held here. There was no rancor or abuse or bitterness. Neither was there any absence of frankness in criticism, but it was of a constructive character. That convention did good. It drew men together who were seeking a common purpose, though perhaps in different ways; it made them more appreciative of one another and less antagonistic. This is what I had in mind when I spoke with you.

The ignorance and the narrow prejudice from which the business world suffered ten years ago and by reason of which it was not only often misinformed but harassed, has been greatly ameliorated by the development of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States. This great business body, ably and impartially led, with its committees selected from all over the country but centered through permanent executive heads in Washington, provides a certitude for the commercial world which did not exist until this chamber developed its present organization. Today its touch is constant with Congress and the departments, and by means of it the darkness of rumor has largely given place to calm, clear, reliable statements of fact.

Literary Patchwork

Among the minor but troublesome pests of Washington are two small groups of men who live by their wits, to which might be added, as respects the second group, by their wickedness. The first forms the underworld of journalism; the second is the more degraded underworld of politics. A public man when preparing an address often has a good many copies multigraphed in order to supply them in advance to the press. It is always easy, therefore, to secure such copies. By obtaining them regularly a collection can be gathered in a few weeks or months which provides the journalistic parasite with the views of the man under whose name he purposes for the time to operate. Taking a group of speeches delivered over a considerable period of time by his unconscious victim, he proceeds to dissect them and to build up from their fragments a new literary or oratorical structure such as he thinks will suit some publication. It matters not that the fragments are taken from addresses treating of different themes or delivered before unlike audiences. The literary adjuster looks out for that by originating from what serves him for a brain such connecting clauses as will knit the parts into a plausible whole.

(Continued on Page 54)

News of First National Pictures

Where Rare Drama Blends with Pictorial Splendor

ONE would expect Barbara La Marr, with her exotic, rich-toned personality, in a screen story that moves against a background of luxury and gorgeousness. "Sandra," in which she appears with Bert Lytell, is that kind of a picture. It blends a lively, interesting story with scenes of pictorial splendor.

Sandra is a woman of two personalities. One self is the woman her husband married; the other a strange, adventurous creature whose craving for romance carries her to strange places amid strange people. Read the novel by Pearl Doles Bell and prepare for the photoplay.

"Madonna of the Streets"

"THERE'S genius behind that picture." This was one critic's verdict when the theatre lights flashed after the showing of "Madonna of the Streets." And genius there must be. A story that tears a piece out of life and sends the emotions surging through the heart can't be of common origin. Nazimova and Milton Sills are the central figures of this drama that moves from fashionable London to London's Limehouse where suffering humanity fights its way through poverty, squalor and sin. Edwin Carewe is the builder of the picture. He has created one of the most powerful, human and intense photoplays we have ever seen.

Count on entertainment when your local theatre advertises this picture. It is a triumph for Mr. Carewe, for Nazimova, who returns to the screen after a two years' absence, for Mr. Sills, and for W. B. Maxwell, the author of the story.

Nazimova and Milton Sills in "Madonna of the Streets"

Corinne Griffith Again

CORINNE GRIFFITH has finished her latest production, "Love's Wilderness," which will be shown in prominent theatres early next month. The beautiful star of "Black Oxen," "Lilies of the Field" and "Single Wives," has a new type of story here which takes its principals from the realms of society to tropical seas and to the bleak wastes of the northland. Miss Griffith, seen on the right, was never more appealing. The picture is a before-Christmas gift from First National to moviegoers of the nation.

A Best-Seller Becomes a Best Movie

A GOOD story is always good no matter whether you read it, hear it, or see it on the screen. That was Thomas H. Ince's belief when he purchased the movie rights of Kathleen Norris's best seller, "Christine of the Hungry Heart." And, under Mr. Ince's supervision and George Archainbaud's direction, the picture is even more vivid and fascinating than the novel. It is a drama of one woman's search for happiness, and the winding path of her quest is filled with romance and adventure.

Above are Florence Vidor, who plays the title role, and Warner Baxter. Clive Brooks plays the leading masculine role, and other favorites in the cast are Ian Keith and Walter Hiers. "Christine of the Hungry Heart" is well worth watching for at your local theatre.

Questions on First National pictures and players will be answered by John Lincoln, editor, First National Pictures, Inc., 383 Madison Avenue, New York City.

May Breath Free

Send Coupon for a Box

To Be Nice

Always a sweet breath—a purer breath —a breath with the odor of spring

May Breath is for dainty people who seek to please and charm. And who know how common, how offensive is bad breath.

You meet it in countless contacts, and you shrink away. Yet the offender is usually unaware. Consider that you, at some time, may offer a like offense.

Smoking causes odors which may seriously offend. So may decaying food between the teeth, or affected teeth or gums. So may a stomach disorder, or certain foods or drinks.

Safety lies in May Breath. Always carry with you. Before any close contact eat a tablet. Make sure that the breath will please.

Do that always, in fairness to yourself, in courtesy to others.

A mere breath perfume will not do. It suggests concealment. It is clearly an effort to overwhelm one odor with another.

May Breath is an antiseptic mouth wash in candy tablet form. It combats the bad odors, whether arising in the mouth or stomach.

It overcomes the offense—by substituting the scent of purity, the odor of spring.

Everybody wants them

May Breath is something everybody wants. Everyone who cares for good impressions.

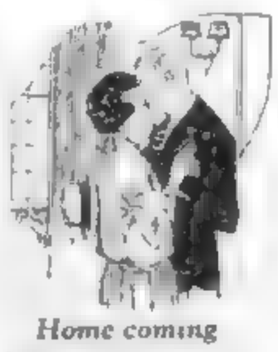
Men carry in vest pockets, women in their bags, to eat as occasion requires. They bring to every greeting, every contact, a sweet breath.

Eat one on waking, to overcome the tastes and odors morning often brings.

Let us send you a free box to show the delights. Clip the coupon now.

May Breath is candy tablets, designed to deodorize the breath. Not a mere perfume, but an antiseptic purifier, in form to carry with you.

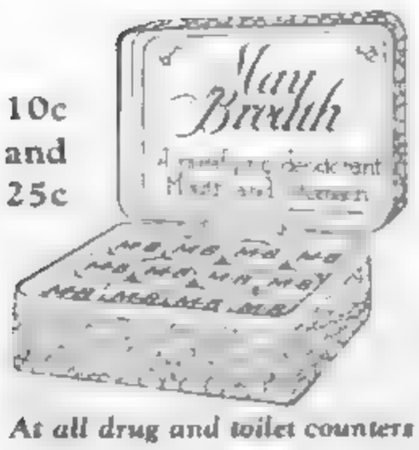
Cigar odors
Quell them before you dance.



Home coming
Bring to every greeting a sweet breath.

Added charm
Before every contact eat a May Breath tablet. It means an added charm.

May Breath not yet available for Canadian distribution



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(Continued from Page 52)

To the assembled lot made of extracts from different addresses thus mobilized into new formations, he gives the name of the speaker and offers the creation for sale in whatever quarter a market may be found.

It is surprising how well the scheme works—for a time. An editor may readily recall or have on record that the views expressed are those of the supposed author, and may therefore receive the effusion in good faith. It would take very careful reading to detect the composite character of the article as he receives it, and it is bought and printed in all sincerity. Therefore, not once but several times in my own experience I found myself the alleged author of magazine articles that I had never written, and it took me some time to discover how my views, somewhat mixed, indeed, were so well known to editors to whom I had never sent them, and how my name became attached to them when jumbled together in what seemed disconnected paragraphs. I knew they were disconnected, for here was something said in New York, there a statement made in Chicago, again an extract from an address in Texas here they were, fetched from afar and massed by an unknown hand into novel and sometimes peculiar relations. If the editors had asked me to read proofs the scheme would not have worked so well so long. At last the composer tried his hand on a careful editor who did send proofs, and so the collector's device was brought to light. He admitted what he had done, described the process as I have explained it, and insisted it was entirely legitimate and proper. But there were no more strange articles under my name after the exposure.

This first group is often amusing, almost always harmless, but the second one is quite the reverse. It is, of course, wholly without organization and is made up of separate individuals who follow similar lines of intrigue for personal profit in a field well suited to their peculiar talents. The operators are of many kinds, with backgrounds as various as their activities. Some are former government employes discharged for cause and filled with venom against those who were their superiors; others are survivors of some ancient contractor's service who have acquired some expert knowledge tempered with malignity toward those who they think are the cause of their personal misfortunes; others again are the flotsam and jetsam of the spoils system who for some unusual demerit have fallen by the wayside and are eager to restore their fortunes.

Underground Politicians

These creatures possess ordinarily a thorough knowledge of the minor moves of politics and of the weaknesses and predilections of politicians. They know extremely well how to play upon the prejudices of legislators, and some of them are gifted with exceptional powers of making the worse appear the better reason. Occasionally one of them, before his fall, has rendered good service to some branch of the Government, and uses this record as the foundation on which he unscrupulously but very skillfully builds his structure of falsehoods. These men are of no party, or rather they are of all parties interchangeably. Their motive is often revenge, subordinated always to their pressing financial necessities. I have known them, as Shakspere says, to "fawn on men, and hug them hard, and after scandal them," but always with a keen eye to their personal fortunes concealed beneath a smooth, oily, verbal devotion to the public welfare. These men specialize on new legislators and on those unfamiliar with their particular subject, taking quick advantage of any phrase that a senator or representative may use which will give them an opening. They are too astute to deal with small fry and therefore they seek those whom they think influential and especially those who they believe desire to become so. Hence now and again, through some new and ardent spokesman, an ancient scandal, often heard and as often answered, is brought to the reluctant ears of officials with whom it has almost become a habit to deny it. Those who have followed recent investigations before Senate committees will need no further illustrations of the unscrupulous and untrustworthy character of the men who bring random and sweeping charges against public officials.

These workers in the cellar passages of politics do not often emerge upon the surface, nor are their names mentioned in the press. Publicity is fatal to them, although their personalities and sinister activities are painfully clear in the recollections of many a public official. Once and again, however, light is thrown on them in connection with some investigation in which they appear posing as experts or as witnesses drawn unwillingly from the obscurity in which they find their chief opportunities. They are not all localized in Washington, but come and go as occasion demands, appearing whenever some public inquiry affords them a field suitable for carrying out their unscrupulous purposes.

Another activity which is closely related to public affairs has its center and source in our national capital. That is the creation and transmission of personal and political gossip. This plague is endemic in Washington, where the germ is active and widespread. The acuteness of the attacks from which its victims suffer varies with time and place, but walking cases are always to be found. Some are at department desks, others in congressional offices or in senatorial cloakrooms, even in the cabinet room itself. They specialize in haunting newspaper offices and are not unknown in social parlors, clubs and restaurants. Not always or often scandalous, yet they have little respect for persons or character, and not always meticulous regard for truth. The disorder is at least impartial, for neither man nor woman, President nor bureau chief is immune. On the whole, the most desperate contagion breaks out among journalists, with whom the disease is apt to become chronic, and a creative mania frequently seizes the victim. One correspondent, for example, admitted to my secretary that his dispatches concerning my resignation were imaginary. He agreed to send no more of them on condition of being informed promptly if and when it took place. Some of the results are accomplished works of imagination, not poetry indeed, surely not prose, quite often fiction.

Fevered Imaginations in Action

There is scandalous talk, of course, too much of it of the sort that affords malignant laughter to prurient minds and out of innocent trifles builds mountains of lies. There is that innuendo which is whispered by the cowardly tongues of those who dare not speak open evil. But political gossip, even when it deals in the unreal, does so usually with decency. It has a curious power of impressing itself upon the minds of millions who cannot know the circumstances of its birth or the futility which is its chief characteristic. On the whole, it is more amusing than harmful, for facts as they pass in powerful progress over the public stage thrust these children of fevered imaginations into the limbo where they belong. It is trite to say that there are great journalists in Washington, and good ones who are not great, who have the public confidence and who deserve the trust. But the public maw is open wide and must be fed with political or personal stories, and where there are no actual stories or not enough of them, what is a poor writer to do but invent them?

Statements are frequently made about conditions and conduct in Washington that exist only in the fevered imaginations of writers or in the will to think evil of political adversaries. Even the ladies of the cabinet are not spared. A letter came from a modiste in New York to my wife, reading: "Is it true that the ladies of the cabinet wear only gowns from imported fabrics?" The writer proceeded to say that this statement had been made to her, and she thought the "easiest way was to ask the question direct." The answer, of course, was that the statement was incorrect. So were thousands of other statements repeated from tongue to tongue, growing as they went and becoming more specific as they grew. There is a very unlovely streak in American character which turns political differences into attacks on personal character and which rolls these false figments of fancy under the tongue and repeats them from mouth to mouth as if to do so were evidence of keen powers of penetration. We seem particularly prone to malign our Presidents, and few of them escape calumny. It is not the unlettered or obscure who do this thing; it is rather those who pride themselves on being clever and discerning and who seem to regard their very sins as evidences that they are such.

Editor's Note—This is the eighth of a series of articles by Mr Redfield. The next will appear in an early issue

Fit for Her

In the melody of good dress, one cannot escape the rich undertone of silk clad ankles. Beautiful ankles are never more beautiful than when Real Silk Hosiery plays its part.

This, women of taste know; and they welcome the trusted representative of the Real Silk Hosiery Mills when he comes to the home and decorously spreads before them silk hosiery in all the Parisian shades of the hour—colors galore.

And they welcome the revival of this fine old custom of home buying, knowing full well that, aside from its convenience and satisfaction—under this method of buying direct from our mills your silk hosiery *costs less.*

To insure service, top, toe and heel are made of finest lisle. Every pair is guaranteed

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This Coupon Brings to You Miss Harford's New Color Harmony Chart FREE . . . . .

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Please have Miss Harford send me, without cost or obligation, the Real Silk Color Harmony Chart

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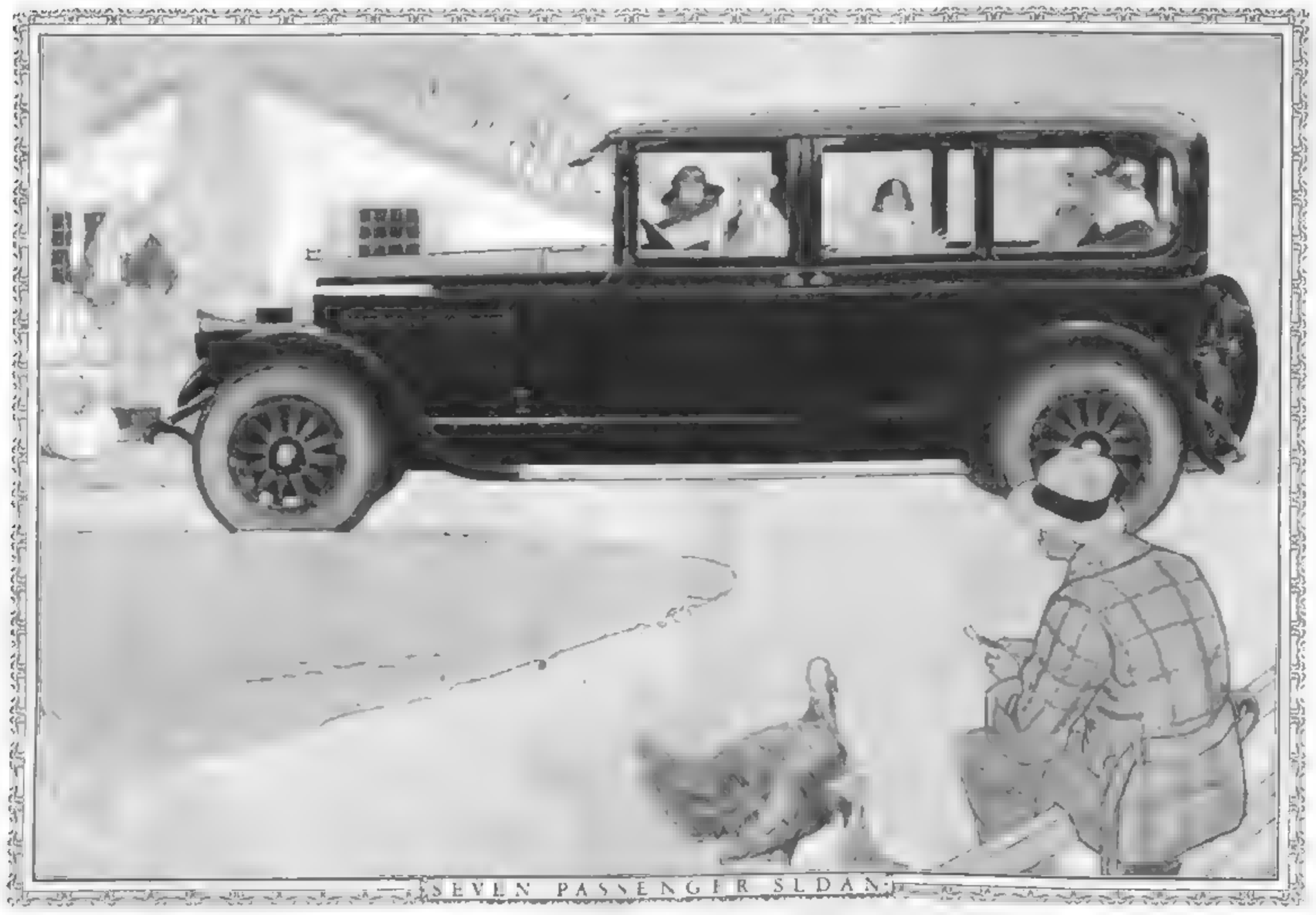
City State

PIERCE-ARROW

Series 80



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Pierce-Arrow Products include passenger cars of two types, the Pierce-Arrow Dual Valve Six and the Pierce-Arrow Series 80, motor buses (Type 51 Pierce-Arrow Motor Buses) Pierce-Arrow Heavy Duty Motor Trucks

Series 80 Wheelbase	130 inches
Series 80 Engine	6 cylinders
Standard Equipment	Balloon Tires
	Pierce-Arrow Four Wheel Safety Brakes

The credit facilities of the Pierce-Arrow Finance Corporation, a Pierce-Arrow banking institution, are extended to purchasers of Pierce-Arrow cars

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 32)

ROMEO: Uh-huh. A swell-elegant one! I gits me mo' tips ev'y day'n Epic Peters does in a week's po'terin'!

AUNT SALLY *(heard within):* Juliet Washington Lee, if yo' is moonin' out deah on de balcony, yo' come right in an' he'p wid the ironin'!

JULIET: Deah she is! Good night, Rummy!

ROMEO: Sayin' good night to yo', Julie, is such a sweetness I reckon as how I'll jus' keep on sayin' it till I gits me into trouble! Honey, is yo' goin' to meet me termorrer?

JULIET: If the objectoriness of yo' love is hon'ble; an' yo' means gittin' hitched

ROMEO: Tha's the onliest thing I does mean! There ain't no gal in Bummin'ham c'd git me goin' like yo'!

JULIET: Tickle my tongue, but yo' shuah talks flossy! But min' now, no fumadiddles!

ROMEO *(descending):* Says which? *(Lattice breaks; he falls heavily to ground.)*

JULIET: Oh, Rummy! Is yo' hu't?

ROMEO *(groaning):* I is shuah busted infernally!

AUNT SALLY *(heard within):* What yo' doin', Juliet Washington Lee? Yo' come right in heah!

[ROMEO *rises with alacrity and beats a retreat.*]

JULIET: Oh, yo' Rummy! Hsst! At ha' pas' fo', termorrer! Remember!

ROMEO: I ain't fergittin'! *(Aside as he mounts the wall):* Jus' the same, if I kain't borrer ten dollars to pay the pa'son, I won't be on han'!

CURTAIN

—*Clarence Mansfield Lindsay.*

Epitaphs

SHED a tear as you pass for these remnants of Drake's,
He thought it was wasteful to reline his brakes.

Under this spot
Lies Absalom Ott,
In all the spring rains
He wouldn't use chains;
So, under this spot
Lies Absalom Ott.

Ed Jones is lost to earthly wiles,
He tried a curve at fifty miles.

Beneath this turf lies William Meek,
He used a match on a gas-tank leak.

Bill Wilson never drives out nights,
He broke his neck without his lights.

Jo Johnson occupies this bunk,
He tried to drive while he was drunk.

Here lie the remains of Smith and his flivver,
He made a bad guess on the ice in the river.

She laid her head on his shoulder,
He laid his foot on the gas;
And he grasped the wheel with his left hand,
With his right he held the lass.
And a steep, rough grade
That was newly made
Brought them both to this mournful pass.

She stalled her boat on a railroad track,
She's gone very far and she won't be back.

He tried to pass, and he didn't blow –
So he's gone where all bum drivers go.

He couldn't see around the bend
While on the left –
And that's the end.

His car was the last on a ferryboat,
And when he started he didn't note
That he slipped his gears into reverse,
So he traveled here in a two-horse hearse.

—*W. T. O'Connor.*

The Lover Consults His Thesaurus

OH, LADY, woman, female, filly,
Dame, maiden, flapper, Jane,
You've made me nutty, crazy, silly,
Unbalanced, mad, insane.

I worship, adulate and love you,
Admire, adore, acclaim,
I swear by heaven up above you
For you I glow, burn, flame,

Flare, fulminate, consume and smolder,
Seethe, broil and incandesce;
For, to the eye of this beholder,
Your style, charm, loveliness,

Bloom, beauty, pulchritude and fairness
Unmatched, unrivaled are,
And of such pricelessness and rareness
That never comet, star,

Sun, satellite, orb, world or planet
Holds comparable grace
To yours; and every time I scan it
I know that all through space

You are unique, lone, solitary,
Supreme, without a peer.
I say this in a fashion very
Frank, honest, true, sincere.

And should you pick some other fellow,
Guy, gink, gazabo, bird,
I'd turn blue, green and sickly yellow,
I would, upon my word.

I'd loathe, abhor, abominate him,
Disrelish and detest,
Envenom, execrate and hate him
With vigor, vim and zest.

My love will not change, shift or falter,
But stay, remain, abide.
Come, let us march up to the altar
Be wed, spliced, married, tied!

—*Berton Braley.*

Parlorcaritis

Dear Doc Dumble: I have been doing fine in the patent medicine business and I am going to build a private car. How does one name a private car? JOE TUFLUK.

Dear Joe: If there is more than one in the family one does not name a private car. However, in the best car-naming circles you get together a lot of words and the first night you happen to be at home try them out on your old ukulele and select the word you are bumping off when the police knock on the door. You might try these:

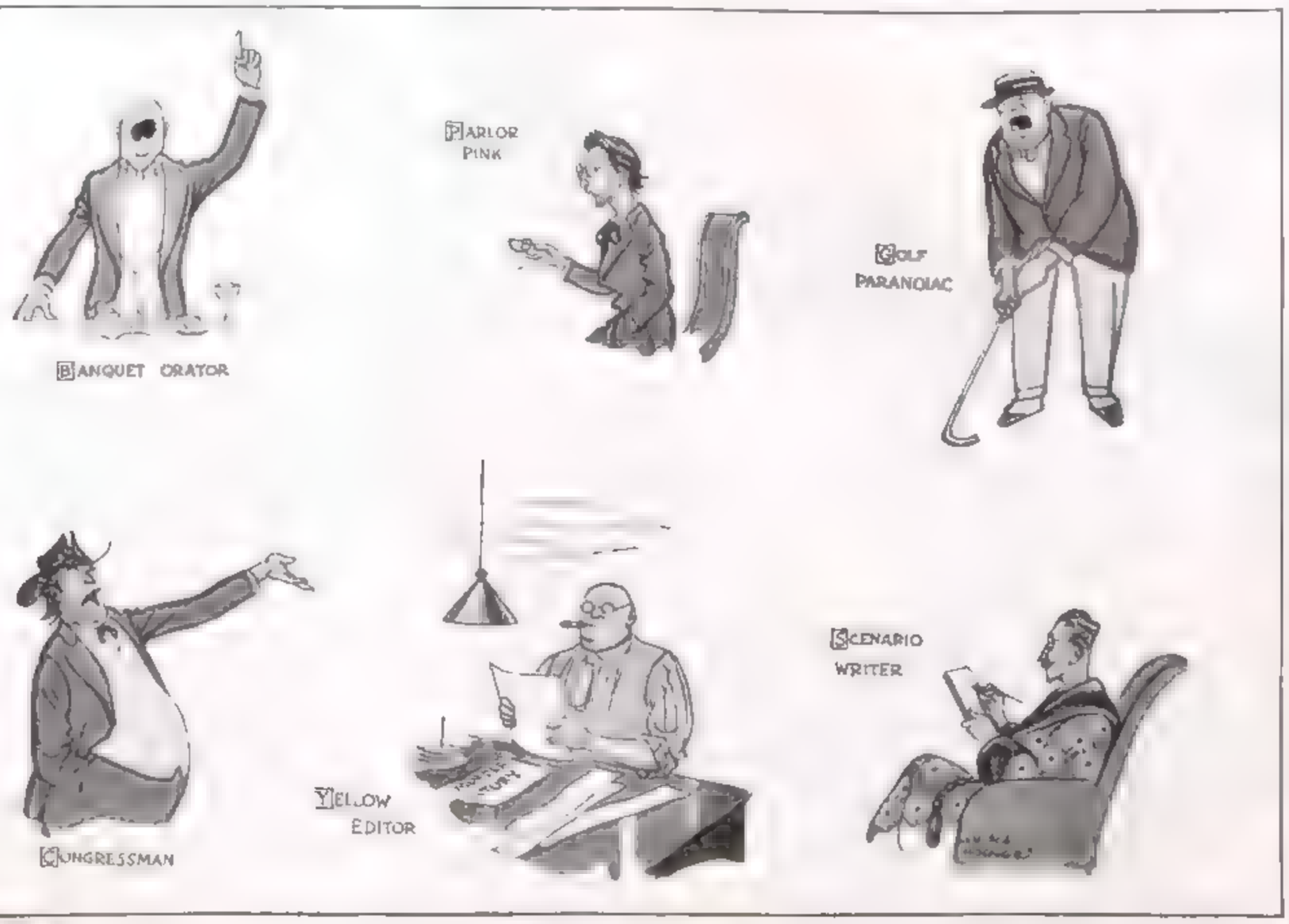
OSHKOSH, KALAMAZOO,
CONSHOHOCKEN, BARABOO,
POCATELLO, NANTY GLO,
CORONADO, KOKOMO,
WAWATOSA, WAUKESHA,
SANTA ROSA, WICHITA,
SHAKOPEE, OCONOMOWOC,
MENOMINEE AND PONTOTOC,

TUSCALOOSA, KANKAKEE,
OSKALOOSA, BATTERSEA,
MAMARONECK, DANNEMORA,
ALIQUIPPA, TUSCARORA,
TONAWANDA, HACKENSACK,
WALLA WALLA, FOND DU LAC,
WILLACOOCHEE, OLD TYRONE,
POCOMOKE AND PEOTONE.

ARTICHOKE, LIMBURGER CHEESE,
RUTABAGA, ORANGE SQUEEZE,
CAULIFLOWER, BREAKFAST FLAKES,
HOT TAMALES, BUCKWHEAT CAKES,
PICKLED TRIPE AND APPLESASS,
ASPARAGUS AND SASSAFRAS,

SILVER BUCKLES, SILKEN HOSE,
SWEET EXPRESSION, POWDERED NOSE,
HOTTENTOT AND BELLE AMIE,
SANS CULOTTE AND TOOT FINNEE.

—*H. L. Mortimer.*



"What America Stands For"

They had to believe him

A triumph for Peter-

The neighbors of Daniel Peter in Vevey, Switzerland, for a long time thought he was wasting his time. But one day he invited them over to his house.

"Try that," he said, handing them each a rich, dark brown bar.

And then the exclamations—the congratulations!

For there was no doubt now; Peter had triumphed indeed.

The *Peter's perfect blend!* A flavor unique today—smooth and rich—a fine, rare flavor that only *Peter's* has.

Fresh, pure milk is supplied daily from highest grade milch cows for blending in *Peter's*.

Peter's is different—distinctive—*good*. You'll like the fine rare flavor of it. Ask for *Peter's* today.

Send 20 cents for the famous PETER'S assortment package—plain—almond—croquettes. Peter Cailler Kohler Swiss Chocolates Co., Inc., 129 Hudson St., New York, N. Y.

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Pimento
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Also 5 varieties
in tins

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Book Sep. 11

Invisible Quality

ONLY a very few of the things that make Kraft Cheese superior are visible.

The size, shape and style of package of Kraft Cheese are readily apparent and easily imitated. But care in selection, in curing and ageing, in blending, and the facilities to do it properly, are not so easily seen; neither are the years of practical experience apparent, nor the knowledge and skill that produces its unequaled quality. So the flavor and quality of Kraft Cheese are never successfully imitated.

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KRAFT-MACLAREN CHEESE CO., LTD.
MONTREAL, CANADA
Made and Known in Canada as Kraft Canadian Cheese

Decidedly Better

FEWER AND BETTER

(Continued from Page 6)

ourselves has been at some time an immigrant in the discard?

Whatever it be, it is real, poignant, deep. It hurts. And all that anyone can do to lessen the number of immigrants who come here only to be so stopped and turned back is work in the world that is well worth doing. Every one of the five hundred of us who do the Government's work here at the island thinks so. Yes, we know it is so, better than anyone else. To be part of such an effort is a privilege, and more.

In this very field one of the best things the new law has done is to put a stop to this transatlantic quota jockeying, with all its attendant misery that at times made the running of Ellis Island a distressing affair for immigrants and officials alike. Today the immigrants are counted against the quotas, not here at the gate as they arrive, but at our consulates abroad, before ever they start the journey. There is no such thing as excess quota any more. The quota gamble of the long voyage has gone forever. The immigrant of today knows he is within the quota the minute he receives his immigration visa from the consul nearest to his home abroad before he starts. If the quota is full he does not receive the visa; he waits until the quota is open again. Consuls issue visas only up to the limit of the quotas; there is excellent machinery to insure that. And the immigrant may not land here without the visa, unless he be an immigrant's baby born after the issuing of the visa to the mother. So he does not start without a visa, because that would be hopeless. He waits. Then when his turn comes he receives the visa and comes along, with his entry here absolutely guaranteed so far as the quota count is concerned.

By that one stroke of counting them before they start instead of after they arrive, the new immigration law has done more for humanity's sake than you ever can believe unless you are one of us here at Ellis Island who saw and knew what used to go on and who see and know what now goes on.

Congestion Under the Old Law

Then there was the cry of congestion at Ellis Island, that used to be bandied about by the foreign propagandists along with the excess-quota cry. That was true, too, until July 1, 1924. Both slogans were so true that it was not only foreign agitators who took them up but thousands and thousands of good Americans as well. There was congestion at Ellis Island over and over again, directly due to the provision of the old law that not more than 20 per cent of any nation's annual quota might come into the United States in any one month. The intention back of the provision was excellent. The idea was to prevent the whole 100 per cent of the quota hurrying in as soon and as fast as possible after the quota year should open, on the first day of any July. There would never be more than 20 per cent come in any one month, it was reasoned; so that there would, at the least, be five installments of it all in the year. That was all very well as far as it went. But the slightest forward look would have made it clear that, instead of one rush at the beginning of the year to get here in time, there would inevitably be five different rushes, at the beginning of each of the first five months of the year. And these rushes would be of the utmost intensity, because the field of each monthly gamble would be narrowed to only one-fifth of the quota field for the whole year. That meant congestion concentrated in the first few days of each month of the first five, with comparative ease in the latter parts of those months.

On top of all that it meant that nearly the whole quota immigration of the year would come in during the first five months of the year instead of being spread over the whole twelve months.

Nothing could have been worse. The expected happened. Last year nearly 95 per cent of the year's quota immigration came in during the first five months. Only Iceland, Fiume and a few other countries failed to fill their quotas in that time. During the first weeks of July, August, September, October and November of 1923 there were fits of congestion at Ellis Island that were beyond all possibility of control. Thousands of immigrants waited six, seven and even eight days in ships at the hot piers until their turn came to be taken to the island for an examination lasting one minute. Hundreds more than decency should allow stayed here in detention. The whole place was taxed to the point of bursting. The inspection itself became necessarily perfunctory. At no time was it what it should be. For the moment the problem was one of handling an immense and concentrated traffic of human beings, under impossible conditions, rather than one of careful, orderly inspection of each immigrant to determine whether or not he were fit, under the law, to be admitted to the United States. To call such a mêlée farcical is to be gentle with it.

Today, under the new law, all that has changed. The traffic is controlled and held uniform at the source. Consuls may not issue in any one month more than 10 per cent of the annual quota number of visas allotted to any given nationality. This insures a uniform, steady flow of arrivals. As a rule almost the whole 100 per cent of the allowed visas for a year will be in the hands of the immigrants by May first, the day that marks the end of the first ten months of the immigration fiscal year beginning July first. And the issuance will have been at an even gait. Then in May and June the odds and ends of quota balances for the year will be taken up.

There will always be such odds and ends, just because our consul general in London, for instance, who controls the British quota, can never know, until after the end of a month, how many visas were issued to Britons during the month.

If the British all lived in London he could know from minute to minute. But the British do not all live in London. They live all over the world. So do the Czechs, Turks, Swedes, Swiss and all the rest, the same as ourselves.

An American consul in Hong-Kong, we'll say, or Bombay, or Buenos Aires, will receive from a Briton an application for an immigration visa to the United States. The consul in Hong-Kong, or wherever he may be, cables or writes to our consul general in London asking that one place in the British quota be allotted to him out of the total 10 per cent supply for the current month. The consul general in London cables back to the consul in Hong-Kong, giving him authority to issue one visa out of the British quota. Or he cables that the Briton in Hong-Kong must wait six months or a year, because there are too many other Britons ahead of him in other parts of the world. The whole thing is first come, first served, in order of application and without favoritism. So it goes with our consul general in Berlin. He is quota-control officer for Germans all over the world. And so with every other nationality. An intricate world-wide net it is, excellently contrived and excellently managed, with the center of it all in the State Department at Washington.

Filling Up the Quotas

Whatever word comes back to that Briton in Hong-Kong, however, he may have changed his mind in the interim, so that he will not accept the visa when it comes. Or he may die. Or the cable may come on the last day of the month and be just too late. Or his wife may suddenly decide to go along with him, which means more cabling. Or if our consul at Hong-Kong has received a supply of British quota visas in advance at the beginning of the month, he may suddenly discover, in the last day or two of the month, that the demand which he anticipated when he asked for the advance supply has not come to fruit. Then it will be too late to get word of the open places back to the consul general in London in time for that fast-hopping official to allot the open places to other Britons in other parts of the world—or even around the corner in London—before the last minute of the month has ticked its way into history. So there again will begin the accumulation of the spare places for May and June.

Or it may be that the French quota, say, has not been under much pressure during the winter. By May only 82 per cent of the annual quota for France has been exhausted, with all comers cared for. Then in May there comes a sudden rush of French cooks and maids headed for American homes in the United States—curious idea! But it might happen—a sudden westward spurt of chefs from Paris! Promptly the American consul general in Paris slips the visas to the chefs; and, presto, they are on their way! For he still has 18 per cent of all his visas unissued and ready.

Or any one of a thousand other contingencies may happen.

In any event, May and June are there on hand to fill up the quotas to the hilt and so carry out to the last visa the good faith of our Government in setting a figure for a given quota and then living up to it.

There are several things that can prevent the complete filling of a quota. One is the failure of the immigrants themselves to ask, in season and in sufficient numbers, for the allowed number of visas. Another is the death of the immigrant after he received his visa or his last-minute decision not to migrate after all. Another is the exclusion and deportation of an immigrant who comes here with a quota visa, but is found, upon arrival, to be inadmissible by reason of some physical or other defect. His place cannot be filled by another immigrant; it is a blank forever. This does away with a sure snarl in quota bookkeeping. Also it provides an incentive to steamship companies to bring us only such immigrants as we can admit. It tends to improve the quality of immigration. It is no fun for a steamship company to bring an immigrant over here, only to have him rejected, and then carry him back deadhead and pay a heavy fine besides, without even the chance of trying another fellow on us in his place later on. Nor is it any fun for the immigrant himself. We want to stop these fruitless journeys of immigrants, with disappointment and despair at the end. We insist on steamship coöperation to that end. And, as the world wags, the best degree of cooperation in any endeavor is that which comes from a lively tingling of the pocket nerve.

Examinations More Thorough

When the immigrant receives his visa nowadays he usually comes right along, fast. But he need not do that. The new law gives him four months, after the visa is issued, within which to ship for the United States. That is time enough within which to sell the old cow, pack up the party clothes, say good-by to the old folks, doctor the children out of their colds, buy a steamship ticket and scurry along. Four months is enough.

The result of this 10 per cent visa control, with four months for the use of the visa, is the entire abolition of the old fits of congestion at Ellis Island. As the issuance of the visas follows the even 10 per cent a month tenor of its way, so the immigrants arrive here in an even, steady stream instead of by the old fits and starts. Here is a second benefit from the new law that is just as valuable as the counting of the immigrants abroad before they start. There is no more excess-quota trouble, nor is there any more Ellis-Island-congestion trouble. Both have disappeared. With the immigrant assured of his quota place before he starts, he is now assured also a prompt examination when he arrives. At times a convergence of many ships arriving close together will delay examination a day or two. But those occasions are rare. Usually the immigrant comes to Ellis Island the same day he arrives in port—if his ship comes up the bay in time—and if he passes the examination he leaves the island and goes ashore the same day—admitted, free! The business is done.

Most important of all, he has received a real examination. The medical examination is intensive, and so is all the rest. It is a fine sieve he has to go through nowadays at Ellis Island; and for the sake of our own country every one of us will say, "The finer the better!"

The only fly in the ointment of this more thorough examination is the increasing tendency of aliens to travel first or second class and thus avoid the fine sifting of Ellis Island; for it is only the third class that comes to the island for examination. The two other classes are examined by inspectors and doctors who board the ship at Quarantine and do their work right on the ship as she comes up the bay, warps in and rests at the pier. For years this has been the practice, because for years the distinction between third class and first or second class has marked the broad difference between the traditional immigrant on the one hand, and the tourist, or visitor, or casual

How about those "old" things in your attic?

WHY not make them new—with Da-cote Enamel—and bring them downstairs where they belong?

Da-cote is high quality Murphy Varnish and finest pigments ground to a creamy, easy-flowing consistency.

As you brush it on with easy strokes, the shabby, dull surface disappears and a lustrous, beautiful surface takes its place. After you finish flowing Da-cote on the bruised, marred surface of your car, try it on some of the objects below.

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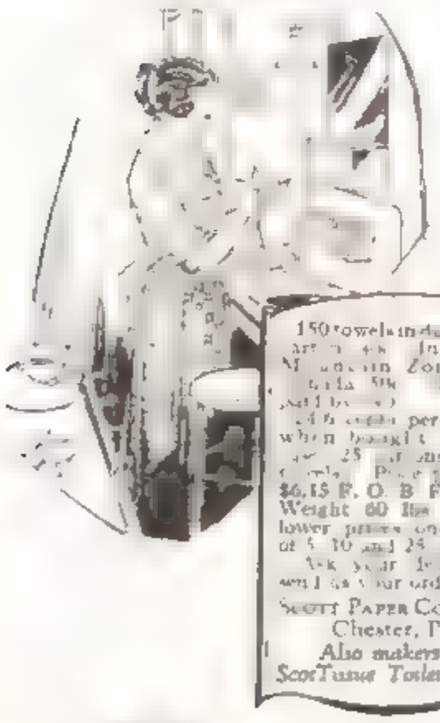

In the kitchen, for instance

—they have many varied uses. One of the most popular is that of draining grease from fried foods. Fried bacon, eggplant, French fried potatoes, etc., are made deliciously crisp and appetizing by laying them on a ScotTissue Towel. Every particle of excess fat is thus absorbed and yourpalate istreated to a greaseless dish that just melts in your mouth. Try a carton today.

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Drying hands and face.
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Cleaning windows
As napkins
As pads under hot dishes
Covering hot Muffins, etc
Mopping up spilled liquids

Scot Tissue Towels

for

Kitchen-Bathroom-Automobile-Office-Factory

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settler of means, health and obvious admissibility, on the other. It was thought better to permit these first and second class, or cabin passengers provided they were admissible—to go swiftly ashore at the pier, free of the inconvenience of a trip to Ellis Island and back. As for the third class, or steerage—the island for them, with a spyglass and a microscope and a hundred eyes awaiting them there! So it was in the old days.

But now there is no steerage, broadly speaking. The immigrants who come third class are just as likely to meet the tests of the immigration law as those who come second class. Many of them are as good as those who come first class. The old differences between classes on the high seas have, from an immigration standpoint, diminished. With admissibles in the steerage contrasting with inadmissibles in the second cabin, while titled refugees down below give place to *nouveaux riches* up above, every ship's company nowadays gives seafaring token of a world turned topsy-turvy by war. The steamship companies have added to this spaghetti-like uniformity of passenger travel by boosting steerage rates more than cabin rates. The margins between decks have become matters of small moment indeed.

And yet it happens that the cabin is still examined aboard ship, while the steerage goes to the island. The two classes are more nearly alike than ever before, yet the examinations accorded the two are, in respect of thoroughness, more unlike than ever before.

And, you ask, why are they so unlike?

To begin with, an inspector in the Immigration Service cannot examine as well aboard ship as he can at Ellis Island. Very often he does nearly as well, but conditions on ship are necessarily so inferior that the examination there can never be quite the same. He is alone, pressed, among people in a hurry; and there are other handicaps.

When it comes to the doctors of the Government's Public Health Service, however, who do the medical examining, the difference becomes one of black and white. To watch people file by in the dining saloon of a steamer, and give them a quick once-over of a look as they pass, is not a medical examination. The alien cannot be stripped, even to the waist, for instance, on the ship, because the limited facilities there make it impracticable. Nor, with from two to a dozen different ships coming up the bay at once, can there be half a dozen specialists on every ship, as there are at the island, to give each alien a careful, competent and gentle examination in their respective specialties. Medical examination on board ship is at best a makeshift affair.

Medical Tests Necessary

And so the astute alien, well coached by the steamship agent, hands over to that worthy a few more dollars and takes to the second cabin, where he knows he will be treated to a medical examination that is indifferent, to say the least. That is the sole surviving sizable fly in the ointment of thorough examination of aliens about to settle in the United States today. It is really about half a fly, since half the aliens still go to the island.

It sounds small. But when you think of the taxes you pay to support alien inmates of American hospitals, insane asylums, poorhouses and jails, you will take note of that half of a fly—for it buzzes in terms of your own American dollars.

There are two things that may be done, right now, to secure a uniformly thorough medical examination for all. One is to take every arriving alien passenger—be he first, second or third class—to Ellis Island, and there strip him for an examination that leaves nothing to guesswork. If that is ordained, you will hear a howl from every corner of the globe, from Rio to Rangoon, from Suez to the Fijis. Ambassadors, ministers, caliphs and kings will be in the chorus. The embattled and expectant aliens of one whole sphere in the universe will set up a roar that will make the planets rock. So will every American relative, friend, host or hostess of the human advent at the gate. So will you, perhaps.

It sounds cool—that stripping—almost common—or at least curious. Yet, how about those hard-earned tax dollars of yours that go toward supporting our insane and helpless aliens instead of to the care of your own children? And what difference is there between feeble-mindedness in the cabin and hernia in the steerage? Where is the great indignity in a medical examination anyhow? We all go in for it when we take out life insurance, and on many another occasion. Knowing thyself, mentally and physically, as well as morally, is something worth knowing. It is just as well worth knowing about those new fellows, at the gate; for they are to be part of us, for life. So, what do you say? Shall we take them all over to the island, cabin or no cabin?

For my part, I think the question is academic, for the time being. The island is not physically ready for a proper handling of that task. A good bit more money will have to be spent here before it is. And the money is not yet appropriated.

This I would do instead, and do it now: Let every alien passenger be examined medically abroad, before he starts, by a doctor of the American Public Health Service, stationed at a convenient consulate and provided with adequate facilities. If the alien passes the doctor he is in a position to receive the necessary visa from our consul, provided he be, in the judgment of the consul, admissible here in every other way. In those other respects the consul is already the judge. He is the first sieve; Ellis Island is the second. But stripping aside, how is a consul to tell trachoma from pink eye? Can you? So why not have a doctor there to do a doctor's job, alongside the consul doing a consul's job?

A Sound Charter

And if the alien does not pass the doctor? Well, then he receives no visa, and he is saved the chagrin, the trouble and the tragedy of coming all the way over here only to be rejected by an American doctor on his arrival. I have seen that happen so often that I know the humiliation of it, the sudden fear it instills. That sort of rejection is a grievous blow. It is happening right now, every day in the year, at Ellis Island. True enough, we can never stop it altogether, by examination abroad. Ills will develop en route, or be detected here when they could not be detected there. Differences in medical judgment there will be. But at least we shall do for the alien medically what we now do for him in every other respect—we shall give him a thorough examination before he starts, so that he may the more likely be accepted when he arrives.

With medical examination abroad provided for—so soon as legislative and other ways and means that may be necessary to that end are agreed upon and in effect—one important addition to our present regulation of immigration is supplied. There are other additions and modifications that may well be made. These surfaces that need smoothing are unfolding, developing, settling as the weeks go by. No one may tell of them yet with exactness. The test of time has still more toll to take. Yet it may be said safely that this new immigration charter of ours is already doing better than anyone ever expected, and that it will certainly do still better in the future. Tough knots there are, still to be untied; attempted fraud to be frustrated; some bad administrative kinks to be unraveled; a thousand and one diverse things still to do. At Ellis Island our work is perhaps even harder than before. But the foundation of the charter is as sound as a dollar. That is the point.

When we speak of a mere statute as a charter I think we do well to be sure it is no less. We need have no fear about this immigration statute. It is a charter, and more. To be sure, no great body of water has gone under the bridge since the making of it. Only six months of life has it seen. But that which has gone has taken its departure in silence, straight and deep, with no sign of the ripples and splash that follow a law that does not fit.

There are three big things that this law set out to accomplish, and all three of them it is accomplishing—to the great good of aliens and Americans alike.

First, there was a determination in Congress to do away with the hardships that came to aliens from quota races, from Ellis Island congestion, and from the absence of any sort of examination of the immigrant before the start of his migration. These hardships have all disappeared forever. There remains only the perfecting of this part of the charter, here and there and as the need may appear.

Second, came the belief that the quantity of allowed immigration should be cut to a lower figure than ever before. This

(Continued on Page 62)

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"Makers of Quality Rubber Goods"

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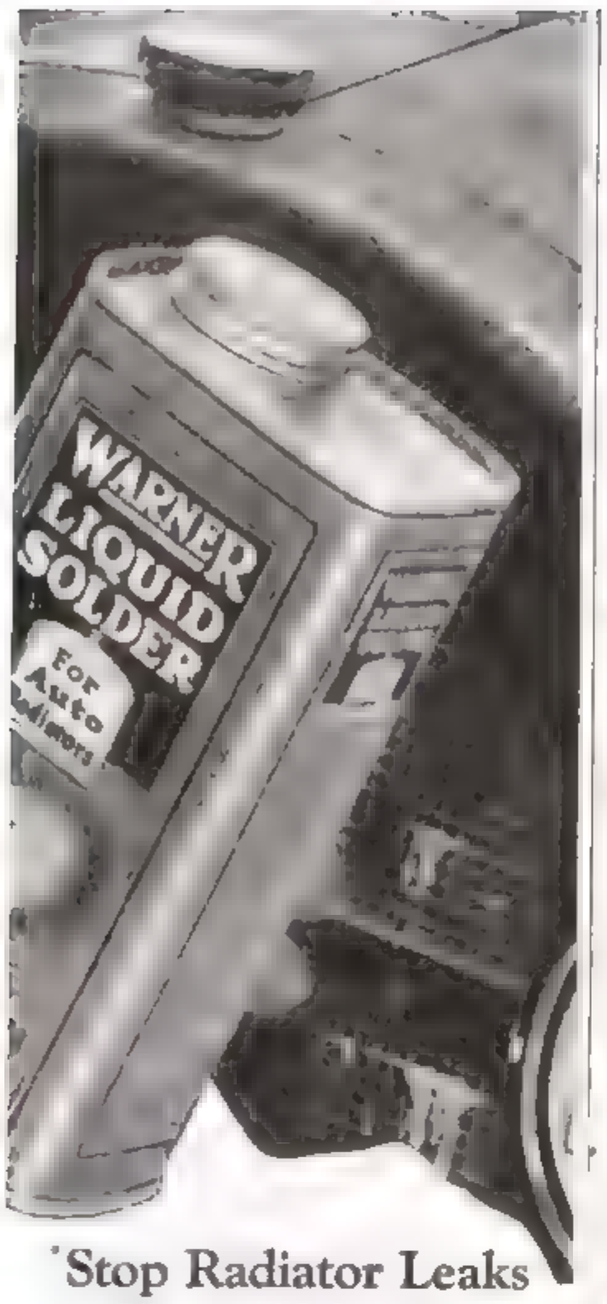
GEARED-TO-THE-ROAD



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WARNER-PATTERSON CO.
914 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago
Enclosed find seventy-five cents. Please send me one can of Warner Penetreen.
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(Continued from Page 60)

was done. The present quotas are half what they were. The immigration that is exempt from quota will certainly be no greater than it was. The total of the two is a steady immigration into the United States of a thousand immigrants a day. That sounds big, but it is small beside the figure of three thousand a day that used to come in before the war.

For the first time in our history we have a chance to catch up with these foreign additions to ourselves that in some ways have so nearly swamped us in the last twenty-five years.

No more are American lads prone to look down upon honest labor as a form of delving fit only for the foreigners among us. Already, this summer, I have seen Americans doing day labor where never before in my life have I seen aught but foreigners. Even in ditch gangs in the cities I have seen them. One swallow does not make a summer, nor does one American laborer make a national habit. But it is coming.

Furthermore, I know of a day nursery in New York that closed up last month because there were no customers. The children of the recently arrived poor of other countries had, in other days, kept this American nursery hustling to take daily decent charitable care of these little innocents from abroad. Today the children from afar, in that neighborhood, are cared for by their own parents—because there are not so many of them. Life is simpler. There is more room.

A Job for Americans

So, too, there are signs, even in New York, of a softening in rents. The plunging supply of tenants from abroad has somewhat abated. That is one cause of the softening.

Once more, even in New York, there are promises of fresh air for human beings—because there is just as much air as there ever was, but not quite so rapid an increase in the number of human beings.

And once more people abroad are beginning to understand that our country is not a field for foreign colonization, but a nation. The last time they understood that was in 1776. This charter of 1924 is not so very different from the declaration of 1776. It has been called a second declaration of independence. Whatever it be called, it settled, for the first time and for all time, the fact that immigration into our country is our own affair—that the question of who and how many may come to live in America is one for Americans to determine, and nobody else. It is no time now to forget the foreign propaganda at our own hearth and fireside that, only six months ago, fought the enactment of this law to such a finish that the law was nearly not enacted. Every other nation in the world had settled this question for itself in the same way, long, long ago—even to the Chinese, in their picturesque dislike of all the foreign devils who so disturbed their repose. Now it is settled, here, as well.

President Coolidge has said that "America must be kept American." That is a job for Americans to handle. It is being attended to.

But there is still a third result of this immigration charter that must be told. To see it best you must come to Ellis Island. We see it here every day, and it looks good. More than that, it is just as good as it looks. Remember that a glance at Ellis Island is a glance at the heft of the whole immigration problem. Practically all the immigrants from Europe come into our country through the port of New York. It is the Ellis Island field force that handles them, whether they troop ashore off the ships or whether they go through the machinery of the island itself. So, too, most of the immigration from South America and the West Indies comes here. And there are scattering arrivals from every port in the seven seas. A kaleidoscope of the world, on its way through this pass of Thermopylæ—that is Ellis Island! A far western ferryhouse for the foreigners of a thousand ocean lanes—such is the island! A look here is a look everywhere.

Every day since the first of last July I have scanned the arriving immigrants, talked with them, checked them up in a dozen different ways. So have my government associates here at the island. And to our delight we agree that the average quality of them is, thus far, definitely better than it was under the old law. They are cleaner nowadays. They possess better health, better intelligence, better promise of industry that produces, than did their predecessors. In the main they are outdoor folk, pink-cheeked, long of limb, and muscular. They will labor rather than barter, work in the open rather than buy and sell in the alleys. They are self-contained, confident. And they are young. It is the youth of Europe that is coming through the island these days. I have fingered through the age column in manifest after manifest and found every lad and lass of them in the twenties or in their teens. Only where whole families come in units is there a sprinkling of middle and old age. And that is good too! Perhaps even better! When the whole family comes here their earnings all stay here, along with their interest and, in time, their natural and spontaneous American patriotism. With no family tie to the Old World left, with all the eggs in the one basket of the New World, they Americanize very fast indeed, and—what is more important—of their own unaccelerated free will.

Last week I bade good-by to a German family leaving the island for a train to the West. There were the father and mother, and there were also eleven children. Husky, bright-eyed, from big to little, down to the last two—twins—they looked like a whole county as they went by.

"*Auf wiedersehen!*" I hailed hopefully in my friendliest and rottenest German.

They looked alarmed. I tried again, addressing myself to a round, six-year-old girl with a face like a red apple.

"*Du bist wie eine Blume!*" I declaimed harking back to school days—oh, yes, I am a great Ellis Island linguist, *noch nicht* and *pas encore* and not on your life! The red apple gave me an appraising look.

"Good-by, commissioner!" she said evenly. With a derisive whisk of her chubby skirt she turned and was off.

They were bound for a farm in Iowa.

And when popper first gets that infinite family of his shod, he will buy twenty-six American shoes. His interests are certainly extensive.

Sandy and His Niblick

The very same day I spied a Scotchman with a bag about as big as a minute and a long crated box that stood as high as his own six feet. That was all the baggage he had. As I grinned at him he gave me back a look that was friendly, but properly restrained.

"Tell me, Sandy," I inquired, "have you all your clothes in that little bag?"

"Aye"—cautiously, with a rising accent.

"And your golf sticks in the big box?"

"Aye"—with suppressed pride.

"And that's all you have?"

"Aye"—this time with gentle reproof for a fool question.

I tried again.

"And have you a good niblick for those bad American sand traps of ours?"

"Aye"—with quiet confidence.

If only I could get something out of him besides that "Aye!" I made a last effort.

"Sandy," I demanded, "if I take you out to my links this afternoon do you think you can beat me?"

"Aye." This was with decisive finality. And he turned away.

Yes, I was licked. What would you say to him yourself, in my place? Shortly, Sandy was admitted. And the last I saw of him he was boarding the ferryboat for New York, his Lilliputian bag dangling from a contemptuous left hand, while with his right he hugged to his bosom that great crate of golf sticks—and I'll warrant he had the niblick next his heart! Yes, Sandy was ready for America, sand traps and all.

So they come to us, nowadays—a limited, steady, daily pouring in of the flower of Europe, picked in advance by our consuls abroad, ready and willing to become a productive part of ourselves—to be Americans, in hand and heart. As between Northwestern Europe and the south and east of Europe they enter in just about the same proportions that are found in the stock of the hundred millions of us who are already here. It is like to like, all along the line. That is right, and that is safe, and that is fair to all.

"America must be kept American." Our immigration charter of 1924 is keeping it so.

In the Red Deer River Valley, Alberta, Canada

The goodness of Mince Meat depends upon the goodness of what goes into it

HEINZ PLUM PUDDING

Made from the choicest materials after a perfect recipe by skilled cooks in the Heinz spotless kitchens. A delicious, wholesome dessert, worthy of an honored place in your holiday menu.

Spices, currants, raisins, apples, beef, citron, cider—all gathered from the lands where each grows best and made into a delicious food by skilled chefs in kitchens of spotless cleanliness—that is Heinz Mince Meat ready at your grocer's in glass jars and tins—a delicious, wholesome filling for your holiday dessert. *H. J. Heinz Company*

HEINZ MINCE MEAT

HEINZ FIG PUDDING

Rich with figs, but light and digestible. No matter how heavy the meal there is always room for this tempting Heinz dessert. Serve it with the special sauce, the recipe for which is on the can.

Which would *you* choose?

SUPPOSE for the moment that a salesman offered you two tubes of shaving cream. One with the ordinary cap that is easy to lose, and the other with a Hinge-Cap that can't get lost. Which would you choose?

The Hinge-Cap, of course. Any man with an eye for value would be quick to appreciate its greater convenience. Now add to this these facts:

—Williams gives a heavier lather. This lather holds the moisture in so that all of every hair is quickly softened all the way through.

—This lather lubricates the skin. There's actually a lubric film in the lather which protects your face from razor friction.

—There's an ingredient in Williams of decided benefit to the skin. It leaves the face in splendid condition, no matter how wiry your beard.

Williams is a pure, natural-white shaving cream, entirely free from coloring matter. It is the latest product of world-famous shaving soap *specialists*. A test will prove to you whether any other shaving cream matches its advantages.

Large size tube 35c; double size tube 50c, containing twice as much cream.

THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY
Glastonbury, Conn.

The J. B. Williams Co. Canada, Ltd., St. Patrick St., Montreal

AQUA VELVA is our newest triumph — a scientific after-shaving preparation. For free trial bottle write Dept. 111-B.

Williams
Shaving Cream

POZZI OF PERUGIA

(Continued from Page 27)

ocean. Looking from here, you see it against the lawn, a curious effect, first green, then blue; and there on the right is the beach. I've never remembered it so dark that you couldn't see the sand."

While he was speaking Helen drew Tom to the other end of the room.

"What did he say?" she whispered.

"Look here"—Tom's voice was low and shaking—"did you make me ask him for a joke or something? I feel as if he'd struck me. I can't stay in the house."

"Nonsense!" whispered Helen. "You mustn't show your temper so. What did he say?"

"He said"—Tom choked—"he said he had no blank use for a stock gambler, and he'd see me to the devil before he lent me a cent; and that wasn't all he said." Tom's face grew scarlet. "What does he mean, talking to me about gambling when he throws away a fortune on an old rusty chain? How'd he make his money?"

"Tom," Helen whispered, "you mustn't speak so loud. He'll hear you!"

"I don't care a continental if he does."

"Tom!" Helen touched his arm. "I'm dreadfully sorry."

"You're not sorry." Tom looked very ugly. "I've been watching you. You'd rather play with that—I don't know what you'd call him—but you'd rather listen to him chatter at you than try to help me."

"Don't, Tom," pleaded Helen. "You'll be sorry in the morning for everything you've said."

"I've taken about enough tonight," muttered Tom. "If he wasn't old enough to be my grandfather ——"

"Tom," she whispered, "I'll hate you if you go on like that!" As Tom Bacchus drew his breath it sounded almost like a sob. "Tom," she began. "Oh, please ——"

"You'll hate me anyway," he groaned, "sooner or later. You might as well hate me now. What's the use? Oh, what's the use in anything?"

"Well, well." It was Uncle Jethro's voice from the other end of the room. "Romano's tired. I guess we all are tired. Shall we move on up to bed? Martin will put out the lights."

But even when she was in her own room she still saw Tom Bacchus' face.

XII

THE master's rooms in Jethro Courtney's house all opened on the gallery above the hall, and one could look from the gallery for a seemingly bottomless distance when the lights were out. When the lights were out the house was quite immaculate. There were passages leading to the wings, and stairways from the passages. There were a dozen ways to get lost.

Helen's room was like an island in the dark. After the city, there were no familiar sounds. From her window she could not see so much as a light, and the night was so thick that even the noise of the waves on the beach was a dull and distant sound. It was a night for sleep, but somehow she never felt more wide-awake. As soon as she closed the door she walked to the window seat and sat for a long while without moving, yet all the while she had an illusion of motion. Her heart was beating fast and her life seemed moving with it in strange uncertain ways. A new thing had come into her thoughts—money and the value of money, and now it was everywhere, a part of the night, a part of the house. Under that roof was an old man whose hair had grown white as he grasped for it, whose thoughts turned toward it still, and a young man whose soul had felt the coldness of it. Something she had known in Tom was gone. A light in his eyes was gone which she had seen when she knew him first. People called it age and manhood, but she knew it was not that.

He was changed, and he would never be quite the same no matter what happened; never quite.

There was a vacancy within her, a mocking vacancy. The whole house and everything she knew was held by bands of gold. Of all the people she had ever seen, there was only one who laughed at it, and had he really laughed? She could hear his voice, half mocking, half in earnest:

"I am Pozzi of Perugia, the goldsmith. I live close behind St. Mark's. The journeymen will tell you where."

She wished she had never listened. She wished she had never come. In the silence was a restiveness that was like her mood. She moved uneasily on the window seat. She thought she heard a footstep in the hall, but it was only a thought. There was a traveling clock at her bedside. She walked nearer and looked at the dial. It was an hour since they had gone upstairs; an hour, and she had been sitting staring out of the window an hour, and she felt no desire for sleep.

"If I only had a book!" she whispered, but there was no book in the room. It was like her uncle to have everything in its place. Only the library was filled with books. If she were only there with the light on, she would find rows and rows of books, and it was only a little way to the library, along the gallery, down the stairs, across the hall and through the dining room. If she left her door open it would not be too dark to find the way.

She opened her door and stepped out on the gallery carpet. The light from her room guided her. There were the stairs, a broad and gradual incline, and the rail of the gallery, and the chairs down in the hall. She took a step forward, two steps, and then everything went black. The door of her room had closed to behind her, silently, as though a hand had closed it. For a moment she stood still, strangely startled, but she could not be afraid. The absurdity of it made her move straight on. She could not be afraid, going to get a book in the library of her uncle's house; and after all, it was not wholly dark, once her eyes became accustomed to the darkness. She moved carefully ahead, with that unconscious dread of making a sound which comes to everyone when walking in the dark. Once her hand was on the stair rail, it was easy to feel the steps. In the hall on the right was a square of somber half light, which she knew was the drawing-room door. Once in the hall, she moved more carelessly. She brushed against something. It was one of the heavy leather-backed chairs. Then, as is common in the darkness, she could imagine someone was looking at her. From the simple obscurity, she imagined she was not alone, and then she knew she was frightened. It was a curious, causeless fear.

It was lighter in the drawing-room. She could perceive dim shapes of chairs and tables, and tiptoed softly by them. But the library was dark again, darker than the hall. For a moment a sort of panic made her pause. She was afraid, actually afraid to go inside. She put her hand before her and stepped forward, groping in the dark. The table with the reading lamp would not be far away, and then, just as her hand touched the table, she knew someone else was in the room.

It was not her imagination, though she knew it without knowing how she knew. There was not a sound to tell her. It was some primitive, uncanny sense of the flesh. She wanted to cry out, but she did not. Instead she reached for the reading lamp. When the light went on it was she awakening from sleep, but it was not her imagination. She stood quite still, slender and straight in her evening gown. She was not alone in the library. Not six feet away from her was Romano, standing beside the shelves.

XIII

WHEN she tried to speak, something stopped her voice. He was so quiet, so completely motionless that every word she thought of saying grew still. He must have known what she was thinking, yet he offered no explanation.

"Don't!" he whispered. "Don't move! Don't speak!"

And before she could do either, he closed the library door. He moved like a shadow on the wall.

"Don't!" Though his voice was low and tense, he was pleading, not commanding.

"Have you forgotten? Don't you see I am not Romano? Have you thought what time it is? After midnight—the time that ghosts are walking. I'm not Romano. I'm Pozzi of Perugia tonight. I'm Pozzi. I've come from the stones that floor the crypt. My dust has blown together till the morning. I'm a shadow from one of Dante's circles. Oh, you'll see great things tonight, for the moon is on the quarter. Don't move! Well, you've spoiled it now. Don't—please don't be angry! Don't spoil all the rest!"

But she was not angry—neither angry nor frightened. He seemed to have said something reassuring, though she could not tell what.

"Don't be so absurd," she said. "What are you doing down here?"

Romano waved his arm.

"How should a ghost know that?" he asked. "And you—what are you doing, lady?"

"I came to find a book."

"There!" Romano smiled. "Now that you mention it, so did I."

"But how can you find a book in the dark?" Romano spread out his hands. "Won't you be sensible?" she said impatiently. "You must admit it's queer ——"

Again Romano spread out his hands in a helpless, pleading gesture.

"Dear lady," he inquired gently, "am I wrong? You look distrait. There can't be anything that worries you?"

"There's you." Why was it she found it hard to be indignant? "I can't help being worried about you. I can't understand ——"

"Then why try?" suggested Romano helpfully. "I beg you not to be worried."

"But how can I help it?" she asked weakly. "Here you are—I've never seen you before. For all I know you may be a thief."

"A thief?" Romano sighed. "After all, suppose I am, what difference does it make tonight?"

"Oh," cried Helen helplessly, "won't you ever be sensible?"

"Never," he answered gently. "Was I more sensible than I am just now, I say, what difference does it make? And this is what I mean: I mean that the present is all that makes a difference. Here you are, here I am, here alone, and it is a time for fancy. I mean it's a time when everyone rises out of his own nature, when one forgets the daylight. Can't you forget? It's only for a little while, and you forgot once before."

"What"—she was speaking before she thought—"what did I forget?"

There was a moment's silence before he answered, and when he did, his voice was very low.

"That there is another man," he said. "You'll remember it when it is day."

"How did you know that?" Her voice had grown as low as his. Romano pointed toward the writing room.

"I heard it," he said. "You had not closed the door. I was very sorry."

"Why," she asked, "were you sorry?"

It must have been the night. Could anything be stranger than talking to him so?

"Because"—Romano had drawn nearer to her, but she did not move away; she seemed caught in a life that was not her own—"because you were meant for something better. Yes, for some better man. Do you know what I wished when I heard? I wished that I was a thief, that I could steal something, that I could give you something better."

"Something better?" Helen echoed.

"You wonder what I could give you then? It's true you have too much, but you have an intellect that understands, and sympathy and pity. I would not tell you so if it were day. There is so much of me that goes in the daylight. I told you I am a ghost. I cannot stand the sun. But there is one thing I would give you if I could—a knowledge of life."

"Perhaps," she ventured, "I know enough already."

Romano shook his head.

"You will never know. You cannot know. The world is too settled now. You will never know the joy that comes of work. You will never see what it means to go forward with your bridges burning behind you, and what life can offer when you risk it at a throw. I wish I could show you that. You'd have the courage to pick up the pieces and start again. You'd not give up. You were not meant for a man who does. I wish ——"

He did not go on. His voice had dropped to a whisper. There was a silence like a sea of space, and she was journeying across that sea to some undiscovered place, far from any land she knew. He was touching her hand, but she did not draw away.

"I wish I were a better man. Perhaps—shall I pretend I am?"

"But why must you pretend?"

"Ah"—his voice was like a part of the silence—"because I'm not. It's not in me

(Continued on Page 66)

The Pacific Northwest

The luckiest children in America

with a larger chance in life

Mothers and fathers of America—we ask a few minutes of your time.

We have often told you about the Pacific Northwest and the opportunities it holds for men and women.

Now we wish to speak of the children—your children. And of what this great American Wonderland offers them today and in the future.

A right beginning

Their health—nothing is closer to your heart than that. And the advantage of beginning life with a strong, healthy body—that is one of the priceless gifts the Pacific Northwest will bestow upon them.

Your baby, born here, starts life with a larger chance of surviving to healthy manhood or womanhood. The mortality tables prove that.

Your children, growing up here, have everything in their favor. The delightful climate (the mortality tables also prove) is the most healthful in the country. The year round it keeps the youngsters out in the clean air and sunshine—active, happy, bright-eyed and ruddy-cheeked.

And, later on, the greatest outdoors in the world—the mountains, forests, plains, the ocean, lakes and streams—contributes to the building of the fine, clean youth that is one of this region's proudest boasts and most priceless assets.

And, in addition, this:

But the Pacific Northwest offers your children more than the advantage of a strong, healthy body.

Here, too, are schools that rank among the very finest in the United States. The great universities and colleges are one of the outstanding achievements of the region.

Beautiful churches—some of the largest in the world—religious organizations, recreational centers, libraries, theaters, music, art and social clubs have established life in the Pacific Northwest upon a plane as high and fine as in the older centers of culture

A wholesome community life is found everywhere. The cities have no slums. The country is brought into close contact with the towns by a system of splendid highways. Whether in one of the clean, modern cities or on a farm, your children will be deprived of none of the advantages that are essential to a complete, well rounded physical, moral and mental development.

And a larger chance

When they have reached manhood or womanhood, moreover, they will not find it necessary to leave home, to emigrate to more favored regions in search of opportunity.

For the Pacific Northwest itself is America's land of opportunity today. Here a swift and steady development, backed by tremendous natural resources, assures a larger chance to get ahead. Hard work is necessary, as it is anywhere. But for the man who means business the future is wide open, the possibilities limitless.

Do you want to learn more about this American Wonderland, the Pacific Northwest, and what it holds for your children and yourself? The free booklet, "The Land of Opportunity Now," will give you detailed and authentic information. Send for it now. Just fill in the coupon. And for any special information, write the Development Bureau.

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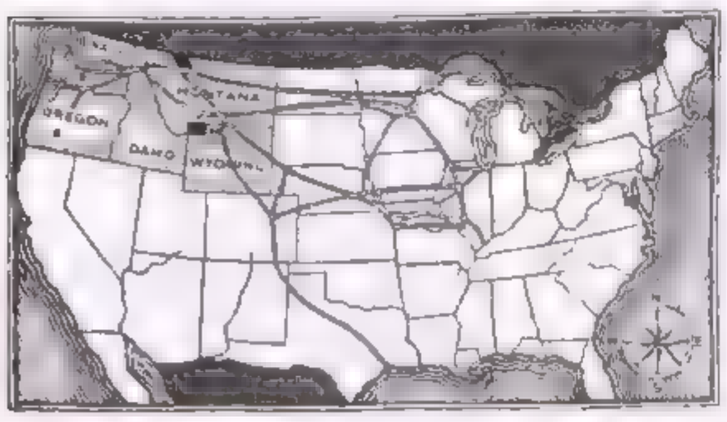

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You actually save money by paying 50c a roll for A. P. W. Satin Tissue because

—there are more sheets to the roll (guaranteed count of 2500)

—the sheets are extra large and fewer sheets are used (each sheet 5 x 5¾ inches)

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A four roll carton of A. P. W. Satin Tissue is equivalent to two dozen cheap rolls and is a year's supply for the average family.

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A. P. W. PAPER CO.
ALBANY, N. Y.

Here's a Doll for You

☐ Send this coupon to A. P. W. Paper Co. Albany, N. Y.

For 10c and wrapper from any of the rolls listed we will send [illegible] and a [illegible] representing an [illegible] A. P. W. [illegible] over 12 [illegible] and stuffed). Doll contains positively no advertising.

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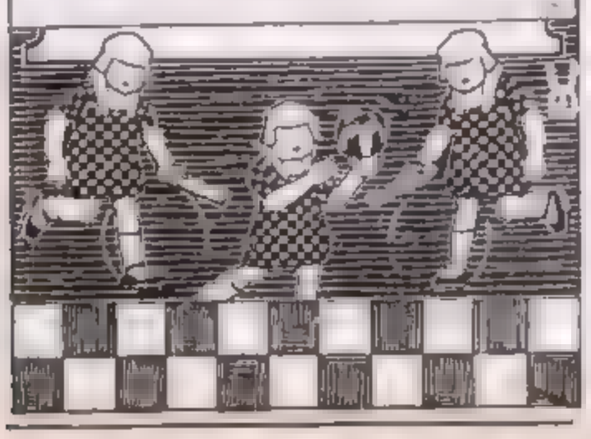


(Continued from Page 64)

in the day. There's something I lack in the light. I don't know just what; but please do not be afraid, for everything I say is quite nothing. I pretend because I am always pretending. If I were only someone else ——"

"Perhaps," she interrupted, "I'd rather have you what you are. Perhaps I wouldn't stay if you were someone else."

It all was like a dream. There was the illusion of a dream that makes reality of nothing. His hand was on hers, but she did not try to draw her hand away. She was so puzzled at herself that there was reassurance in his touch. She knew it was impossible, yet, even as she knew it, her thoughts were vague as she looked up at him.

"Suppose I am a thief."

Was it the dark, or was it the touch of his hand, or his voice, or was there no reason at all for her answer?

"You said yourself," she answered, "what difference does it make?"

A light was dancing in his eyes, a light that was like his laughter.

"Now you understand!" he whispered. "Now you understand! You are living life tonight. What else makes any difference as long as we touch on life? At least I have given you that—and this!"

He had kissed her. His arm was still around her. She had yielded to his arm, and now it was like an awakening, the ending of a thought.

"How did you dare?" she whispered. "How did you dare do that?"

His arm was still around her, yet she did not move away. She felt too light, too fantastically light for motion, and he was laughing.

"Don't—don't be afraid. It's for a moment, a moment just. You will forget, and I. How could I help it when your eyes are like the water in a brook? Ah, you're alive now. I knew when I first saw you, you were meant to live."

"But I don't know why," she whispered brokenly. "I've never done a thing like this!"

"But do you mind it? It's the dark," he said; "we're never the same at night."

She was looking at him as though she had never seen him before, as though each line in his face was new.

"Who are you?" she asked. "What are you? You might tell me now."

"A spirit, a fantastic thing," he answered. "Why should you wish to know when you'll forget it in the morning?"

"I won't forget," she said.

The corners of his mouth moved upward.

"Ah," he answered, "but you'll do your best — Hush! It's quite all over now."

He had stepped backward. He was looking toward the door, and though he was still smiling, his smile had lost his mirth.

"Hush!" he whispered. "Stay where you are, and don't say a word—not a word!"

His face had changed. It had grown as hard as a face of stone, and she knew why. They stood looking at each other. In the drawing-room was a noise. A chair had moved. There was a step.

"Hush!" It was his voice again. "Don't move! Don't speak! Stay just where you are!"

A hand was on the door. The knob was moving, and then when she looked to see what he would do he was gone.

XIV

THERE had not been a sound, nothing, and yet he was not there. The space where he had been standing was empty. She looked behind her. The whole library was empty, and her uncle, in a padded wrapper, was standing by the open door.

"Well, well"—his words were like the breaking of some spell—"and what are you doing here, my dear, in the library all alone?"

She could half imagine when her uncle spoke that she had been alone and that everything had been her thoughts. She put her hand against the back of a chair to steady herself. What was she going to answer? Could she ever explain?

"My dear"—her uncle was still speaking—"is anything the matter? Don't be afraid of an old man who hasn't been able to get to sleep."

A pulse was beating in her throat. He was waiting for her to answer, and in her mind time and space seemed hanging in the balance. He was waiting for her to answer. The whole room was waiting.

"I just came down to get a book," she said, and it was all that she could say.

"Well, well," said Uncle Jethro, "I knew it couldn't have been anybody else. I don't know what's been getting over me tonight. I keep hearing things and I keep wondering ——"

His eyes made her uneasy. She had never remembered they were so placid and clear. He was looking at the shelves of books and rubbing his white mustache.

"It's that chain. Maybe I'll sleep better if I bring it upstairs."

As he spoke he had moved nearer the books until he was standing just where Romano had been standing when she turned on the light.

"Now where'd you guess it was?" he asked. "But you couldn't guess; oh, no, you couldn't guess. When I put a thing away I put it where it can't be found. Not in a wall safe. I know too much for that. It's where it can't be drilled at—oh, no. It's safe right where it is. It's only I keep worrying. I keep remembering when I brought it out of the bank. There's someone wants it, and I'll know where it is if I take it on upstairs."

As he spoke he turned his back, and still speaking, stared upward at the rows of books, seemingly forgetful of his own voice.

"I don't know why I feel uneasy, but I do. Something keeps telling me someone wants it—someone wants it. It's better out of here. Let's see—Fiske, Sparks, Parkman—Parkman was the place."

He pulled back three leather volumes and plunged his hand behind them. There was no longer any doubt. Jethro Courtney also was looking for a book. He was groping along a shelf that stood level with his eyes, standing right where Romano had been standing.

"Well, well, here it is," he said, "right behind the Jesuits in North America." He was pulling something from behind the books. It was the japanned box. "Right behind the books. It's my own idea. Even if anybody guessed it might be there, they'd have two thousand volumes to look behind, and I can change it every day. Maybe it's better down here after all. I wonder—shall I take it upstairs, or shall I put it behind the works of Tacitus? He ought to keep it. He's hard enough to read."

"No! No! Take it upstairs!"

Helen's own voice startled her. No wonder her uncle looked around and gazed at her curiously.

"Now what do you look so white about? Have you heard anything or seen anything, child?"

She hardly knew that she was answering. Something out of her own control was making her answer.

"No, no! Of course not! But please, Uncle Jethro, take the chain upstairs."

She never knew what might have happened if Martin had not entered the library with a flashlight in his hand.

"Well, well, it's time you came down," said Uncle Jethro. "Is the house all quiet?"

Martin was fully dressed, and very alert and businesslike, and less like a valet than usual.

"Now don't you bother your head, sir," he said reassuringly. "The house is as quiet as a church, and there's nothing been stirring outside for the last two hours. We're all on the lookout, and I'll guarantee there won't be any trouble. Jimmy Valentine himself couldn't move without our seeing him."

Uncle Jethro tapped the japanned box.

"I don't know," he said; "I don't know. Anyway, I'm going to take this thing upstairs. There's no fool like an old fool, Martin, and I keep having notions."

"What notions, sir?"

"I've notions," said Uncle Jethro, "that someone else has been monkeying with the books—just an idea, that's all."

He tapped the box again.

"I'm going to put this thing on the table by my bed, and there's a sofa in my dressing room, Martin. As long as the house is so peaky quiet, you might sit up in there."

When Helen was back in her room she stared at herself in her mirror. It had a rare Venetian frame, and the glass was as old as the gilt. It reflected back all objects in a feeble, ancient fashion, which made it seem almost that the face looking back at her could not be her own. It was too animated, and the eyes were far too wide and staring; but when she moved her lips the lips in the mirror moved. When she raised her hand the hand in the mirror moved in exactly the same halting, groping way.

It was her face. It had all been true. He had been in the library, and she knew why; and yet she had not told, and she could not understand why she had not any more than she could understand her face. But could he have meant any harm? Where had he gone? What was he doing now? The hand in the mirror trembled. From that dusky antique mirror a part of herself was staring back which she never knew existed. Had he kissed her? Had she let him? The lips in the mirror were moving again.

"I'm glad!" she whispered. "Glad!"

But there was one curious thing. She could not tell what she was glad about. Was it because she had done something so extraordinary that it was hard to believe? Or was it because she was safe in her room and the box was beside old Jethro's bed? The face in the mirror was smiling, but it was a smile that gave no answer.

Back in the library, there was minute after minute of silence after everyone had gone. Then at the far end there was a sound in the darkness. A shadow moved among the shadows and glided past the rows of books. There was a sound of faint laughter. The shadow was whispering to itself.

"Don't worry, my friend," it whispered; "they hardly ever tell."

XV

JETHRO COURTNEY slept as an old man sleeps; fitfully and close to the borderland of wakefulness. Sometimes he moved uneasily on his four-poster bed and sighed and wished he was young again. Often when day came he could not tell whether he had been asleep or awake the whole night through, for dreams and thoughts had become the same to him. They both were not much more than a web of memories.

But he did sleep that night. He always remembered that. First he heard Martin's regular breathing through the half-open door of the dressing room. The light from the dressing room came through the opening in a segment across the carpet. Martin, he knew, would be sitting on the couch by the wall beside the dressing table. He was glad that Martin was there. He was glad he had hired Martin, for Martin was a good man. It gave him an extraordinary peace of mind to feel that Martin was in the dressing room.

"Martin," he said, "are you awake?"

"Yes, sir," said Martin. "Don't you be worrying. I'm right here, and I'll be staying here."

"Martin"—he put his head back on the pillow—"do you still think what you told me before dinner?"

"Yes, sir," Martin said; "but don't you be worrying."

Jethro Courtney reached toward the table beside his bed and patted the japanned box.

"Well, well," he said, "I don't know what to think. Since I first laid eyes on this thing, nothing seems quite right."

He closed his eyes a little later and fell into one of these transient dozing fits that eliminate all time. He seemed to be walking along a road that was paved with gold and steel. Perhaps it was hours, perhaps minutes, before he opened his eyes next. When he did so it was dark. There was no light from the dressing room, and someone was moving beside his bed; but at first he was not surprised.

"Martin," he said—"is that you, Martin?"

There was no answer, only the soft closing of a door. He could tell which door it was from the direction of the sound. It was not the dressing-room door, but the main door of his bedroom which opened on the gallery.

"Martin," he cried, "where are you going?"

Jethro Courtney was a resolute old man whom few things in life stopped. With the closing of the door, he was out of bed, groping for the light.

"Martin!" he shouted.

"I"—Martin's voice sounded a long way off; the knob of the dressing room was rattling—"I'm here, sir. I've been locked in!"

He knew what had happened. He knew as he turned on the light. The japanned box was empty on the table! The Pozzi chain was gone! The dressing-room door was closed. There was no key in the lock. The door to the gallery was closed.

"Martin," he shouted, "it's gone! Take a chair—take anything, and smash down that door!"

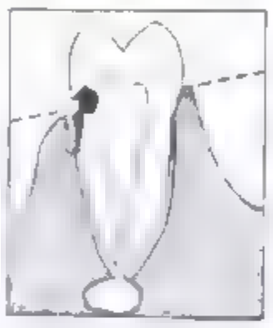
Already he was halfway across the room. The chain had gone with the footsteps. He was sure of that. Then he was out in the

(Continued on Page 68

"Beware!"
warns The Danger Line

A STEEP hill and a sharp turn . . . a plain white line in the middle of the road . . . a Danger Line that marks the difference between safety and . . . tragedy, perhaps.

State Highway Commissions have prevented untold thousands of accidents by warning the motorist of danger. Just as dental authorities have helped to safeguard health by calling attention to The Danger Line on our teeth.



Cross-section of a tooth showing decay at The Danger Line.

For it is at The Danger Line—those tiny V-shaped crevices where teeth meet gums—that food particles collect and ferment, forming acids which lead to tooth decay and conditions favorable to Pyorrhea. These acids must be *safely, thoroughly* and *regularly* neutralized, or hours of pain, even serious illness, may be the result of infection due to Acid Decay.

You can prevent Acid Decay

Today dental authorities recommend one safe, thorough way to prevent Acid Decay at The Danger Line—use Squibb's Dental Cream *made with Squibb's Milk of Magnesia*. It instantly neutralizes acids which might attack the teeth and gums. It relieves sensitiveness, soothes and strengthens tender gums and reduces the hazard of Pyorrhea. It cleans thoroughly and brings out all the natural beauty of your teeth.

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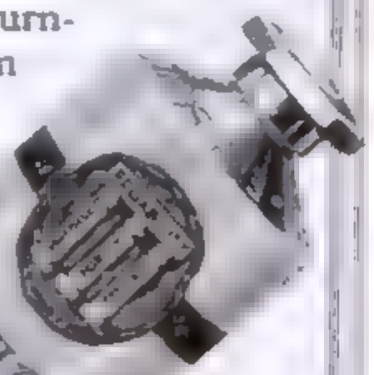

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The WALDORF-ASTORIA
NEW YORK

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WASHINGTON

(Continued from Page 66)

gallery, standing in the dark. It was evident that everyone had heard his voice. The whole house was awake. Doors were opening and there were voices. The light switch to the gallery was near his hand and he pressed upon it savagely.

All through the house were echoes of footsteps. Several feet away Tom Bacchus appeared at the door of his room, clad in his pajamas.

Tom Bacchus and her uncle were the first persons Helen Courtney saw when she opened her own door. They were staring at each other and blinking in the light, her uncle tall and angular, with his wrapper thrown over his shoulders, Tom Bacchus broad and stolid.

Back in her uncle's bedroom was a sound of breaking wood, a nerve-racking, jarring sound, but Tom Bacchus hardly seemed aware of it. Before he even spoke he gave her a sense of security. There was nothing unreal about Tom. Both his feet were planted firmly on the ground.

"What's up?" he demanded curtly.

"What's up!" her uncle's voice echoed through the halls. "I've been robbed, robbed right in my own house! My man's locked in and I've been robbed. Where's anybody? Where the devil's anybody?"

"Now wait a minute!" Tom Bacchus took a step nearer her uncle. There were others in the gallery now, the housemen from the servants' wing, staring at them stupidly; but Tom Bacchus was the center of the picture. "When were you robbed?"

"This minute!" shouted Uncle Jethro. "Right in my own room! He came right out this door!"

"Did you see him?"

"No, you fool!" exploded Uncle Jethro. "I can't see in the dark. I heard him."

"What's he taken?"

"What business is it of yours?" roared Uncle Jethro. "The chain! I'd have given him anything else. He's got my chain!"

Helen gave a faint scream, but no one appeared to hear her.

Tom Bacchus had started for the stairs, staring straight in front of him into the black hall.

"Here," expostulated Uncle Jethro, "what in thunderation are you doing?"

Tom paused and looked over his shoulder. "Now be quiet," he said. "I know what I'm doing. I've been awake all night—never mind why. I heard someone go down these stairs, and I'll bet he's down here still, waiting for this racket to stop. Send someone down the back way and send someone outside to tell those two men of yours to keep an eye out."

"Tom," cried Helen, "you can't go down alone!"

Tom looked up at her. For a moment they looked at each other, and she felt her lips were trembling. In some curious way something had changed him.

"You wait and see if I can't," he answered.

Though he could not have said it more awkwardly, she felt her heart beat faster.

Tom Bacchus continued, "Now the rest of you stay where you are. Stay where you are, Mr. Courtney. Catch him if he tries to get up the back stairs—that's all."

He had called the last words over his shoulder. He was down in the front hall, while they looked irresolutely after him.

"Well, well," murmured Uncle Jethro, "now you never can tell. Now who'd have thought he'd have the stuff in him for that?"

Helen drew a short sobbing breath. Someone brushed past her. It was Martin, out on the gallery.

"I thought you closed the door, sir," he was saying. "I never heard it lock."

"Well, well," said Uncle Jethro, "thank heaven he didn't lock in Bacchus." He turned from looking down the stairs and touched Helen's shoulder. "Go back to your room, girl. It's no place for you here."

"I—I can't," she answered.

Something was catching her throat. Tom Bacchus had gone into the drawing-room, and there was not a sound.

"I'm going down too," said Martin. "It's no place for one man. He don't know where to turn on the lights."

Uncle Jethro looked at him indecisively. They were a strange-looking group at the head of the stairs, if anyone had thought of appearance. Jethro Courtney was wrapped in his dressing gown, with his hair in a white disheveled mat. Helen Courtney had on a green silk robe. Martin was in his shirt sleeves, and behind them was a little knot of half-dressed servants.

"Go ahead, Martin," said Uncle Jethro. "It's all your business now. Here! What the devil's that?"

They had all been listening, they had all heard. Somewhere below there was a muffled, thudding sound, an instant's silence, and then a crash of falling furniture, and then a shout.

"By thunder!" cried Uncle Jethro. "He was down there!"

Out of the dark there came a voice.

"Help!" It was Tom Bacchus. "I've got him! I've ——"

"Come on, Martin!" shouted Uncle Jethro.

"Help!" came Tom Bacchus' voice again. "The lights! Somebody turn on the lights!"

There was another crash, a noise of breaking glass, and from all over the house came other sounds—cries and the pattering of feet.

XVI

IT WAS like a street accident. All at once everybody seemed to be in the library, crowding toward the writing room. It was plain that whatever had happened had happened there. A chair, one of the priceless chairs of English oak, was in splinters, crushed on the floor beside the wall chest. The table had fallen, and over the floor were slivers of glass from the electric lamp, and on the floor was Tom Bacchus, but he was not alone. He was on his back, still struggling to get his arms free, and on top of him, with his shirt half torn off, with muscles knotted on his swarthy arms, was a short, squatty man with black curling hair.

"Let me up!" Tom was groaning. "Let me up!"

But the other did not appear to understand. Holding Tom still more firmly, he turned and grinned at the figures in the doorway.

"I got heem!" he announced.

Uncle Jethro, with Martin close behind him, pushed his way into the writing room and bent over the figures like an antiquated referee.

"Well," he said, "now who in time is this?"

"It's Amelio," said Martin vaguely.

"And who's Amelio?"

"The man that Mr. Romano brought." Martin's face was blank.

"I got heem!" announced Amelio again, displaying a row of teeth as glistening as the sands of a Mediterranean shore. "I am da strong man, hey?"

"Take him off me!" Tom Bacchus demanded. "Won't you take him off?"

Martin seized Amelio's shoulders and Tom Bacchus sat up, rubbing the back of his head.

"Oh, Tom, you're hurt!" cried Helen, and everyone noticed that his face was white and that his eyes were glassy.

"It isn't anything," he answered; "only a punch behind the ear. I'm always on the receiving end, I guess. I came in here and I heard a noise—somebody tried to run past me. No, not him. There's no use holding him like that, because he didn't come till later. I don't suppose it was his fault. Somebody tried to run past me and I got hold of him, whoever it was. He struck at me and squirmed like an eel, but I had him all right. We tipped over the table and ran against the chair, and I yelled for a light; and just when everybody was coming downstairs he hit me behind the ear with something solid. I went groggy and let go, and just as I did, this—this bonehead ran in and threw me down."

"You're sure you had hold of someone else?" It was Martin speaking.

"Of course I'm sure," Tom replied. "He was lighter and taller."

"But you didn't see him?"

"How could I—in the dark?" Tom Bacchus pulled himself up from the floor, and, still rubbing his head, looked ruefully at Uncle Jethro. "No matter how I try I never do things right. If it isn't one thing it's another. I'm awfully sorry, sir. It doesn't do any good to say I did my best."

And then his face flushed. Uncle Jethro had seized him by the hand.

"Now you forget about that," he said. Now that the noise had subsided, his speech had taken on its old nasal drawl. "There's nothing two-for-a-cent about you, my boy, when you jump off the bank. If I've said anything that makes you think I'm not glad to shake hands with you, it's because I made a bad mistake. Just you remember that, and forget everything else; and now ——"

Looking placidly at Amelio, he spoke in a louder tone.

(Continued on Page 70)

The FLORSHEIM SHOE

You will always look back with pleasure to the day you bought your first pair of FLORSHEIMS, and with each succeeding pair you will admire FLORSHEIM SHOES more and more. Their loyal service—refined appearance—generous value—have made friends of a world of men who find there is no greater shoe satisfaction than wearing FLORSHEIM SHOES *permanently.*

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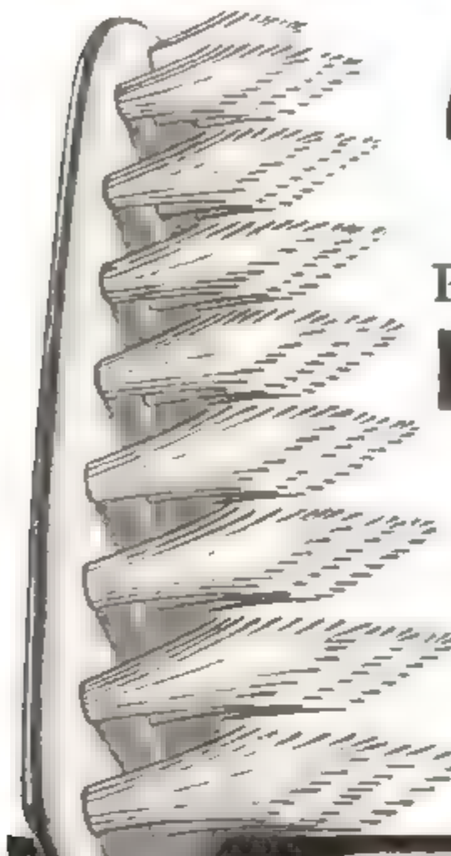

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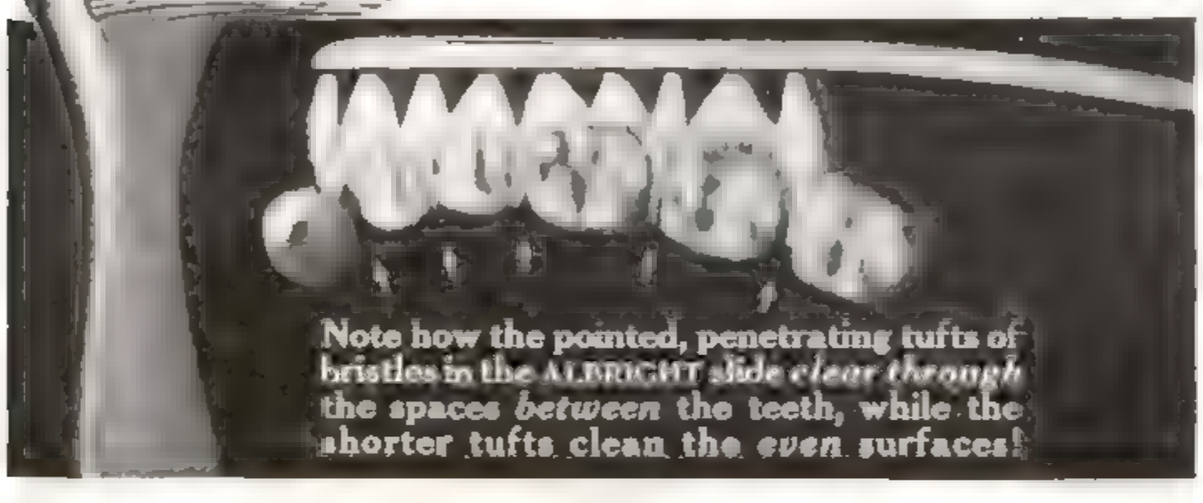
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4118 leaders in the dental profession are responsible for the scientifically correct design of the ALBRIGHT. It is *their* idea of what a toothbrush *should* be like to be 100% efficient. Today, thousands of dentists unqualifiedly endorse it. *No other toothbrush is so designed.* Ask YOUR DENTIST. Andrew Albright, Jr., Pres. RUBBERSET COMPANY, makers of the world-famous RUBBERSET Shaving, Hair, Nail and Paint Brushes, *perfected* it.

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But with an ALBRIGHT, you can get a cleansing action that is *thorough*—precisely as shown in the photo above.

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The ALBRIGHT is the *only* toothbrush that comes to you *absolutely sterile.* It is packed in a sealed, sanitary glassine envelope, and enclosed in a protecting carton. Unless a toothbrush is packed this way, you have no assurance that it was not handled by someone before you. Be sure the glassine container is *unbroken.* The *quality* of the ALBRIGHT is the *very finest;* the finish *superb.* It lasts *longest!*

Made in America!

Made in FOUR distinct colors: WHITE—LIGHT AMBER—DARK AMBER—RUBY;—the ideal way to distinguish the brush of each member of the family.

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For young people and people who prefer a smaller toothbrush

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ALBRIGHT Toothbrushes are also made in Canada by RUBBERSET COMPANY, Ltd., Toronto, Canada, and are sold throughout the Dominion.

(Continued from Page 68)

"Well, my boy, what's your story?"

Dubiously, Amelio scratched his head. "I no unnerstan'," he explained; "I ain' got no story. Upstairs—I wake up. Dey tella me there's a teef. I go down. I hear. I see da man. I grab heem queek! I no unnerstan'—no capisco ——"

"Now just a minute," Martin interrupted.

"I tell you he wasn't the one," interrupted Tom Bacchus. "There's no use getting the poor fellow into trouble. He came in later. There was someone else in here."

"Suppose you let me settle that," suggested Martin. "You don't know who I am, Mr. Bacchus, but it's time everyone knew. I'm a private detective, assigned here by a house-protective agency. Mr. Courtney has retained us for just this sort of thing."

"Well, well," remarked Uncle Jethro, "I didn't retain you so's you should get yourself locked up just when the house was being robbed."

It was a remark which evidently brought up painful memories, for Martin's face flushed.

"You're right," he answered; "but it won't do any good crying over spilled milk. We can only hope to do better now, sir. Just a minute, please!"

He stepped toward Amelio and pointed a level forefinger straight between his eyes.

"Now, my man, don't you lie to me! When you came in this room, was there anyone else here besides Mr. Bacchus?"

Amelio shifted nervously from one foot to the other.

"I no unnerstan'," he answered.

"You're Mr. Romano's man?"

Amelio nodded.

"Well," said Martin—he paused and looked around the writing room, first at the glass on the floor and then at the overturned table and the broken chair and finally at the door where everyone was standing—"well," said Martin, "now answer me this: Where's Mr. Romano now?"

Amelio started.

"I no unnerstan'," he said.

"Great snakes!" exclaimed Uncle Jethro. "Where is Romano? I haven't laid eyes on him. Helen, my dear, have you noticed Romano? Has anyone seen Romano?"

And no one volunteered a word.

"I guess that settles it, Mr. Courtney," said Martin. "We may as well ——"

Beyond the writing-room door, from somewhere in the library, came a voice, a pleasant voice:

"As well what?"

It was Romano. He was standing in the center of the library, though nearly everyone could have sworn that he had not been there before. He was in a dressing gown, a faded, frayed, plum-colored dressing gown. His hands were in his pockets and he was making a little bow.

"You wish to speak to me?" he inquired. "May I ask why you didn't call? I've been here all the time, ever since the cry was raised, and we all got on the scent—right in the rear of the orchestra, watching all the play."

"You were here all the time?" echoed Martin. "Then why didn't I see you? Why didn't anyone see you?"

The corners of Romano's mouth curved upward.

"My dear fellow, why should anyone else see me when there's so much more to see?"

"Mr. Romano," began Martin, "I may as well tell you ——"

Romano threw back his head.

"Just a minute, my friend," he said, "before you use that tone to me. You can speak so to a poor peasant like Amelio. Poor devil, he only did his best, and doesn't know half you say; but remember, please, you're not speaking to him now. I was asked here to this house as a guest and I'll have no imputations. Ah, you understand?"

He paused expectantly, but no one answered him.

"And now, my friend, perhaps it will make things simpler if I say I know the world. When I first laid eyes on you I knew you were what one calls—excuse me if I am wrong on the vernacular; I get languages mixed—a plain-clothes dick. I've put up with you following me about. It has been amusing. I know what you think. May I tell you you are wrong? Why should you pick on me to steal a chain I have brought here across the ocean? Why me more than yourself, or shall we say Miss Courtney, or Mr. Bacchus? You were all as close to it as I was. Is it because I am a stranger, far from home? My friend, if I wanted the chain, wouldn't I have kept it long ago? Why me more than anyone here, preferably someone who doesn't realize such a thing could be easily traced?"

"There!" exclaimed Uncle Jethro. "Thank heaven there's someone with a little sense; but just the same, someone took it."

"Perhaps I can make a suggestion." Romano was smiling again. "As you say, someone took it. If you had a watchman on the grounds, it is someone in the house, probably not an outside job. And if it's someone in the house"—Romano removed his hands from the pockets of his dressing gown—"why, then the chain is still in the house, and I think"—Romano looked at the servants and smiled—"I think if everyone quite understands that such an object cannot go on the market without being traced, I think it will turn up. Of course someone may hope to get a ransom as art thieves do, but it is a very dangerous business. Now I suggest"—Romano looked at Martin—"I suggest the house be searched and that everyone in it be searched. Personally, I must ask to be searched at once. I think we are all too much upset. We shall find it; I know we shall."

"There!" said Uncle Jethro. "Now we're getting somewhere. Maybe someone's in the house we don't know anything about. Has anyone thought of that?"

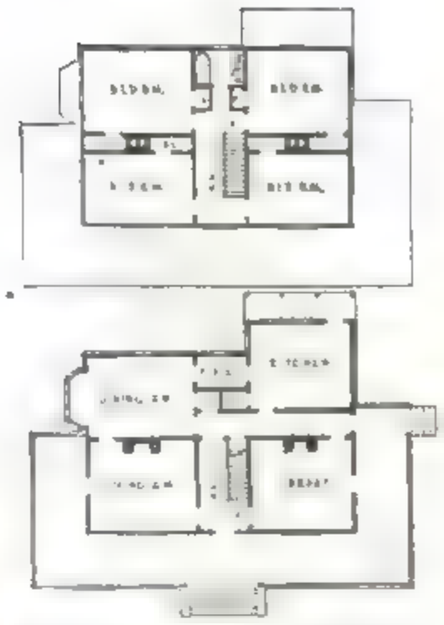
"There couldn't be," said Martin promptly.

He was interrupted by a low laugh. It was Romano laughing.

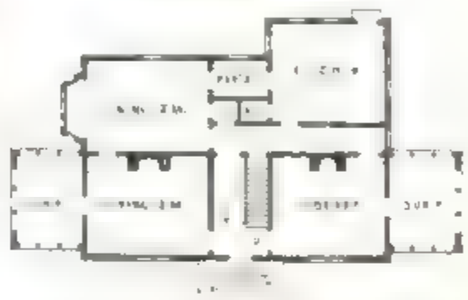
"Not even a ghost, a shade? Ah, I see you do not believe in ghosts. You should live in the Old World, and perhaps you would believe. It is a house for ghosts and a night for ghosts. Ha-ha! Now that we are supposing, suppose it is Pozzi of Perugia who came to get his chain."

They went back to their rooms at last, like passengers on a ship at the rising of a storm, and it was a stormy night. They could hear footsteps, moving of furniture and the ringing of the telephone, and now and then a firm, polite knock on bedroom doors. It was Martin, and there was no doubt that Martin knew what to do. Martin sent them upstairs. Martin went through trunks and drawers like a revenue inspector, and Martin called them for breakfast in the morning.

TO BE CONCLUDED



Old House Plans: Second floor above, first floor below.



Remodeled House Plans: First floor only, second floor unchanged.

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Hard to believe, isn't it, that the hopelessly unattractive old "mansion" (shown in the small picture) could be economically transformed into such an attractive modern house. Study the illustrations and plans above. They show how it was done.

The ridiculous cupola and the ungainly roof were done away with. A pitched roof with wide eaves took their place. A glazed sun porch was added at each end. Over the entrance door was placed an attractive shingled hood supported by brackets. Sensible shutters on either side of the windows complete the artistic effect.

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WOMAN'S PLACE IS IN THE HOME

(Continued from Page 29)

"Why the Paul Revere scenery?" she demanded.

"The what?"

Dan blinked. She pointed to the lantern hung on the wall.

"Oh, that!" Dan grinned. "I'm working on the night shift too. Up to twelve or one o'clock. I've got to make what time I can. No telling how long the strike'll last. Lord, I wish I was triplets! Wouldn't I keep the other two on the jump!"

The picture Sue carried back with her was the worst in the world for a business friend; the picture of Dan working alone in the half-done house, working till one o'clock by lantern light. It made her feel sorry for him, and pity has its heartbreaking kin.

It was weeks and weeks, though, before she saw either Dan or his house again. The strike ended and all work went on with a rush. When the Dennet company was busy, so was Sue; engrossingly so. Once she had lunch with Hyacinth; but aside from learning that Dan was well, she heard little news.

Hyacinth emphatically did not wish to talk about the house.

"Oh, house, house, house!" she said disgustedly. "It's all Dan talks or thinks about. I'm sick of the very word."

"Well, of course, that house is awfully important to Dan," Sue said placatingly.

"Important! Well, I should think a man's fiancée would be of some slight importance. Dan had better not keep on like this with me, I can tell him that. Maybe I'm spoiled, but I must say I'm used to being the most important thing in the world to a man."

"This house will be important to you, too, though. If Dan doesn't make a go of this, he won't be able to go on for himself. It will eat up his capital and ——"

"Maybe it would be just as well," said Hyacinth. "Dad says Dennet would take him back in a flash and it would be the best thing in the world."

"Best for who?" Sue asked.

"Why, for me—for us, of course."

Sue wondered suddenly if Hyacinth ever saw the same picture as she did, of Dan working at night alone by lantern light.

A month later she had lunch with Hyacinth again. It was the last Friday of August and Sue was leaving Sunday for her much-delayed vacation. This time Hyacinth herself brought up the subject of Dan's house.

"Well, it's done at last," she said. "Been done for a couple of weeks."

"Oh, isn't that good!"

"Done," said Hyacinth, with no enthusiasm, "isn't the same as sold."

"Oh, it will sell all right. Cloverdale houses all do."

Hyacinth shrugged her shoulders.

"Plenty of people have been looking at it, Dan says. There must be something funny about that house. Dan can talk brass pipes and copper leaders—whatever they are—all he likes; much good they'll do if nobody wants to buy it. It makes me tired to see anybody so proud of anything that nobody else can see anything in. I asked him last night what he built that house for anyway—to sit and admire himself, or to make money out of?"

"He'll have to sell it," Sue agreed; "and quick too. His notes must be almost due."

"Dad says"—Hyacinth toyed with her chicken cutlet—"that a man who was planning on getting married never did have any right to take such chances."

Dad, as Sue knew, had his good points; but courage and enterprise were not among them.

"Wouldn't you rather be married to a man in Mr. Dennet's position than one in your father's?" Sue asked bluntly.

Hyacinth laughed, a mirthless, unpleasant laugh that was a warning shrill above the girlish beauty of her, a warning of the woman she would sometime be.

"Dennet never got to be where he is," she said, "by putting copper leaders on houses that wouldn't sell."

Sue said nothing. A thought had leaped suddenly into her brain; a thought she was ashamed of even while she thrilled to it. Suppose Dan couldn't sell his house. Suppose he lost it, all he had put into it. Suppose, without capital, discouraged, he had to go back to working for the Dennet company. Would Hyacinth weather this time and stick by him? Sue wondered, and as she wondered, she looked at Hyacinth and felt sure. Hyacinth would not.

Suppose Dan couldn't sell his house! Of course he could sell, though. Cloverdale houses were in great demand. Dawson & Co.'s frail structures sold while their flimsy skeletons were still unhidden by plaster. Dan's house was so much better than these, dependable in material, painstaking in workmanship. Of course it would sell. But just suppose it shouldn't!

The Saturday noon that began her vacation, Sue had a last errand that took her out to Dennet's Merrivale job; and on her way back she stopped off again at Cloverdale and walked over to Dan's house. From a distance she could see that the big For-Sale sign was still out, and she was glad; ashamed, but excitedly glad. And as she drew nearer, the shamed, guilty gladness grew.

In the middle of the grassless lawn, the finished house stood. Good, Sue knew, from cellar to shingles. But plain—utterly, uncompromisingly plain. Large square flagstones set in a straight, even walk from the door to the street, the door just in the middle, one window directly above another. Good colonial, of course; but with none of the serviceable colonial's gracious, redeeming features. Its uncompromising, unbroken white clapboard front was fairly bleak in its plainness. Exactly the kind of house a carpenter-builder who knew little of the selling game would build. Among the flimsy Dawson & Co. houses, with their cunning little balconies in unexpected places, their odd doorways and irregular lines, Dan's house seemed downright ugly. An honest, homely washwoman having luncheon among the pretty ladies at the Ritz.

The door stood open and Sue stepped into the hall.

White plaster walls within, as unbroken as the white clapboards without. Tan shades rolled to the tops of the windows. White, bleak plainness.

A woman was standing idly in the dining room and men's voices floated up from the basement. Dan was showing his expensive heating plant to a possible buyer. Sue looked at the bored, impatient woman waiting above and her shamed, guilty hope leaped to a certainty. Dan would not sell his house. Not, surely, while there were any of his pretty, flimsy rivals on the market.

And Dan had no time to wait. His notes would not be extended beyond another two weeks. Someone would buy the house in time of course, and after ten years of stress and storm would bless its honest builder. But after ten years!

"There's as much chance," Sue knew, with her thrilled, guilty excitement—"there's as much chance of that house selling in the next two weeks as there is of Hyacinth's waiting for Dan if it doesn't!"

Dan came upstairs and the bored couple departed. He was so delighted to see Sue that her feeling of guilt grew stronger.

"No, it wasn't nice of me at all to stop. I wanted to see the house, and I was right out this way anyhow. How's everything going?"

Dan looked rueful.

"You'd have to sight something on the landscape to see that anything was going at all," he confessed.

"No nibbles at all?"

"Well, plenty of people come out to look, but so far none of them have come back."

"You're advertising, of course?" Sue asked, feeling more like a hypocrite with every word.

"Oh, sure! The place is listed with three different real-estate companies too. But they've got such a lot of houses to sell they naturally can't take any special interest in any one. That isn't the trouble though"—honestly. "Plenty of people have looked through it. There must be something wrong with it."

Every word of Dan's, his worried air, made Sue surer that her snap judgment had been correct. And judging by the excitement that had come with the snap judgment, every word should have made her more delighted. But strangely enough, it worked just the other way. She had not foreseen how much it would hurt to see Dan disappointed. Instead of going blithely away and waiting for events to take their natural course, she sat down on

(Continued on Page 74)

Out of sight—out of mind *out of pocketbook*

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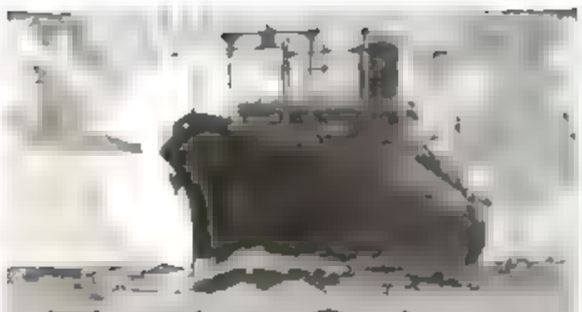

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(Continued from Page 72)

the stairs in the bare white hall. Dan leaned against the newel post and stared gloomily into the bare white living room.

"There must be something wrong with this house that I can't see," he said. "People are buying all around here. And it's a good house."

Sue said nothing. She was thinking, uncomfortably, that there was doubtless many a big, successful business man who might never have been successful if his first venture had gone wrong.

"Quarter-sawed oak floors," Dan repeated with a gruff wistfulness.

Sue hardened her heart. There was no reason in the world for her to say anything. It was none of her business anyway. Dan turned suddenly.

"What's the matter with it anyway? Can you see, Sue?"

Oh, it wasn't fair, putting it directly to her like that, with that air of trusting dependence on her friendship.

"Just what Hyacinth says," Sue answered. She knew well enough that any other woman would say the same thing she would.

"That I'm a bum business man and a chump to go in on my own." Dan grinned ruefully.

"Certainly not. What Hyacinth says about the house I mean."

"Oh, she hasn't seen the house."

"She ——" Sue stopped, cut short by the unbelievable enormity of it. "You don't—you can't mean that she hasn't ever seen this house!"

"No. She—she doesn't believe in mixing into a man's business."

Sue stared at Dan for a moment, utterly speechless. And in that moment her cool-headed plan crashed down about her like a Dawson house in a cyclone. She simply could not do it—let Dan in for loss and disappointment, let him turn the wrong way at this critical moment, let him lose the money he had made, not by luck or accident, but by long hard work.

Dan had turned to her as to a business friend. Very well, she would be a good business friend.

"I'll tell you, Dan, exactly what's the matter with this house."

Dan glanced at her, surprised.

"You've studied the building business fore and aft," Sue went on. "You've built a good house at the lowest possible cost, but you've made the one mistake that Mr. Dennet says lots of young builders make. You've taken it for granted that a good house at a fair price is going to sell."

"The cottages did," said Dan, puzzled. "Like hot cakes."

"Those were workmen's cottages on Jerome Avenue. A house in Cloverdale is something else again, Mawruss."

"So is this house. It's got the finest of everything."

"I know it has. And working for a builder, I know what the finest of material in a house means. Yet I doubt if I'd buy this house myself. And if I wouldn't, what chance is there to sell it to some woman who doesn't know copper leaders from brass tacks?"

"But a man ought to realize ——" Dan began.

"What man realizes," Sue interrupted him, "has nothing to do with the case. It doesn't make any difference whether he decides he'd like the house or not if his wife has made up her mind she doesn't want it. When it comes to a husband and wife buying a house, it's the wife that makes up their minds. If he wants one place and she wants another, they compromise on the one she wants."

Dan grinned ruefully, was silent for several moments. Then, meekly—"Wouldn't a woman like this house, Sue?"

"Not as it is. It isn't homelike. Too plain. A woman doesn't naturally fall for a plain house any more than a man falls for a plain woman. Now and then maybe, but nothing to count on."

"But I thought they'd put on the fancy touch to suit themselves."

"Not with a house with the fancy touches all on right across the street and selling for the same price, even if it's a flimsy house. A plain woman may have a quarter-sawed oak character, but she doesn't figure on a man's appreciating it and deciding he'll take her as is and put on the fancy touches himself. Not much! She curls her hair and gets out the old lipstick in advance."

Dan grinned. Dan was plain and simple by nature, but he was no fool.

"I've still got a couple of weeks," he said, "to curl this house's hair."

"And I've got a couple of weeks' vacation," said Sue. "Please let me come and help you. I don't know anywhere near as much as you do about building houses; but oh, I know so much more about the women that buy 'em!"

"But, Sue, you don't want to put in your vacation on a job like that——"

"I do, honestly," she interrupted him. "I've always thought I'd love to build a house, and this will be at least as much fun."

"I'll pay you of course, and ——"

She waved a gay hand.

"We'll talk about all that," she said, "when we've sold the house. Besides"—the gayety faded into a twisted, humorous little smile, she turned away from Dan that he might not read the wistfulness in it—"besides, it'll be a nice little wedding present for Hyacinth."

How the two of them worked! Once the idea was presented to him, Dan was not without his own ideas for dressing up a plain white house. The green blinds were his suggestion; dark green, solid, with little crescent-shaped openings, such as had once been shut tight against rains of arrows, with only the little hole for the beleaguered settler's gun.

"And window boxes," Sue decided, "of the same dark green."

"I can get one of my men back for a couple of days," said Dan.

"Make him work in the basement where he won't make the house look cluttery," Sue ordered. "You won't need to show anybody the furnace, you know."

"A good heating plant, then, is a total loss?"

She shrugged her shoulders.

"Oh, if you're going to stay in the building business, I suppose it's a good thing to have buyers speak well of you after their first winter," she conceded. "But you'll never sell a house to a woman on a boiler."

"All right, ma'am, you're the boss. What else does a woman want?"

"Those great, solid, even, square flagstones in the front walk taken up and broken into irregular pieces and set higgledy-piggledy so the grass can grow up between them."

"Yes'm."

"Some low bookshelves run around the corner of the living room."

"Yes'm."

"A pair of high-backed Dutch benches at the side door; and I'm going to take these plain tan window shades and some dye and stencil quaint little bouquets on them. Make 'em look like glazed chintz, you know." Not for nothing had Sue pored over the house-furnishing magazines these many years. "What time do people start coming out to look at houses?"

"Oh, sometimes by nine o'clock."

"We'll have to get in our work early then."

"What do you mean, early?"

"I'll be here tomorrow morning at half past five," said Sue.

Dan grinned.

"Yes, you will!"

He had learned about women from Hyacinth, whose rising hour was nine. But he had a good deal more to learn from Sue; Sue, who actually did arrive at half past five, with a roll of stencils under her arm; Sue, who, in the privacy of the early mornings, donned a pair of khaki overalls and painted bookshelves; who found some golden-glow bushes in full bloom around a tumble-down deserted house and helped

Dan transplant them—"to tie the house to the ground," she explained in phraseology he did not understand but accepted meekly; who led him down of an evening to the streets around Williamsburg Bridge, where the little foreign brass shops sell at half Fifth Avenue prices and keep open nights. They found an old ship's lantern in one of these and hung it over the doorway in place of Dan's stereotyped electric fixture, such as even the Dawson & Co. houses boasted.

It is amazing what can be done in a week in the dressing up of a house. Of course Dan himself worked day and night, for the little house had suddenly ceased to be the heavy burden it had become under worry and Hyacinth's nagging, and had become again what it had been in the beginning, a challenge, an adventure, a joy. The one carpenter was faithful and willing, and Sue's magazine study had been grafted on a stem of natural taste. Still, by Friday evening, the results astonished the very people who had brought them about. Sue and Dan stood in the street in front and marveled at the little house. The riotous golden glow and ordinary woodland ferns created the same effect that would later be made permanent with flowering shrubs and evergreens. There were bright gay flowers in the window boxes. The little house could hold its own now with its pretty flimsy neighbors.

"All we need now," Dan exulted, "is a good bright week-end. Hardly anybody comes out to look at new houses in bad weather."

And the next morning it began to rain; a slow drizzle. All Saturday Dan and Sue waited in the little house and not a looker came.

"It'll clear up by morning," they told each other cheerfully.

But it didn't. A bleak, gloomy Sunday. The house could be seen from the Boulevard and on a sunshiny week-end many motorists would drive over for idle curiosity. Nearly every Sunday some Cloverdale house was sold to these unintentioned visitors. But none stopped this Sunday. The cars scudded along through the rain as though they themselves were hurrying out of this early autumn, eager for their warm garages. Even when the traffic was held up at the crossroad, the motorists scarcely glanced out, lolling comfortably behind their shiny glass windows or huddling behind the chill flapping curtains of the open cars. All day again Dan and Sue waited in the little house, and not a visitor came.

"It can't rain all the week anyhow," they declared.

But it did, almost. And the days when it didn't rain were bleak and gray and windy. It was too early for autumn, but autumn was suddenly here just the same. A few straggling lookers at the house came in answer to Dan's advertisements. Dan, leading the men away, would hear Sue doing her inspired best with the women. And truly, Sue knew her own sex.

"Yes, we've left the plain plaster walls," he would catch. "Of course, no woman with any individuality wants her color scheme selected by a house builder. Tinting won't be at all expensive and you can carry out your own ideas. I should think, perhaps, old gold for this room—you can get Mother Goose stencils, you know; they'd be lovely for the nursery."

Or, "Oh, yes, there's a floor connection, too, on the porch, so that if you want to use an electric teakettle for tea parties out there, or for a bridge lamp in the evening, or for your vacuum cleaner—it's such a sure way to keep out moths, isn't it, to clean your furniture right out in the sunshine."

And, "The kitchen is always going to be cool with this ventilation, and you see the sink is set a little high; no back-breaking over that sink. Little things like that help so much in keeping a maid contented."

All the little intimate charms of the house came out when Sue talked, like flowers when the sun shines. For it was no glib selling talk to Sue. In imagination, she moved in with each prospective buyer, and the cool impersonalities of a vacant house warmed at her touch into the things we live with. The heating plant became snug warmth in the dining room for early breakfast on a snowy morning; the big bare corner in the living room the place for the piano; the basement door a step-saver for the laundress. The house might stand, empty and chill, in the bleak rain of the

(Continued on Page 77)

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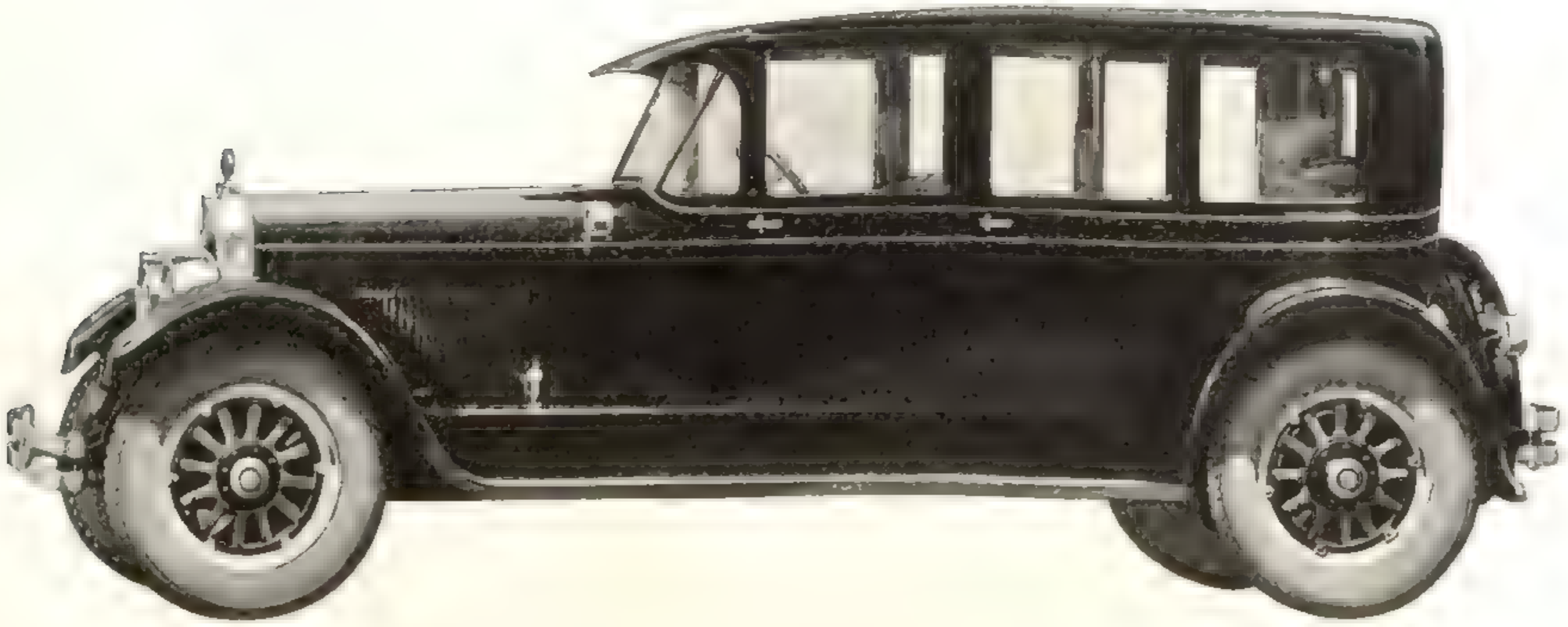

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Continued from Page 74

present, but it was never chill or bleak in this future. Fires were lit and candles burned each time that Sue moved in

But just the right looker did not come, and each day was a day nearer the fatal time Dan's notes were to fall due.

"This week-end will be the last chance," said Dan on Friday. "Gosh, if it's only decent weather! Four thousand people go by on a good Sunday on the Boulevard alone. There's certainly one out of those four thousand that would like this place."

"If it would only warm up!"

Saturday, it did not exactly rain; just a cold mist in the air. A half dozen times during the morning the sun attempted to come out; but after a pale, half-hearted effort it retired again behind the dull lead clouds. It was more mockingly discouraging than a downpour. There were automobiles enough on the distant Boulevard—there are always cars on motor roads around New York—but they went scudding past in the grayness. At noon, Sue and Dan stood side by side in the front door of the little house and studied the sky. Then they faced each other

"It isn't going to clear up and it isn't going to turn warm tomorrow."

At this one last moment, when effort had been completed and good fortune must be trusted to finish the job, fortune had failed them.

"There's a jinx on this house," said Dan. "From the time we struck water in the foundation to this weather, whenever there was a chance for luck to break the wrong way it broke. I guess this is the end all right."

Sue looked out at the chill drizzle and tears of disappointment came smarting to her eyes. She hadn't been able to do even this one friendly thing for Dan. He looked down and saw the tears.

"I've been a fool!"

"You have not!" Sue denied hotly. "You've built ——"

"I don't mean about the house. Lord, Sue, I didn't know there was a girl in the world like you—beautiful and sweet and smart and—and crying over my business troubles! Oh, Sue, what a fool I've been!"

Sue drew hastily away, afraid of the feeling that was making his voice husky, afraid of her own sudden trembling, flaming response.

"You mustn't," she faltered. "Hyacinth ——"

"Hyacinth hasn't anything to do with it. She threw me over two weeks ago anyhow. Sue, what a fool I've been!"

She raised her tear-brimming eyes to his.

"I can't say anything to you now, Sue, when I'm down and out. But I won't stay down, Sue; I'll get back to work and save more money and try again. If I thought there'd ever be a chance for me with you, Sue, how I'd work! If I thought that maybe sometime ——"

"Sometime!" Sue echoed. "Say it now, Dan! Say it right now!"

And Dan did.

The mist blew across the low stone doorstep, blew in at the open door; blew about these two in the chilly house.

But they did not feel the cold, not in the warmth that was ancient before man ever learned to kindle fire.

Suddenly Sue straightened up.

"We've got till Monday night, Dan Nothing can stop us now. Let it mist, let it rain, let it snow someway or other, we're going to sell this house!"

Sunday broke the weather man's record for early September cold. The air was raw with mist and a sharp wind blew scraps of paper along the Boulevard. The traffic policeman at the Cloverdale crossroads shivered bleakly in his rubber coat as he held up each string of motors.

Two small boys with their hands full of cards shivered, too, though their yellow oilskin coats shone bright in the rain. They were energetic youngsters, though, and they thrust their cards in at the open cars, past the cold wet curtains

Sometimes a shiny glassed sedan or limousine door was opened and a hand reached out to accept the proffered card. Human nature, bored and curious, rides in closed as well as open cars.

"Please stop as our guest for a cup of hot tea before the fire," the cards read. "You might enjoy going through the most charming and convenient little house in Westchester County, but you won't be urged to buy it. Stop for tea anyway. The house with the lighted windows."

"It's a queer thing," Sue had told Dan the evening before, "the lure that free food has. Haven't you seen women who could buy the whole grocery and never miss the money, crowding around a free demonstration table to get a teaspoonful of gelatin dessert?"

Sunday's dull sky made twilight even at midday, and two blocks from the wind-lashed motor road lights from the little house shone warm and cozy through the gloom. The multigraphed cards were just the explanation, the bright windows were the potent invitation that made one car after another turn off the highway.

At the house, the ship's lantern shone brightly beside the quaint New England doorway; the golden glow, bent almost double and whipped against the house by the cold wind, was still riotously golden; the prim little bunches of flowers painted on the half-drawn shades were silhouetted by the lights inside.

Inside the house—and more people actually came trooping in that day than had on any sunny, idling Sunday—inside the house, despite bare walls and empty rooms, were warmth and light and gayety. Bowls of wild asters and cosmos stood on the window sills and newel posts; a wood fire snapped and sparkled in the living-room fireplace. In its glow, a white-spread card table had all the charm and dignity of the most conventional tea table. Sue's alcohol kettle sang cozily and the firelight flickered on Sue's mother's company cups and saucers. Tea, lemon, sugar, and boxes of sweet crackers—no great outlay, either, of anything but thought.

And in and out of the cold and damp they came, from ten in the morning till after dark at night; women who peeled off their gloves to warm their hands before the fire and sip their steaming tea; men who congregated in the basement, going down with Dan to inspect the heating plant and staying to smoke and tell what Coolidge should have done. Mostly idle lookers, of course. But if out of an average hundred lookers there is one possible buyer, and the hundred lookers can be made to come —— Ah, the very elements must bow at last to the sharpened wits of love. The bleak wind and rain that might have kept the hundred away served at this last moment to bring them instead; served, too, as most potent of backgrounds. No vacant house, standing in sunshine, could ever have had this storm-bound snug aroma of home.

When the last guest had ridden honking away in the darkness, Sue and Dan faced each other before the dying fire. Success, come so dramatically at the last moment, seemed incredible.

"Three of them!" Dan repeated again and again. "Gosh! Three of 'em!" And then, anxiously—"I only pray they don't all change their minds overnight, before I can get one signed up in the morning. Men do sometimes."

"Men!" Sue's reassuring laugh was all tender contempt. "Men! Poor dears, what if they do? What chance have they got? Didn't you see the three wives glaring at each other? Your only difficulty will be in placating the two you can't sell it to."

"Oh, Sue!" But Dan's adoring voice and Dan's adoring eyes were, even in this moment of triumph, not for Sue, the business woman. They fitted better with the littered tea table, the flowers and the firelight.

It was some time later before business was even referred to, and then the reference was brief and fleeting.

"And think of the help I'll be to you in your business, Dan! I believe that's why you want to marry me."

Dan kissed her.

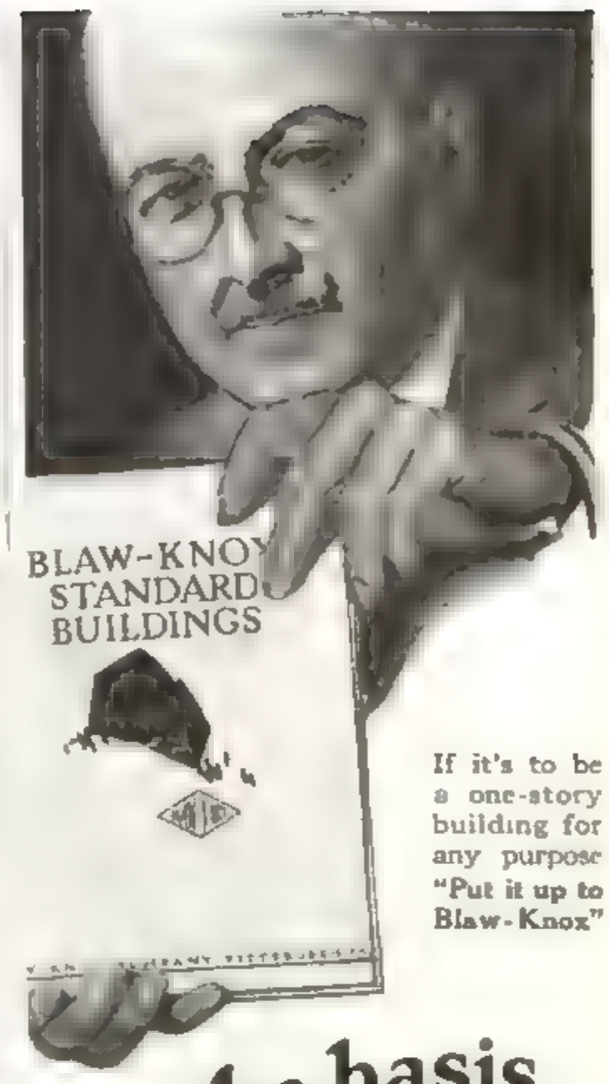
"Sure!" he said. "I'm just looking for a house salesman."

"House saleswoman," Sue corrected. "Every house builder should have one. Why, Dan"—she cocked a tender, mischievous glance up at the big blue-eyed dearness of him and permitted herself the luxury of one catty little mimic—"why, Dan, have you forgotten that it's woman's place that's in the home?"

Trees at Night

DRAWN BY ART YOUNG

Blaw



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Jacobs Oregon City Woolens

PURE VIRGIN WOOL
WOVEN WHERE THE WOOL IS GROWN

STILL FACE

(Continued from Page 38)

"As a part of the mummery," he said "Yesterday that negro, almost under my eyes, tortured and killed a puppy."

She bit her lips

"He has some strange religion—Voodooism."

"Ah, you know that."

"Was Mr Jones present? Surely you are not saying that he took part in the cruelty."

Keats remembered the negro lying bleeding on the ground, punished by his master's hand.

"No," he said honestly; "Still Face struck him down for it—and yet he seemed to excuse the act."

"He would," said Faith, "not excuse it, exactly, but admit the unimportance of it."

"He said something like that—that the difference in degree between barbarities was so slight that, after all, torturing a puppy was not worse than, say, killing a fly."

"And isn't that so—in the last analysis, in a final comparison?"

"Can you believe that?"

She hesitated now.

"I cannot, but I can understand it. But I have not reached the plane he has reached. I have not spent my life in contemplation as he has."

"Nevertheless," said Keats, "whether I am prejudiced and mistaken about the man or not, he is dangerous medicine. I had not intended to speak of him to you, though I have worried to see you giving your time to him."

"Worried?"

"Exactly; and I say now that my belief is he is altogether evil and malignant and that he means some wickedness. He means some definite harm to you. I feel it. Be careful how you have anything to do with Still Face."

Her lip curled.

"There is only one thing I can imagine to make you speak of him in this way."

"And that is?"

"That you are jealous."

When the words were out she could have bitten her tongue. She had not intended to say them, knew them to be without justification, knew they implied an assumption on her part that could spring from nothing but her vanity—an assumption, indeed, which she was far from holding. She had spoken like a little girl in a quarrel who uses any verbal weapon that comes to hand. Now she compressed her lips and wished she were a hundred miles away.

"Jealous?" said Keats slowly. "Jealous? Do you mean, Miss Newton, that I am accusing this man baselessly because ——" He paused and flushed. "That," he said, "would imply that I—that I have an interest in you other than mere acquaintanceship; in short, that I have fallen in love with you. To be jealous one must be in love, is that not so? I am quite sure, Miss Newton, that my conduct toward you has not been such as to cause you to believe I have fallen in love with you. I—why, I never thought of such a thing! Really! I give you my word of honor."

He was dreadfully embarrassed, and his acute discomfort helped her to recover her own poise, almost her sense of humor. It was humorous to see and hear this young man protesting so vigorously to her that she had been unable to arouse his interest, that he had never considered her as a woman, but only as a person who happened to be in his vicinity. Indeed, it piqued her, and she made a mental resolution against his peace of mind.

Keats, being an efficient and practical young man, and singularly uninformed regarding the nature of women, insisted upon pinning Faith down to a categorical answer.

"Do you think I am in love with you?"

"Certainly not," she said.

"No, of course not." He was defending himself against what seemed to him an unjustified accusation, and in his efforts clumsily to clear his skirts he made rather a spectacle of himself.

"I—why, you are not at all the sort of girl I could ever fall in love with," he said with a lack of tact little short of miraculous. "I have never thought much about it; but every man, I suppose, has an ideal more or less indefinite. You are not it at all. Honestly, Miss Newton, I assure you, you are not anything like my ideal."

"You are the most flattering young man I have ever met."

"But such misconceptions are dangerous. I wouldn't have you think me in love with you for—for anything."

"I see. Because then I might fall in love with you, and pine away and die. Is that it? Aren't you rather jumping to conclusions? I'm quite sure I shan't fall in love with anybody before being asked to do so. No, I shan't fall in love at all. I can't afford it."

"I'm not jealous of Still Face. I'm afraid of him."

"You're not afraid to talk behind his back."

"It does seem rather like that. But well, after all, I am a member of your household, associated with your grandmother, and ——"

"That gives you no right to meddle in my affairs."

"I I'll try not to again, Miss Newton. I haven't meant to offend you. But for goodness' sake, watch your step with that man. I tell you he is bad medicine. Be careful before you bump your head."

"I imagine I am competent to look after myself."

"I hope so," said Keats; and then, after a brief pause, "But I'm perfectly certain you're not."

Miss Newton's eyes flamed.

"You—oh, you're impossible! You're an atrocity!"

With which pronouncement she turned on her heel and stamped, in a manner not impressively dignified, out of the mill. Keats remained in no delightful state of mind. It seemed to him that somehow, possibly due to something he had said or done, Miss Newton's visit to the mill had not been altogether a success.

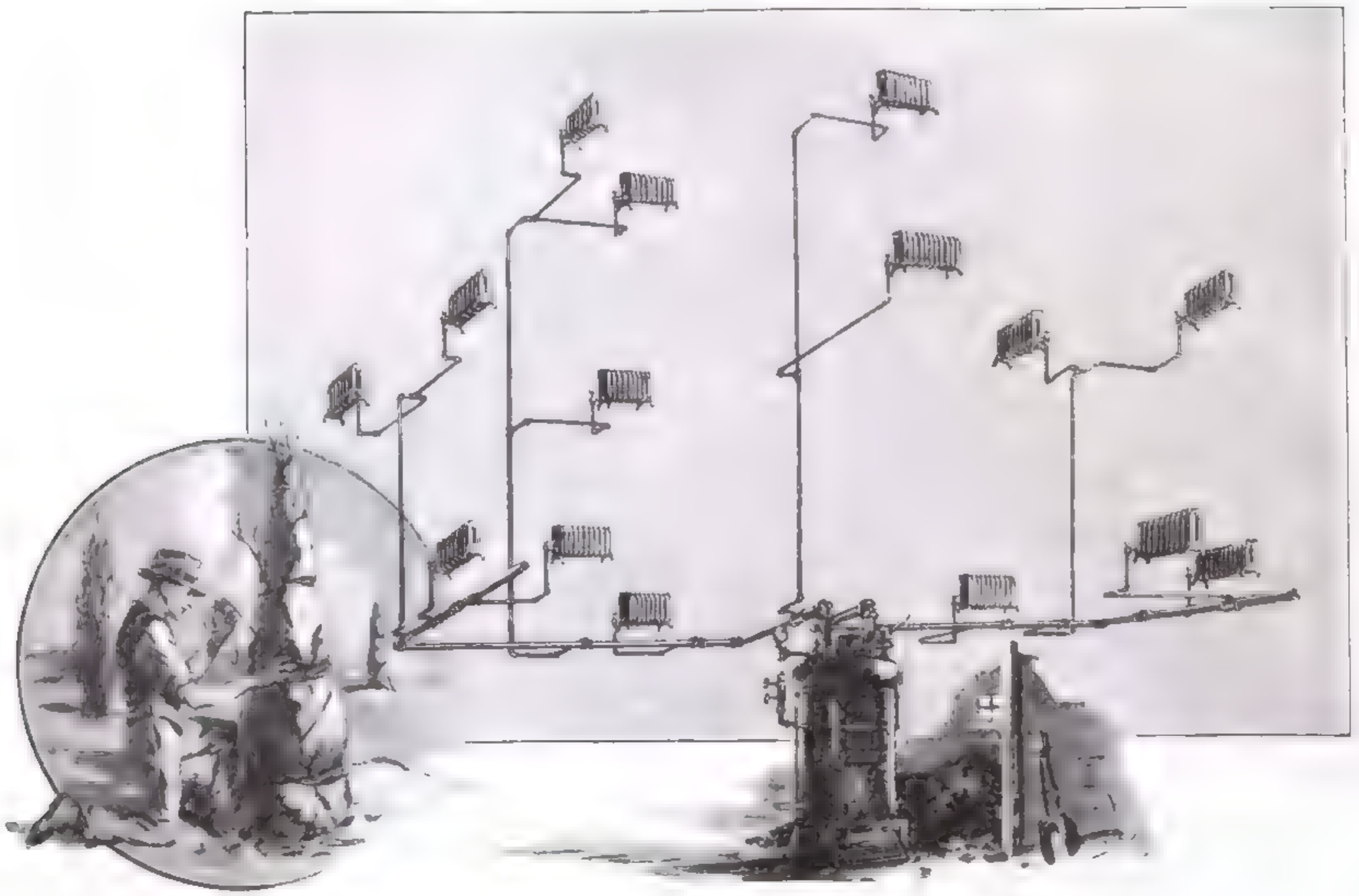
XI

KEATS arrived at the mill next morning rather fancying himself, for by conversational wiles almost superhuman he had induced the twins to sell him not less than ten thousand nor more than fifteen thousand feet of hardwood logs. This was a start. While these were being transmuted into rolling pins and drumsticks and suchlike he would have time to look about him and to procure his year's run.

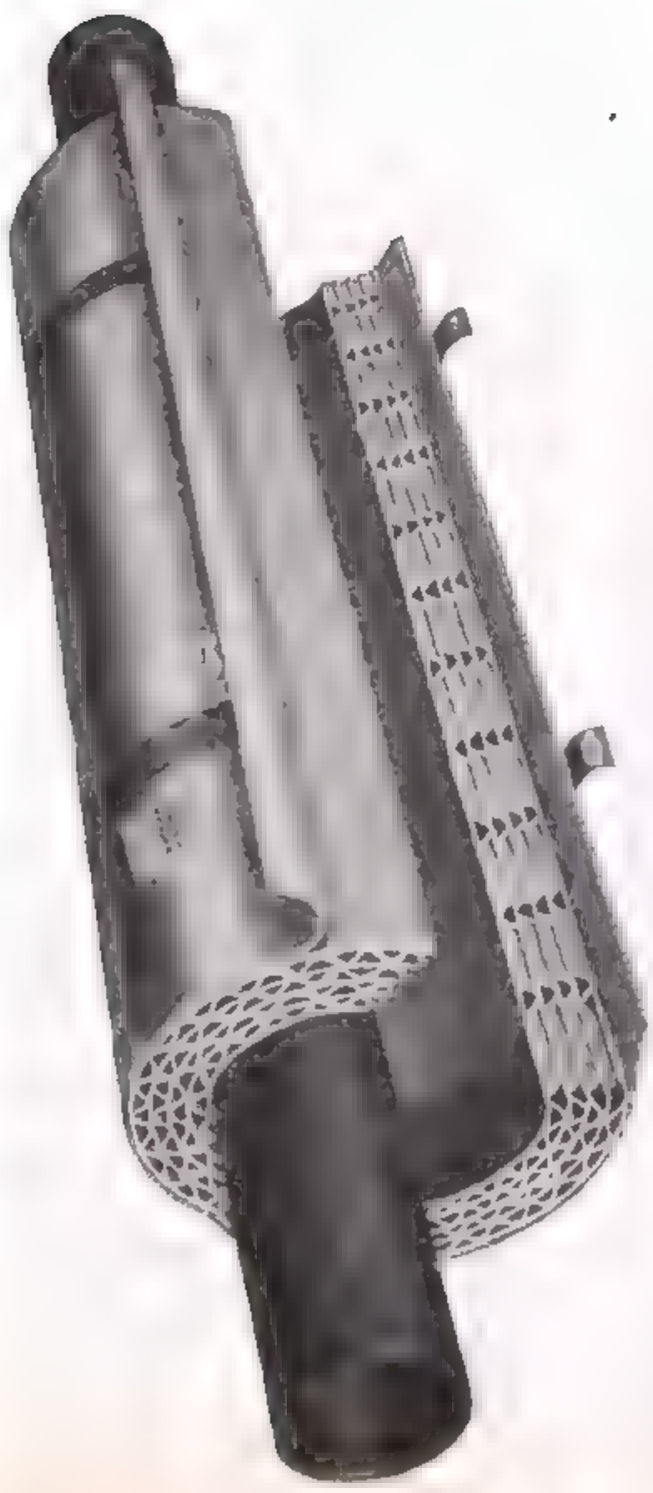
Leaving Ole and one Italian to tinker with the machinery, he took the remaining pair out to the log slide up which a bull chain, equipped at intervals with dogs, carried on the trade of hauling logs from the hot pond up to the jump saw. The framing of the slide was necessarily heavy—timbers of spruce ten by ten inches square—and the uppermost left-hand timber demanded to be replaced, for it was in a state of ill preservation. A spruce timber of that size and twelve feet long is no jackstraw.

It was a simple matter to displace the rotted timber. The Italians hauled up the new piece, and with cant dogs heaved it back and forth and rolled it over to fit it into the vacancy. Keats stood below between a pair of inclined braces, watching and directing. The workmen panted and heaved and grunted to each other in the Neapolitan dialect, watching Keats with bright eyes in the intervals of their strenuous labor. A motor car passing in the road emitted a raucous honk and Keats turned his head to observe. As he did so the Italians strained forward on cant dogs in a final effort to fit the timber into its berth; but apparently they underestimated their strength or miscalculated the center of the timber's equilibrium. It balanced for the fraction of a second on the edge, and then, twisting and revolving, dropped to the braces between which Keats stood. Had he remained motionless the huge missile must have taken him just below the shoulders and crushed him to the ground, after which it is inconceivable that he would ever have continued with earthly interests in timber or otherwise. But luck was with him. He turned his head as the timber tetered on the edge, and brain and muscles reacted cleanly and sharply. He could not leap backward out of harm's way. The best he could hope from that would be mangled legs. There was nothing for it but a dive forward, and he dived. The timber clipped the disreputable hat from his head, flashed past and thudded upon the ground. Keats picked himself up with scratched face and hands, not unshaken as to nerves, and walked back to a spot from which he could regard his workmen.

(Continued on Page 80)



More important to cover this plant —*your heating plant*



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Name

Address

S. E. P.—11-25

(Continued from Page 78)

"Boys," he said, "once is an accident, twice is a coincidence. Don't let three times form a habit."

But for all that no suspicion entered his mind that this second narrow escape of his was from anything but carelessness or accident. He was not by nature a person given to suspicions; and aside from making a mental resolution that it was not expedient to stand under anything heavy these workmen were handling, he dismissed it from his mind and went on with the day's labor.

The mill was nearing a state of complete repair. Within a day or two the boilers would be fired and the shafting would turn over, carrying power through belts to the various machines. That was the test. Would the mill run? Excitement grew in him, a boyish excitement, a thrill such as he had never before experienced. This thing was real; here was no theory, no product of decadent art or of words gone wild. It was a thing you could see, a thing accomplished. It was practical. No sculptor ever found greater delight in a statue, no composer in a sonata, no painter in a landscape. It was his; he was the author of it, and no man in the world possessed wealth enough to hire him to stay away from his mill on the day when first it turned over. He walked about from machine to machine, touching each almost shyly with his fingers; he wandered down into the engine room, where he stood regarding with affection the great cylinder, the polished brass, the broad belt that transferred the energy of the steam to the multiplicity of processes in the mill above. Like a boy on the eve of Christmas, he could hardly contain himself.

On that last evening when Keats and Ole made their final inspection to insure that every bolt was tight, every idler in place, every gear meshed and the whole intricate assembly ready to commence its life work in the morning, it was with difficulty that Keats could compel himself to leave the mill. The morning seemed too long to wait. Over this machine and that conveyor he lingered with boyish enthusiasm and discoursed buoyantly to the unresponsive Ole.

"She's done," he said. "And let me tell you, Ole, she's the best little old mill in the country. Just look at her, eh? Now I ask you, did you ever see a better mill than this—for its size?"

"Huh!" Ole answered eloquently.

"Doesn't look much like she did the day we started. Say, it amounts to something to do a job like this. There's something in it. When you're through you've done something."

His was the joy of a creator, the satisfaction of an artist. Somewhere in him, distorted perhaps according to some lofty standards, lived and moved the creative impulse, the urge that drives the painter to his brush and the sculptor to his chisel. And who shall say, when mundane affairs are put to the last analysis, when they are sent to the ultimate laboratory for assay, that a perfect sawmill, a perfect real-estate sale, a perfect grocery store, will not show to the Great Chemist as high in gold as the perfect painting, the perfect sonata or the perfect sculpture? Who may claim that a higher ability goes to the creating of one than the other?

"Ay bane go sooper," said Ole, who had brought to the running point many mills.

So Keats left the mill, locked the door, and with music in his heart—the music of whirring shafts and humming saws—strode along the road that straggled up the hill to Newton's White Elephant.

"We been keepin' supper for you," said grandma.

"Sorry to be late," he said gayly; "but she's done, and I had to stay for a last look."

"Ready to commence, eh?"

"Logs in the pond, everything all set. At seven in the morning we'll see. And, Mrs. Newton, you're invited. You ought to break a bottle of champagne or something."

"I calc'late to see it," said grandma; "but licker and logs hain't never been known to mix. The' won't be even dandelion wine."

"Will you come too?" he asked Faith.

"At seven in the morning!" She laughed. "Get up at that hour just to see a dinky little mill begin to chug! Your idea of an event is a scream."

"It is an event," said Keats, his face boyishly disappointed. "It is the greatest event in my life. I don't know what you would call a moment of importance, Miss Newton——"

"I do," she said. "I'd get up at seven to meet an impressionable millionaire. I'm not lazy, you know. I can work hard for what I want."

"If," said grandma tartly, "you ever find out what 'tis you want."

"I know," said Faith. "It's distance from Westminster."

"Nothin'," said grandma. "I'll ever settle you down and give you sense till the time comes for you to set and hem diapers. That'll take the nonsense out of you."

"Babies," said Faith flippantly, "are not in style this season."

"Lord knows where she gits sich notions," said grandma; "but don't pay no attention to her. She'll git her come-uppance, and one of these days she'll diskiver what we all come to know—that a woman's really born the same time as her first baby. Nothin' before that counts."

"That's mid-Victorian," said Faith.

"It's facts," said grandma. "It was facts in the Garden of Eden, and it'll be facts when Gabriel blows his final trumpet."

"Let Mr. Dodd talk about his mill," Faith said. "You can see he's bursting with it. He acts as if a man wasn't born until his first mill starts to manufacture."

"That's exactly how I feel," said Keats; "as if I were waiting to be born. Tomorrow will be my first day on earth."

"My first day of life," said Faith, "will be the one on which I leave this miserable hamlet forever."

"Be you pickin' out this Maxwell man to take you?" grandma asked. "The way you're runnin' after him'll cause talk."

"Anyhow, he has one attribute of an ideal husband," said Faith. "He hasn't any brains. If he had enough money I don't know but I'd take him on."

"If lots of money and no brains is your ideal of a husband, what is your ideal of a wife?"

"There's no such thing. Wives are women, and no woman can be anything but a woman. There can be a successful wife, but never an ideal wife."

"And what is a successful wife?"

"One who keeps her husband convinced she is his ideal."

"I'm quite sure, Miss Newton, that you don't in the least believe this nonsense. You've read it somewhere, just as I've heard it talked in the village. You're being deliberately a naughty little girl just to shock us."

"Mr. Dodd!"

"You ought," said grandma, with a twinkle, "to be sport enough to take a dose of your own medicine."

"Such a word for you to use! Sport!"

"If I don't learn worse from listenin' to you it's a mercy. Where was you this afternoon?"

"Walking. And, oh, I saw the queerest thing! I walked out toward the lake and circled back over Stony Hill Road. I was just poking along, maybe a quarter of a mile from where it joins the main road above the mill——"

"Just beyond Still Face's house?" asked Keats.

"Yes. The road is bordered by witch hopple and sumac—like a tall hedge. There's an old sugar house there—you can see it from this window. I was passing it when I heard the queerest sounds. I couldn't make out what sort of animal it was, or whether it was an animal, and I was a bit startled; but I had to see."

"You would," interjected grandma.

"I stopped, and as softly as I could, pushed aside the sumac to look through. You know that negro servant of Mr. Jones'?"

"I do," said Keats grimly.

"It was he lying on the ground and rolling over and over like a puppy. Just playing and frolicking that's how it seemed and gurgling and laughing. And what do you suppose he was doing? Playing with a kitten! I never saw anything like it. It was a kitten about so long"—she measured with her hands—"a cunning, fat little kitten, and it would walk around him and purr like a little sawmill with its tail straight in the air like a flagpole. He would get on all fours suddenly and make a lunge for it—pretending he was a puppy, maybe—and the kitten would arch its back and dance off stiff-legged; you know how they go, sort of sidewise. It was having a wonderful time. Every minute or so it would leap in at him as ferocious as anything, and then he would lie back and gurgle, and the kitten would walk up and down him, and bite at his buttons. I watched him twenty minutes. I never saw a human being so crazy about an animal. They seemed to be able to talk to each other."

"Did he—offer to hurt it?" asked Keats.

"Hurt it! Indeed not! He acted more like a foolish mother with a baby. How silly! You simply couldn't imagine his hurting it. Why, it was so simple and so sort of pitiful that I almost cried."

"Um—and then?"

"Then he gathered the kitten in his arms and gibbered over it and held it to his face—the gentlest way—and took it and shut it in the old sugar house. I hid in the bushes while he came away, and watched him make a big circle back to his house. He acted as if he didn't want anybody to see what direction he came from."

Keats sat absorbed. What incomprehensible, contradictory behavior! One day this savage tore the life from a puppy with his hands; next day he rolled and frolicked with a kitten, exhibited every mark of love for the little creature. How reconcile these things? Or was the negro in the tentacles of some strange mania—a mania of cat love and dog hatred? It was a tenable assumption. Was there something of the cat nature in the man—something that aroused in him an instinctive hatred of dogs? Then another idea came to him, an idea which he put from him, refused to hold, but which clung tenuously to the tissue of his thoughts. It was—but he refused to put it into mental words. Nevertheless, from that moment on his conduct was modified by it; his behavior was affected by its presence in the back of his mind. It clung there, somber, dreadful, like some noxious bat in a cavern.

"If you will excuse me," he said suddenly, "I shall go to bed. I want to be at the mill very early in the morning."

"What time'll I have Huldy git your breakfast?"

"Don't trouble her, Mrs. Newton."

"She's always up at five."

"That will do nicely then, and thank you. You will come at seven?"

"I calc'late to see that mill start, young man."

"But you, Miss Newton——"

"I wouldn't get up at seven to see it burn," she said.

When he was gone, Grandma Newton turned to the girl.

"What makes you so devilish to that boy, Faith? What spite you got against him? If I was him I'd smack you."

"So would I," said Faith.

XII

KEATS DODD would have saved himself a painful amount of counting sheep jump over a fence if he had not gone to bed at all that night. He could not sleep. It was one of those white nights when one's thoughts are so sharply clear as to seem incandescent; when the mind flashes and flashes tirelessly, wearing out the body and the nerves with its kaleidoscopic activity. Keats' thoughts darted about aimlessly, from mill to timber, from timber to New York, from Greenwich Village to Still Face. It seemed as if everything that had ever excited his curiosity recalled itself to him between bedtime and morning. He considered the queer facts that first had interested him in Newton's White Elephant and how the night prowling had ceased since his coming. Had it ceased because of his coming? Did his presence in the house interfere with the plans of the prowlers, and how and why? He considered the matter of the missing ledgers and what they could have contained to make it desirable for anyone to destroy them—and what possible connection Still Face could have had with business transactions a dozen years old. He reflected upon the death of the puppy and upon the deaf-and-dumb negro's outlandish affection for a kitten. Last of all, he thought about his two narrow escapes, and for the first time asked himself if, perhaps, they were not a part of the whole pattern that was being woven about Newton's White Elephant and the Red Mill and grandma and Faith Newton and himself. Were they accidents? He shrugged this thought aside, but it insisted upon recurring. And then he slept briefly, to awaken at the first jangle of his alarm clock.

He reached the mill at half past five, which was wholly unnecessary. No workman would be there for upward of an hour, but he could not wait. Like a small boy, he must be on the grounds before the circus tent was raised. It was dark in the mill; nor could he get lights, for the Westminster electric-lighting plant did not turn on its current until half past six. So he felt his way around from machine to machine, assuring himself that each was in place as he had left it the night before. It was all to no purpose; but he was there, and he was satisfied. It was fine to be there with the thing he had wrought. A poet sitting in the dark with his finished poem in his hands!

At last daybreak and Ole arrived, and the Italians and a scattering of other workmen; then the engineer, who plunged down the stairs to his engine room to turn on the now-available light. On the instant his voice arose to them, excited, protesting:

"Hey, Mr. Dodd! Hey, look at here! Who done this?"

Keats, followed by Ole, rushed down the stairs. Somehow he had known something would happen. It was because he feared the happening of some mischance to his mill that he had wanted to remain in it, guarding it. In the door of the engine room he paused, stared. The great belt which passed around the huge flywheel of the engine and disappeared through the partition to embrace a pulley on the main shaft was not in place. It lay on the floor. Keats walked to it slowly. It was an endless belt, made in one piece to fit—and before him he saw a belt with two ends, jagged ends. It had been cut. Thirty-six inches wide it was, and it had been hacked through, perhaps with a sharp ax. He picked up one end and then the other, and looked from Ole to the engineer.

"Here," he said sharply, "help me. Stretch it over the wheel. We can lace it. It'll hold with lacing, won't it, Ole?"

"She bane hold if she bane enough long," said Ole.

Silently they tugged and strained at it until they realized the truth. It could not be laced, for the belt had not been severed merely—a section of it four feet long had been cut out and carried away!

"Now who in tunket would 'a' done that?" demanded the engineer.

"Can it be mended?" asked Keats.

"You git five-six feet, yas," said Ole. "Splice her."

"But who done it?" insisted the engineer.

"If I knew," said Keats, "do you think I'd be pottering around here? Somebody would be splicing him by now." And then, "I've a guess and I'm on my way to talk it over. Do what you can, Ole."

He had made up his mind, jumped at a conclusion, and with characteristic celerity was about to take action. He rushed out of the mill, almost ran up the street and across the bridge to the hotel.

"Where's Mr. Maxwell?" he asked at the desk.

"Dining room," said the proprietor, jerking a thumb toward the open door.

Mr. Maxwell sat alone at a table, partaking of a dieting man's breakfast and casting longing eyes at the towers of buckwheat cakes that were delivered at adjoining tables. His own bran and dry toast and coffee seemed unusually inadequate this morning, and he glanced down at his waistline to see if he might not venture upon a griddle-cake debauch just this once. Before he weakened, Keats drew back a chair and sat down.

"Good morning," said Mr. Maxwell.

"Good morning," said Keats.

"Breakfast with me under a flag of truce."

"No, just wanted a word with you—to sort of clear my mind."

"You look," said Maxwell, "as if you'd found something taking a swim in your coffee."

"I have," said Keats, "a very expressive face. I've often been told so. My mother used to complain of it. It was her idea, you know, that a gentleman should be reserved and—er—self-contained."

"Fine idea. But did you drop in just to show me your expression?"

"Came to discuss it with you," said Keats. "It's a serious expression, because something serious has happened."

"Well, if you ask me as an expert, it's a first-class one and does the job," Maxwell said courteously. "I don't recall ever seeing a better."

"It dates back," said Keats, "to our first meeting. You remember—in Mrs. Newton's parlor?"

"I remember very well indeed. I had walked up a hot hill, and you offered to throw me down it again."

"So I came over to find out if I was wrong not to do it then."

"Then?"

"Instead of temporizing," said Keats. "I don't usually temporize."

(Continued on Page 85)

Thanksgiving's Coming

Take an "*Ounce of Prevention*"!

IF you could only be made to see, before it is too late, how vital it is to rid the body regularly of digestive waste!

If you only knew how much sickness and unhappiness is caused by faulty elimination you would *correct* this condition at once and take steps to prevent its recurrence.

The intestines need bulk

Men and women who do not get enough physical exercise and who are careless about their diet have lazy intestines which do not discharge their cargoes of waste promptly. The intestines require a certain amount of *bulk* food if they are to function normally.

Bran, according to our most eminent medical authorities is an ideal bulk food for human consumption. It brings about regular habits and should be eaten daily.

Ordinary bran, such as is fed to cattle, you have doubtless tried and found unappetizing But Post's Bran Flakes, seasoned with malt syrup and salt, provide bran in a truly delicious form! Try it. "Now you'll like bran."

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Post's Bran Flakes give you a laxative cereal which never tires the palate. Serve it to every member of the family, every day. Eat it with milk or cream just as you would Grape-Nuts or Post Toasties; serve it with fruits; bake it into muffins or bread.

In addition to providing bulk for the intestines, Post's Bran Flakes also yield rich nourishment which the body needs. Phosphorus and iron, carbohydrates and proteins and the dietary essential Vitamin B—all are contained in this wholesome food.

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Tapping one of the 600-ton blast furnaces at the River Rouge plant, which insure the unfailing supply and uniform quality of iron required for the 2000 tons of castings daily produced in the Rouge foundry, which adjoins the blast furnaces.

IRON *for* UNPARALLELED PRODUCTION

THE production program maintained by the Ford Motor Company, which makes possible the high quality and low cost of Ford Products, requires 400,000 tons of iron yearly.

To meet this demand and to insure rigid adherence to Ford specifications, two 600-ton blast furnaces have been built at the River Rouge plant.

Into these furnaces, cars running on the overhead conveyor system empty iron ore, coke and limestone. Five times daily, each of these furnaces delivers 120 tons of molten high silicon iron to ladle cars.

Contrary to the usual practice of pouring into stationary molds, the Ford method carries the molds on conveyors to the ladles, then bears the castings on to the cooling racks.

Materials move continually forward, the men standing still at their work. Human exertion is reduced to a minimum by so timing every operation that the automatic conveyors perform the heavy labor.

At each tapping of the furnaces, samples are taken at once to the laboratories for scientific analysis.

With the metallurgical equipment that has been provided at River Rouge, the Ford Motor Company is able to give to its products a durability that insures years of useful service. And the Ford program of economy for the public has been made more effective by the resultant savings.

Ford Motor Company

Owning and operating coal and iron mines, timber lands, sawmills, coke ovens, foundries, power plants, blast furnaces, manufacturing industries, lake transportation, garnet mines, glass plants, wood distillation plants and silica beds

Pouring the iron into the molds which move ever forward on conveyors to the ladle. This is a part of the continuous foundry practice which originated with the Ford Motor Company. Everything is done on the move, from core making to casting: and the castings are machined before they leave the foundry building.

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says:

Millions of mothers insist that children frequently purify hands and faces with Lifebuoy

Because it removes germs and purifies skin.

It gives you that feeling of absolute cleanness.

"Daddy, I'm 'fraid"

A Health Beauty talk by the Health Doctor

"Just afraid of the dark," we say.

It's deeper than that, though. The human mind fears the unknown—the unseen.

There are unseen dangers on the hands of youngsters grubby from play; on money, car seats, books, door knobs they touch—the germs which cause colds, fevers or possibly worse. There is real danger in the dark if these germs stay on little hands cuddled against nose or mouth in sleep.

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Millions of mothers insist that children frequently purify hands and faces with Lifebuoy Health Soap—after play—before eating and always before going to bed.

Because they have faith in Lifebuoy as an everyday protection against sickness.

The creamy, antiseptic lather of Lifebuoy purifies each separate pore, leaving the skin soft, sweet and *safe*.

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Lifebuoy is pure and fine as any soap you can buy at any price. Its gentle antiseptic action is just what your skin needs to keep it healthy with the lovely underglow of a radiant complexion.

You are sure to become fond of Lifebuoy; of the antiseptic, quickly vanishing odor especially—it gives one such a comfortable feeling of being *safely* clean.

The Health Doctor

Send 10 cents for my book "Health Beauty"

It tells how to guard family health and beauty. It is charmingly illustrated and bound in stiff covers—a regular library book. It will be mailed to you if you will send 10 cents in stamps to Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

Use Lifebuoy a month and you will use it for life

(Continued from Page 80)

"But why this change of front at such an hour of the morning?"

"Do I remember correctly that you—in a manner of speaking—volunteered to—er—chuck a monkey wrench in the machinery if we didn't sell you our mill?"

"Accurate to the dot."

"After which you did gum a timber deal for me?"

"Rather cleverly. No objection to that?"

"None; it was in the way of business. Since then, however, I've had a couple of—maybe they were, too—accidents. Once an iron pulley dropped where I just happened not to be; again a sizable timber made me do a dive that was most undignified."

Keats paused and glanced at Maxwell's face, which was inscrutable.

"Yes?" prompted the man.

"And this morning—the mill was to turn over at seven o'clock—I find some person has chopped my main belt in two with an ax and carried away about four feet of belting—which makes starting impossible."

"Yes?"

"So—to avoid holding any suspicion until it festered—I dropped in to ask you point-blank and man to man if these things were all in the way of business too."

Mr. Maxwell rubbed his upper lip.

"I can see how you might be disgruntled," he said.

"Well?"

"Now I'll tell you. I want to see you bust. I yearn to see you bust. You'll be a nuisance to me until you do, and I am to help the debacle along as much as I can legitimately, and, as we have said, in the way of business. I'm sharp, and maybe I'll dally with a bit of overreaching if I can. Fault of early upbringing, possibly, or blunt moral perception. I'll dig under your contracts and hire away your labor, and all that. But I've got my limits. One of them is murder. The other one is sneaking in at night and messing with a man's machinery. I'll try to outthink you, and if you're set on it, I'll step out in the sunshine and try to outpunch you; but, honest Injun, Mr. Dodd, I'm neither a murderer nor a sneak. I give you my word. Does it go?"

"It goes," said Keats. "Sorry to have interrupted your breakfast."

"Um—I could lend you six or seven feet of belting, but I won't," said Maxwell reflectively. "No, I wouldn't do you a dirty trick; but if heaven permits a third party to cut didos, dog-gone if I don't take advantage of 'em. Not sporting, I know, but there you are. . . . Sure you won't take coffee?"

"Thank you, no. What I need to bolster me up is belting."

"Well, the worst of luck to you," Maxwell said cheerfully.

Keats returned to the mill to remain only for a moment. Grandma Newton was there, but so occupied was he that his manner toward her bordered on curtness.

"Ole," he said, "I've just time to catch the morning train down. I'll pick up that piece of belting some place. . . . Sorry, Mrs. Newton. My fault. Should have kept a night watchman. Back tonight or in the morning."

And so he disappeared, literally in a cloud of dust, to solve the immediate physical problem of belting. As to the author of the destruction, Keats had shot his bolt and missed. If it was not Maxwell, then who in the world could it be? It did not occur to him to disbelieve Maxwell's word, and he held rather to the embarrassing feeling that he had made a fool of himself. No young man likes to make a fool of himself. On the station platform he met and nodded to Still Face, who returned his greeting courteously, and in five minutes was bumping and rattling down the valley in the railroad's second-best day coach, en route for the supply depots of the neighboring city.

It might or might not have interested Keats if he could have followed Still Face home to watch how that gentleman occupied the leisure of his morning. It was with artistic endeavor in the line of sculpture or modeling in the medium of wax. Now, as anyone will perceive who gives the matter thought, no permanent contribution to the collected sculptures of the world can be rendered in wax, so it is to be supposed that Still Face did not labor for posterity. But that he had skill of a sort, a certain deftness and facility, must be admitted, for the wax took recognizable shape under his fingers, became, in the course of half an hour, a male human figure wearing a highly disreputable hat. It would have been no strain upon the imagination to see likeness, both as to face and feature, to Keats B. S. Dodd in the figurine.

Westminster, had it witnessed the modeling of the statuette, would have admired, even been aroused to heights of wonder, and would have begged Mr. Jones to make numbers of such figures to be sold at the next church fair—which would have constituted an irony, since the ancestors of men now resident in the village had, a matter of a century or so ago, hunted and harried witches in the neighborhood of the Christian settlement of Salem. It would have been irony, because, as students of the black art will tell you, wax and images of wax have been instruments of witchcraft, the casting of spells and the operation of the evil eye from a time immemorial. However, so splendidly endowed and enlightened a gentleman as Still Face could not and would not dabble in witchcraft like some illiterate Italian peasant man.

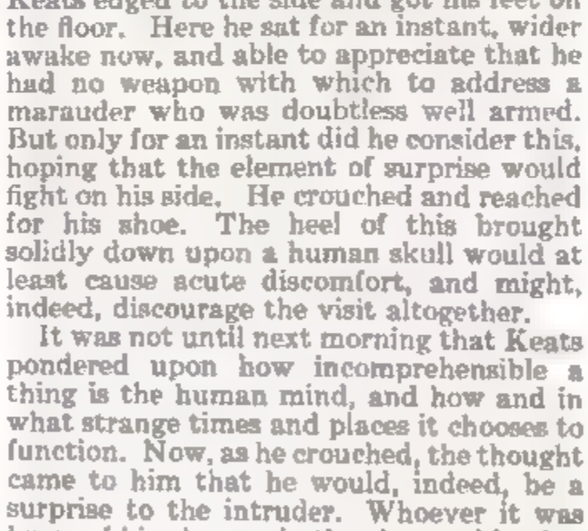
Nevertheless, having finished to his satisfaction the statuette of Keats Dodd, Still Face produced from a box a bodkin and, setting the little image on the desk before him, proceeded with deliberation and meticulous anatomical exactitude to thrust the bodkin through its heart. Ask any peasant from the vineyards adjoining Naples, or the fields hard by Padua, or the valley of the Piave, if this is not a thing well calculated to cause the death of an enemy.

Keats did not return to Westminster by train that night, having met the owner of a motor car who was to drive home in the evening; so he did not appear in the village at all, but was dropped with his length of belting at the rear door of Newton's White Elephant at ten o'clock in the evening. He retired at once, for he was fatigued—so tired that sleep did not come easily and rested on him but lightly when it did come.

It was midnight or later when, of a sudden, he realized he was sitting bolt upright in bed listening. He crouched forward, holding his breath and unpleasantly conscious of the beating of his heart. A sound had startled him awake. Now was nothing but silence and the blackness of a rainy night, but presently there came a soft thud just outside his window—a thud and a scarcely audible creaking—and then a fluttering of curtains and a gust of air. Someone had reached his window and opened it.

Cautiously, lest the springs of the bed should creak to betray his wakefulness, Keats edged to the side and got his feet on the floor. Here he sat for an instant, wider awake now, and able to appreciate that he had no weapon with which to address a marauder who was doubtless well armed. But only for an instant did he consider this, hoping that the element of surprise would fight on his side. He crouched and reached for his shoe. The heel of this brought solidly down upon a human skull would at least cause acute discomfort, and might, indeed, discourage the visit altogether.

It was not until next morning that Keats pondered upon how incomprehensible a thing is the human mind, and how and in what strange times and places it chooses to function. Now, as he crouched, the thought came to him that he would, indeed, be a surprise to the intruder. Whoever it was knew of his absence in the city, and having doubtless watched the train, was certain he had not come home again. Here was the prowler who had alarmed grandma, the watcher he himself had pursued, the desperate individual who had not hesitated to stab in order to effect his escape. It was clear to Keats that he or they—whoever the mysterious skulkers were—had given over their watching of the house and their efforts to enter it while he was there. Since his coming and his installation as a member of the household they apparently had been compelled to inactivity. He doubted if this were due solely to fear of himself, or for the single reason that there was a man in the house.



His fingers encountered the shoe and seized it by the toe, and its weight gave him reassurance. As he lifted and tested its balance gently, that queer, lightning-quick, instinctive reasoning continued to flash. Perhaps it was not alone his presence in the house, but the part of the house he occupied that had discouraged them. At any rate, upon the first opportunity, they were seeking entrance to his room—to this room where he slept. Was there a reason for that? Was their desire to penetrate the house connected with this bedchamber?

All this thinking had occupied a space of time so brief that it fitted between the touching of a shoe and lifting it from the floor. Now he slid from the bed and began feeling his way toward the window through which someone had entered or was about to enter. And then a beam of light struck him in the face, blinding him. It was startling, unnerving. He shouted involuntarily, and through simple physical reaction to the emergency, hurled the shoe in the direction of the light. There was a crash of glass and something slid and jingled to the floor. Keats had a guilty feeling that his shoe had found a mark in one of the pictures hanging upon the wall.

He leaped for the window with some idea of cutting off escape, but apparently the intruder had not entered the room, but from his ladder outside the window had flashed his torch inside to make assurance sure that the coast was clear. When Keats reached the window it was to hear the ladder withdrawn and the sound of feet running in the wet grass below.

He lighted a light to see what damage he had done. On the floor beside the window lay the fragments of a framed photograph of the late Amassa Newton. The glass was shattered, the photograph itself battered, and the whole driven quite through the narrow black frame. Keats picked it up, and as he did so something that had been spread between the back of the photograph and the cardboard that held it in the frame slipped through his fingers. He stooped to examine it. It was some sort of document in a foreign language—Italian he was certain. There was a name, written in in a formal, law-clerkly hand, and a small photograph affixed in a corner.

"Huh," said Keats, "now that's queer. Looks like a passport to me. Whatever was it doing back of Amassa's picture? Now I wonder."

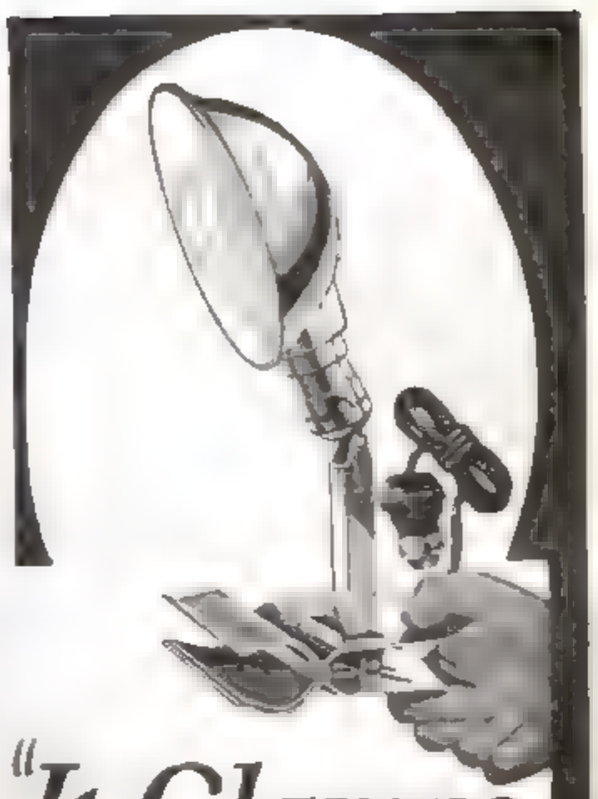
He read it, as best he could, guessing at words which held some similarity to his own language. Undoubtedly it was a passport—a passport issued to an Italian citizen, visaed by the American consul at Naples, issued in a name Keats had never heard.

"Now who could that be?" he asked himself. "Carlo Fillippi. Italian all right. But why back of Amassa's picture?"

Hidden there, without doubt. Of course it had been hidden there; but by whom and for what? Had Amassa Newton placed it there himself? And what connected Amassa with a foreigner named Carlo Fillippi? This house seemed entangled in mysteries, minor and major. Suddenly Keats struck his palms together. Was it possible, he asked, that it was to recover this passport that night prowlers had been making the place their objective? Had he accidentally hit upon the very kernel of the mystery? If so, he promised himself, he would take good care to preserve it. In pursuance of which resolve he closed his windows and fastened them, sacrificing ventilation to security; and, first slipping the passport far back between springs and mattress, he went to bed again on the top of it. Anybody who got that document before morning would have to lift him out of his bed.

"Amassa Newton—Carlo Fillippi. Now what connection ——" So ran his drowsy thoughts until they straggled off into nothingness. "Amassa—Carlo ——"

(TO BE CONTINUED)



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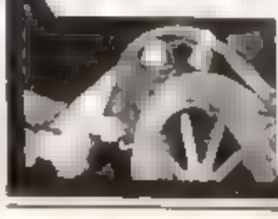

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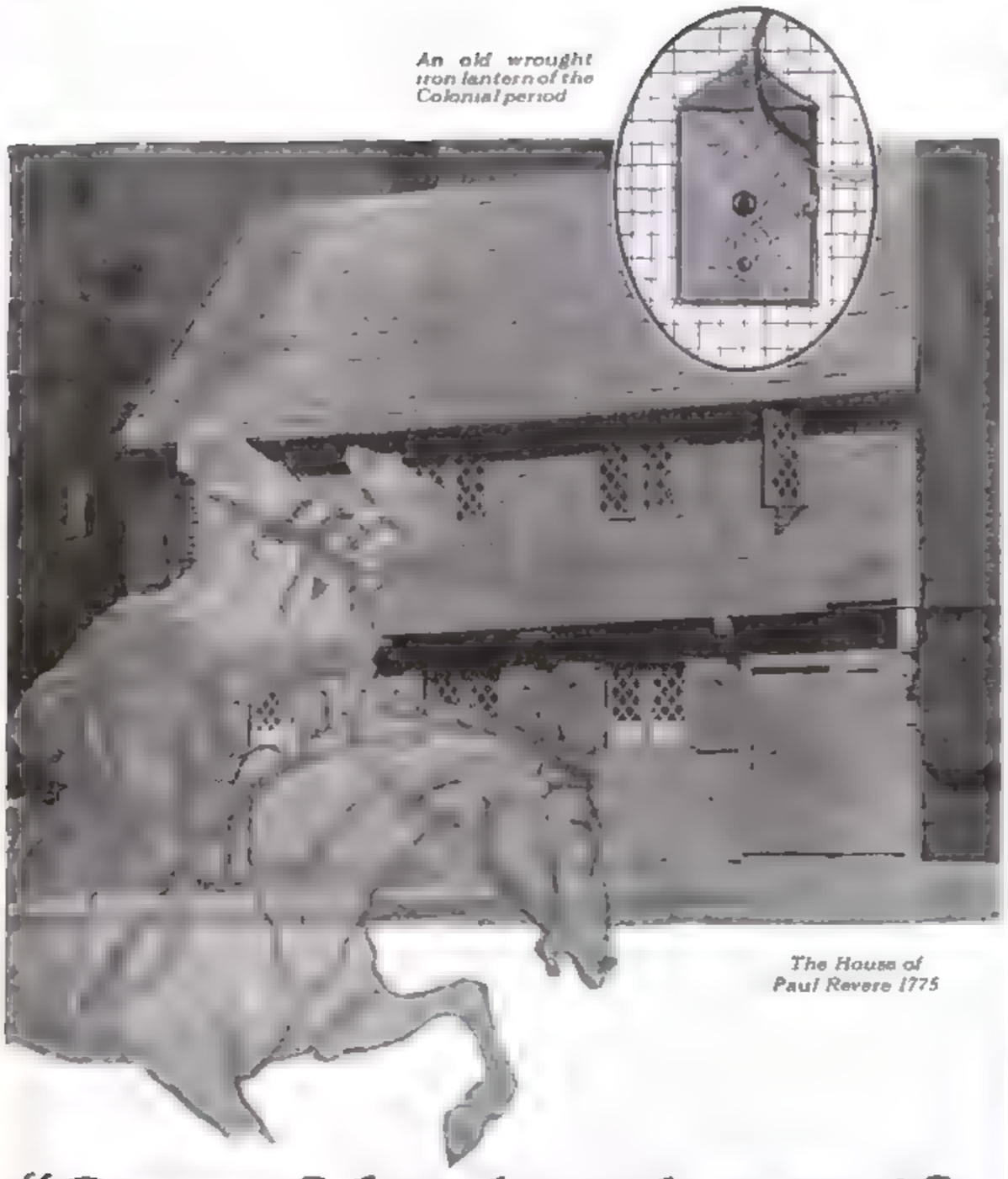

An old wrought iron lantern of the Colonial period

The House of Paul Revere 1775

"One if by land, two if by sea; and I on the opposite shore will be"

THE British forces went by sea. Two signal lights gleamed from the tower of Old North Church and Paul Revere galloped away into the night and—deathless fame.

That the patriotic pilgrim today may gaze upon the house of Paul Revere is due largely to the lasting qualities of wrought iron. Our forefathers well knew the rust-resisting attributes of this material. Hinges, window bars, weathervanes, nails—whatever metal parts were exposed to the elements—they made of wrought iron.

Even modern science knows of no other metal which so combines economy with lasting service wherever resistance to rust is essential. An installation of Reading Genuine Wrought Iron Pipe costs but somewhat more than steel pipe, but its added years of service make the ultimate cost of Reading but a fraction of the price you would pay for steel. When figured on the basis of cost per year, there is no argument.

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BIG BERTHA IN THE LION'S DEN

(Continued from Page 19)

she broke off, "tell me why everybody calls that man senator. He's only been in the state legislature, and that was over two years ago."

"Courtesy title," grunted Miss Alice. "Those things stick unless displaced. Besides, you've got to call the man something, and this is the only title he's had so far. He's run the game for others, but he's stayed outside. For that matter, there are places in this country where he could be a colonel for a great deal less."

"Just the same I think he's horrid," said Bertha suddenly. "I never look at him that I don't think he's disgusting. I dislike the man—and that's all there's to it. And I dislike it. I mean I dislike to dislike him. It's uncalled for, and it puts me in a needless state."

"Goodness, I didn't know you knew him."

"I don't—and I don't want to. But I mean I feel that way when I look at his pictures. Heavens, you can't escape them. Plastered all over the papers he owns. The Times-Eagle screams with them. Oh, I'll admit he's good-looking. But all this blurb stuff, this personal advertising and interviewing and story-of-my-lifing. And this motto—on which he built his success: I Go for What I Want. As if everybody doesn't! He's vulgar and crazy with self-love, if you ask me. Exhibitionism—that's what ails him. He wallows in it."

"Mercy, child, I never heard you talk like this."

"Well, that's what I mean—about getting into a state over him. It's the last thing I want. The last on earth. Detachment—that's the trick. But it'll be hard to detach today. Everything—every booth is to be inspected in turn by Senator Clintock. And when he comes to the cripples—where I've volunteered to take charge—we're to do him special honor. We've all been drilled, and as he comes up we're all to rise and stand. Except the four in the orchestra—who play the traps and jazz horns and violin—and the Miller boy, whose spine won't let him—and sing a special song. Imagine standing up and singing—to Senator Clintock. If the man's head hasn't doubled by evening it won't be Mrs. Courtney's or the committee's fault."

"Mercy, petty, let the poor soul alone. He is a big person. A little loud perhaps. Perhaps he is a little fond of himself. I'm told he's rather naïve about it and that he wears atrocious ties; but his life has been a wonderful story, a real romance even. A penniless orphan kicked up in an asylum until he was big enough to run off and peddle newspapers, and all that. What if everybody does know how he's improved each shining hour since? He did go for what he wanted—honorably. He's made himself a rich man and a big constructive force in this state. Give the devil his due, child—and come here and let me look at you. I've a good notion to make you go downstairs, just the way you are, with your hair down and this loose gold thing on. I bet even Eula would worry. You're a pretty girl, Bertha—darn pretty. And it's rather a pity. You've got more than you need. A clever woman doesn't need beauty. A beautiful woman's handicapped with brains. With men. They can't see the trees for the wood—if that's what I mean. But even the men would get excited about you if you played up to half of what you've got. I'm not so sure you're capitalizing the right phase."

"Men," Bertha laughed—"that's the one thing I have no talent for. I heard that said twice yesterday—and once by a very great authority. But tell me—shall I beat up your pillows and fix you more vichy? Then I'll have to cut and run. Not that I wouldn't rather stay with you than go down and kotow to this local Jehovah."

Miss Alice laughed and winced.

"You kill me," she moaned. "I mean your private epithets—and your kimonos, those peach and kumquat-colored things you wear in private, in the interest of a detached life. There's far, far too much passion in 'em both—and in you, my dear—for a great success, in the cool. They lead me to believe that destiny has plotted an interesting curve for you somewhere. Ouch! But go now and dress yourself. Cover your pretty shape with one of those white linen pillow slips you wear, and slick your hair into a peeled onion, and set that white porcelain lid directly on top. Your hour has not yet struck. And yes, you may draw the shade down for me, the whole way, dear."

Ten minutes later Bertha Banning, in the white pillow slip and porcelain lid mentioned, struck off across the lawn for the fête. Except for the "black pansies" beneath the white hat brim, there was little trace of that secondary personality Miss Alice knew—that loose-haired, flushed and rather vehement young woman who affected lounge silks the hue of tropic fruits. All was shipshape about Big Bertha, the capable henchwoman and organizer; and her cool, efficient mind, once more serene, surveyed with pleasure the equally shipshape aspect of the festa.

It was a very rich festa. Cedar Rock is a rich community and now it had outdone itself. Just ahead trembled a thousand floral blooms in the subtlest of arrangements, waved a thousand delicate-hued banners.

The scene under a seraphic blue sky was a kaleidoscope of busy, moving, gayly colored figures. Excitement pervaded the air. Voices rose and fell in eager chatter. Laughter like a tossed silver thread wove across its surface. And from a group of pretty picturesque Dutch milkmaids, flower girls, chocolate and cigarette venders, Eula Courtney hailed Bertha with her languid drawl.

"Oh, Miss Banning—they are looking for you. The bus from the continuation school has just come."

Bertha saw then the green motorbus, with its gilt legend: Cedar Rock Continuation Class—an expensive affair done in doeskin cloth, the whole contributed by Mrs. Courtney to the town of Cedar Rock—drawing up beside the marquee provided for the crippled children.

The marquee, really a little brown canvas house, with one side completely open, had been arranged in a sort of Anne Hathaway cottage effect. Lots of posies, boxes of mignonette, pansies and English daisies filled its windows and banked its walls. Within one saw a piano set against a wall of greenery. Chintz was tied at the little windows, and in the foreground was ranged a semicircle of chairs—willow, capacious and comfortably padded with more of the chintz—for the cripples, who in a decorous rank, as partial recipients of the fête's bounty, were to be displayed through this and tomorrow afternoons to whom it might concern—and Senator Clintock. Which display was already forming as Bertha came up, the children being in the act of dismounting, aided by their uniformed chauffeur and the two trained nurses, paid for by the committee.

It occurred to Bertha that although this was a charity event for the poor of Cedar Rock, there were actually no poor in the town. This group of children was a fair example of the community's munificence and sense of responsibility. The offspring of the humbler workers of the town, these little subnormals, were already attended to with the best of care. They were well fed, well educated, well served medically, with the finest of surgical apparatus. They were even well, if rather fearfully, dressed today, and their faces sparkled with excitement at their importance. They looked like anything but objects of charity, but the habit of charity as manifested in fairs and bazaars is deep and ineradicable in Cedar Rock. This one, of the greatest social importance, would no doubt have maintained itself by sheer momentum, lacking any object at all.

Bertha, who had been associated with the crippled children and their plans for a week, was welcomed with frank cries of pleasure and efforts at osculation. She saw that the circle, however, was not complete. One of the willow chairs stood empty.

"The chair of Yetta Goldfisch, miss," a passionate voice explained. "Yetta comes not by us while the mamma sews extra lace on her and gives her the special bath. The papa buys the soap for it at the drug store—with violets in. The papa wheels her up in the banana cart when she is finished."

"Well, there's plenty of time," said Bertha. "Let's all settle down nice and quiet now and I'll tell you about Red Riding Hood and Goldilocks while we wait for Yetta—and our special guest for today."

(Continued on Page 88)

The chief value of a national circulation is economical local influence—everywhere and at the same time

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THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

(Continued from Page 86)

Even across the currents created by these heroines, Bertha was shortly aware of the shape the fête was taking outside. She knew to the precise moment, by the surge of the crowd to the upper grounds, when the car bearing the guest of honor entered the Courtney grounds; she knew, by the brief sabbatical hush that fell on the world, when a few well-chosen words were spoken; she knew, by the sudden rattle of a little paper whirligig above her head, when the honored guest touched the electric button that started everything movable; she knew, by the blare of band music and the happy release of applause and laughter, when he began his triumphal tour of inspection. And she settled herself for a bored hour of waiting.

She was therefore surprised in about fifteen minutes to hear a tumult in the Midway Plaisance outside and, on looking out, to perceive, apparently, Senator Clintock—with most of the fête at his heels—bearing down in the direction of the crippled children's marquee. Clearly some alteration in the program had been made. And equally Mrs. Courtney was wrong in saying that the man was not frivolous or could not allow himself moments of determined, clumsy, almost grimly resolved frivolity, of which the present moment was one. For he approached now, literally entangled in a mob of milkmaids, with—Bertha clearly saw—Eula Courtney hanging to an arm. And the resolve to play, the relaxation of the hour and a filled purse were evidently synchronizing nicely. Most of the milkmaids were lavishly decked with costly gifts. The senator himself was trimmed like a Christmas tree.

What Bertha saw exactly was a man, youthful, vigorous and undeniably good-looking, with a thick shock of chestnut hair, a good beak of a nose, a resolute, good-humored mouth, and broad aggressive-looking shoulders. He wore none too faintly plaided tweeds, and something under his chin like a full blown marigold. On his head was perched a paper bonbon hat and around his neck, like ropes of Hawaiian leis, hung bright-colored feminine silk stockings. A balloon rose on slender stick from each of the side pockets of his coat, and as he walked he blew at intervals on a little red-white-and-blue horn. Even as Bertha saw this, one of the milkmaids threw a recent purchase over his crooked arm—a pale blue silk feminine sleeping garment called a *jupon de soir*. The pale blue legs of the *jupon* waved in the air, and everybody burst into cries of delight.

A flicker of scorn swept over Bertha. "The Pied Piper of Fooldom!" she recorded. Then she saw to her horror that the fête had stopped dead short. It was not passing by. Senator Clintock was looking at her—or at the semicircle of chairs in the doorway. Then she saw that Senator Clintock—with the fête—was coming.

"Musicians—ready!" she hissed. "Children, stand!"

But Senator Clintock paid no attention. He—and the fête—swept past Bertha and fell upon other matter; fell upon that vacant chair in the line. Senator Clintock seized the vacant chair of Yetta Goldfisch.

"Here," said he, "is exactly what I want. I will take this." And he looked as he spoke into the deep, incredibly long-lashed black eyes of Big Bertha.

She was aware at once of other details she could add to him; of eyes, curiously magnetic, of a gray green; of a cleft almost like a dimple in a firm square chin; of a certain boyish fashion of combing his hair—it curved into a sort of scallop on the right side—and that the man's physical effect upon her transcended anything she had experienced in looking at his pictures. She felt almost faint under the wave of dislike he provoked in her—standing there, boldly trying to take away that chair—with that blob of coarse marigold color under his chin. But she controlled herself.

"I am sorry, but I cannot let you have that, Senator Clintock. That chair is occupied."

He seemed surprised.

"But there is no one sitting in it."

"There will be directly. It belongs to little Yetta Goldfisch. She will be here in a minute."

She was there now. At a slight stir the group saw the banana cart of Goldfisch père, on which, odoriferous and decorated, rode the Goldfisch offspring—approaching the doorway. Bertha seized the child in her arms and turned to the chair.

"But," said Senator Clintock, still holding on to it, "the child can easily sit elsewhere. We want this chair for a very special purpose. It has been suggested that we crown not a May, but a June queen for this carnival, and we require a special chair."

"So do these children. These chairs have been carefully chosen for them. I am sorry; you'll have to get one somewhere elsewhere."

"But there is no other one—elsewhere."

"There will have to be."

Across the perfumed body of Yetta Goldfisch two pairs of determined eyes looked

It Was in the Morning After That He Came Upon Bertha in the Wisteria Arbor, Cutting Some Fine Blooms for Miss Alice

deep into each other. A sibilant hiss passed over the gallery, and involuntarily Senator Clintock laid his hands on Yetta Goldfisch, with what intent is not known. For an instant it looked as though between them the senator and Bertha Banning—Yetta might be dismembered. Yetta herself uttered a slight howl of fear.

Then the situation cleared. There came a complete chemical readjustment; a lightning flicker that was challenge, defeat and surrender—between two contending personalities—and the senator stepped back. In a very small but completely inviolate space Miss Banning, two spots of carnation pink in her clear cheeks, two silver stars in her eyes, deposited the form of Yetta Goldfisch in her own chair.

"The arrangements," she said quietly, "have been very carefully made and cannot be changed. I am sorry. Children, we have with us today a distinguished visitor in Senator Alexander Clintock, who has come to inspect our class and listen to our music. Orchestra, attention! Children, please stand."

A cricket's chorus of shrill tribute burst instantly forth—in words of Mrs. Courtney's arrangement.

Ha-il! Ha-il! To our il-lust-trus guest
Wh ho vis-uts us today.

"But, senator, this is terrible!"

"Of course, if you want the chair ——" cried Eula Courtney.

But Senator Clintock was looking long and intently at Bertha Banning; then, "It is of no consequence," he said; "none whatever." And he led the fête out of the marquee.

Bertha settled Yetta once more into her chair.

"Big, spoiled, important baby! 'I go for what I want.' I should say so! But we showed him. And it's a shame too. The man had possibilities—in the beginning. You can see that. Before he was utterly ruined. To spoil him like that—why, it's damnable," she murmured.

"Yessum, miss; he's nice man. He has strong hands. I was late, miss, while the mamma sewed me extra and washed me with the sweet soap. Can you smell me, miss? What makes you so red in the face, miss? It says on the wall, in the synagogue Sabbath school—'Thou shalt not swear.'"

III

"MY DEAR girl, I have no sympathy for you in your debacle. To raise a fuss over a mere chair and deny the lion of the hour his simple little wish was ridiculous. No wonder you are left to yourself. Nevertheless, I will stay by you. This music makes my head ache anyhow. Let's go down the hall to the little music room, where you can play some Brahms for me."

Miss Alice Morrissey, who had come down for dinner, led her lieutenant away from the after-dinner crowd, distributed now in the brightly lighted drawing-room and corridor. Dinner had not been a conspicuous success for Bertha. She had come down, wearing, as usual, her black chiffon with the forky, slinky tail, and had been greeted with a cool perfunctory courtesy, brief as was possible; had dropped, indeed, like a small black pebble into the shining pool of the evening, with no ripple whatever. The tide of conversation and laughter had swept by her. It rippled and focused about Eula Courtney, radiant in white and silver, and Senator Clintock, whose laugh, annoyingly loud, Bertha thought, reached her ear in occasional gales from the top of the table. She was glad to escape at Miss Alice's suggestion to the dusky sanctuary of the music room and touch in a moment, with practiced hands, the keys of the big grand piano.

But as she was finishing her second selection both she and Miss Alice were aware that another auditor had entered the room. As he stepped forward, the moonlight striking through the window into sharp relief the black and white of dinner coat and shirt bosom, they saw that it was Senator Clintock.

"Miss Morrissey," said he, "I have come to ask you to present me to your aid, Miss Banning, of whose work I have heard such excellent reports."

Miss Alice sprang up in alarm.

"Now, senator," she cried, "this is the one thing that I've been afraid of—frankly. I've been afraid of your trying to steal the bright particular star of our Woman's Wing of the party and sneak her off to Albany. I'm willing to present you—Bertha, this is Senator Clintock—but I'm frank to tell you, senator, that I will stand for no tampering. We need Miss Banning right where she is in New York, and any proposition you may care to make ——"

"How well you anticipate me," the senator smiled. "It is true that I deliberately followed you ladies to shape a proposition—on which I hoped Miss Banning might—er—look with favor ——"

"And equally true," said Bertha, who had risen and bowed, "that it would be quite useless, as Miss Alice says."

"Tut, child; I'm not afraid. Let the man have his say. And since you'll want it a twosome, I'll withdraw; or will you have it elsewhere? Remember, though, senator, that you've been defeated once already today," laughed Miss Alice.

"I've got my roadster outside by the terrace," he replied, "and if Miss Banning will do me the honor to let me drive her to a near-by point where we can be entirely secure from interruption—as we cannot be here—I will not keep her long."

It seemed to Bertha fantastic that she should a moment later be standing on the moon-flooded terrace outside while Senator Clintock, looking undeniably virile and far handsomer in dinner clothes and without his marigold, held open the door of his low gray roadster for her. Nor was it any less fantastic to find herself in ten minutes sitting, with the engine stopped, in what was certainly the most private outdoor setting in Cedar Rock—to wit and namely, in Petting Plaza; or so the debutantes of Cedar Rock called it.

It was an open break at the top of a hill, which commanded a view of miles of country on one side and was backed on the other by a steep bare slope.

It was empty now, but a little later cars would begin to creep slowly up the hill and pause at the break. And screened by the very sweep and openness of the view, each several driver would take his hands off the wheel.

Petting Plaza was very lovely now. The silent stretches of country were a blending of silvery moon-washed high light and dim shade. The sky was a tender, mysterious gray, pricked with minute stars. Senator Clintock took his hands off the wheel and offered a cigarette case.

"Will you smoke? No? May I?"

"Miss Alice Morrissey," said the senator, "is an unusually clever and intuitive woman. How exactly right of her to pounce on this afternoon's little episode as the precipitating cause of my wish for this interview."

Bertha spoke involuntarily.

"I hardly know why the episode occurred. I hardly know why I felt called upon—I don't understand even yet ——"

"You were exactly right. Your point was perfectly taken. But it was—amazing. Amazing, I mean, to meet such personality, such force, such poise—in so young a woman. I have never," said Senator Clintock slowly, "I have never before this—met a woman who could resist me."

"Really!"

He flushed a faint violet under the moon.

"I refer, of course, to a clash of wills on a material issue," he added stiffly.

"Not one particle of humor," Bertha recorded silently, and said aloud, "Well, I have found poise—and force—necessary a whole lot, in my life, you know."

"I should be interested in hearing something of your life, Miss Banning—a life that includes in its range of interests the Stryker Bill, fairy tales for crippled children, and classical music."

Bertha hesitated.

"It is not the sort of life that supplies material for an exacting press agent," she smiled, "but it has had—variety. Like yours, senator, it is, in a way, self-made. I have come up from the people—economically. My parents were educated, but very poor, and I was orphaned at thirteen. I have supported myself since then. I am almost thirty now. These seventeen years have been divided into four strata or levels of personal development. From thirteen to eighteen—the plane of domestic economy, when, in return for nursery and domestic service in a family with five children, I was given the opportunity for part time and evening high-school education, with a special training for secretarial work. From eighteen to twenty, when, on the recommendations of my teachers, I secured a place as personal secretary to Mrs. James Parton—a period spent chiefly in Paris, where through her kindness I had special advantages in social contacts and musical instruction. From twenty to twenty-three as secretary to the Allied Charities of the city of Winton; and the ensuing seven—barring an interval overseas during the war—as a political worker in various branches of my party, and, lately, continuously with Miss

(Continued on Page 93)

Dear Jim:

Last night I heard them sing, "Give a Man a Horse He Can Ride", from old WTAM.

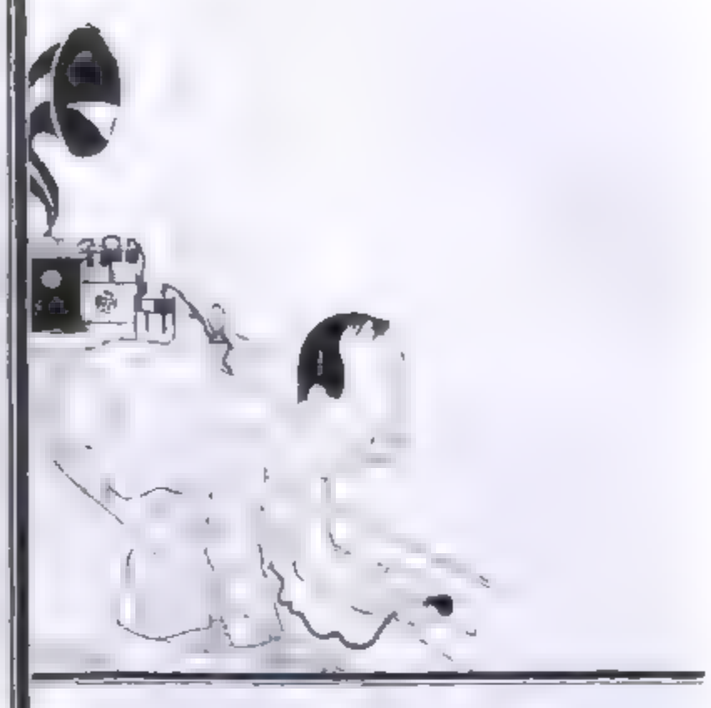
I'm going to write a new title for that song. *"Give a Man a Radio Battery He Can Charge,"* I say.

Willard Rechargeable Radio Batteries remind me of a fine big clock. A good clock keeps time, all the time, because you wind it occasionally.

That's the way with Willards. They keep the power in the radio set and you don't have to wind them often. Just a little freshening charge once in a while and they're good as new again. Seems like you can't wear 'em out. I know lads who have had them for several years and their Willards are just as good now, as the day they bought them.

Get the kind that last, I say.

Sam.



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Write to WTAM *for this booklet—*

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Tear me off the page and mail me to WTAM. I'll bring you "The Proper Use and Care of Radio Storage Batteries."

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P 3

PARAMOUNT
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See this new car, and you will enthuse over its surpassing beauty.

The distinctiveness of the new radiator and hood, the full flowing body lines, the rich beauty of the fittings, the fine finish throughout—all these things combine to win the delighted approval of those who think in terms of beauty.

Naturally, balloon tires are standard equipment. So are Peerless hydraulic four-wheel brakes. Everything is there in the way of equipment and fittings that could possibly add to the beauty, comfort, safety or completeness of the car as a whole.

But it is only by riding in the car and driving it that you can begin to realize how far the new Peerless Equipoised Eight has forged ahead of every other automobile on the market regardless of price.

It is only by riding in it and driving it that you can sense the amazing blend of brute power and gentle smoothness which Peerless engineers have achieved in this car.

You will find the Peerless dealer in your town glad to substantiate these facts with a demonstration. Ask him for one.

THE PEERLESS MOTOR CAR CO., CLEVELAND, OHIO

The Equipoised Peerless Eight and the New Peerless Six

PEERLESS

(Continued from Page 88)

Alice. My life, you see, covers the four departments of home economy, social strategy, general philanthropy, and politics, quite naturally. It all makes me ——" Bertha laughed.

"Remarkable. It accounts for everything. Also it is very reassuring. My judgment is seldom wrong. I knew at once—today—as I watched you, Miss Alice Morrissey ——"

"Is exactly right in saying that I will make no change in my plans, senator. I have found my proper milieu. I am very happy and satisfied in my present work, and I wouldn't dream of shifting my political headquarters."

"That," said Senator Clintock, "is a matter we need not even discuss. I was about to say that Miss Alice is wrong in supposing that I would put up a purely political proposition of any sort at this juncture. That I had a proposition in mind for you is true. That is why I asked you to come here. But it is a very different sort of proposition. What I brought you up here for"—Senator Clintock looked out across the dreamy star-shot splendors of Petting Plaza—"was to make you an offer of marriage!"

The stillness in Petting Plaza cracked like a pistol shot.

"I will admit," said the senator, "that I may seem—superficially—rather precipitate, even unusual. But this will disappear on an examination of the facts. What are the facts? Simply that I am a man of direct and immediate action—in the habit of making quick decisions, even on vital matters. That I am a man also—in this connection—with a long-cherished ideal. Confronted with my ideal, I act."

"Ideal?" said Bertha faintly.

"Exactly. I have had an ideal of the woman I would wish to marry printed in my mind for years. But I never met her until this afternoon."

"You mean," said Bertha in an awed pipe, "that you wish to marry me because I refused you that chair?"

The senator made a noise like "Tchk!"

"You are pleased to be facetious," he said. "The chair merely directed my attention to you. And what did I see?"

He turned to look at Bertha here, with an effect of reënforcing his memory. What he saw was Bertha retouched by moonlight—looking rather small and girlish and very startled, with her eyes like black stars and her skin like ivory or camellias against the dusk of her chiffon. He catalogued his impressions silently for a few seconds before he announced them.

"What I saw," he continued gravely, "was the sort of woman I had imagined marrying—ever since I planned a career for myself. A woman of power, of poise, of personality. A woman to stand with, fight with, construct with. 'When I see her,' I told myself, 'I shall know.' This afternoon—I knew."

"You—you do not—go in for sentiment, clearly," said Bertha.

"Sentiment! There is no place in my life for sentimentality."

"They are not the same," she smiled faintly; "but romance ——"

"I am speaking of marriage, of a partnership between two people with the same type of ambition, with resources of similar power, which, combined, could accomplish ——" The senator made a gesture across Petting Plaza which signified the algebraic symbol of infinity. "That is what I have in mind for you and me. I may say that I am not interested in women—usually. My work has been done directly, without their influence. I do not care for them. In fact, though I have had many contacts"—he paused—"none has pleased me until now. That is why I brought you here; that is why I have asked you to become my wife."

It was Bertha's turn to look at the senator. For a man made up by Providence, in her opinion, with neither modesty, humor nor sentiment, his appearance was most misleading under a gorgeous moon. He looked—there was no other word—romantic, in the manner of Thomas Meighan, the way his thick hair waved up from his temples, the flat planes of his face in the moonlight, the dark line of his brows and the direct appeal of his eyes.

"I don't believe it for a minute. That he doesn't like 'em—women, I mean. A man that looks like that," she recorded silently, "I bet he likes 'em—like the devil."

And at this thought a little filament of irritation passed through her. His next words were an igniting spark.

"I should, of course, expect you to want some time for consideration. I realize that I am sudden—that I cannot expect an answer; in fact, I would not desire it."

"But you shall have it, and now," Bertha flashed at him, "and no amount of time can change it. I appreciate the honor you do me—the honor you intend to do me—but there is no power on earth, Senator Clintock, that would induce me to marry you. No power on earth."

She had said the last phrase three times, she remembered as she sat at her window later. Evading notice she had gone directly to her room. Now the moon's glory still poured upon the earth and in the distance she could dimly see the configuration that meant Graystones.

She had refused to marry Graystones. It seemed incredible. Incredible that she should have had the opportunity; that she should have had those fifteen bizarre minutes in Petting Plaza; that Senator Clintock should have uttered his preposterous proposal; that she herself should have uttered words in return that had seemed to stun him, their decision and finality penetrating only by degrees apparently, leaving him with a bemused, startled look in his eyes, as of a small confident greedy boy, his hand outstretched for a piece of cake snatched suddenly from before his eyes.

She remembered that look as she sat here—he had worn it as he helped her out of the car. And it had made her laugh—at first. She had laughed, then sputtered a little in indignation, and finally, quite strangely—had cried, a little, here in the privacy of her room. A most unwonted weakness, she reflected as she loosened her hair and got into kumquat-colored silk. But not unnatural, after all.

"It isn't every woman who can get proposed to like an invitation to join the League of Nations or a royal entente. It's natural to get a little fussed. Anyhow, I could have had it—the stupid ridiculous thing! I could have lolled and pushed buttons all my life. Oh, Eula! Eula! If he were a different type —— But then, if he had been different it wouldn't have happened. Or if I were the clever kind with a man—and could make him different. But anyhow, he wanted me. Or rather"—she checked herself, looking thoughtfully at her image in the glass—"he wanted Big Bertha. But the man who gets her, my dear, must want you too."

IV

THE second day of the fête rolled by Bertha uneventfully. Miss Alice's liver proving unequal to the reaction of last night's dinner, that lady took to her bed again, and Bertha devised pretexts to remain with her.

But in the evening, after supping privately, she returned to the little music room and played for herself. Or so she supposed.

As she rose she realized that what she had imagined was a deepened shadow by the window for this last half hour was the figure of a man. He was rising with her.

"You play beautifully," he said.

"I am glad the music gave you pleasure," she answered coldly and passed directly to the terrace. She saw Eula Courtney hastening along it.

"Senator Clintock! Senator Clintock!" paged Eula softly.

It was inevitable, Bertha realized, that her contacts with the man would be frequent. Miss Alice was running a temperature, and her indisposition promised to be indefinite. Senator Clintock had already accepted Mrs. Courtney's invitation to make one of the house group. Events to entertain him—tennis, driving, bridge, golf and bathing parties—were being organized. The man was all over the place literally. It was difficult not to run into him. It meant practically evasion, wherever possible; evasion to the point of snubbing, she resolved, if she found it necessary. A resolve she put into immediate effect.

Twice during the next day she stopped playing abruptly and left the music room as Senator Clintock entered it. Again seeing him approach a small desk at which she was occupied, with some intention of sociability, she rose with a sweep of her papers and sailed abstractedly away. Later in the day, meeting her with a tray for Miss Alice, of which he essayed to relieve her, he found himself finessed with the quiet aplomb of an English flunky—and not the slightest jiggle of glass or silver.

Nor was the day following less baffling or more productive. It was in the morning after, that he came upon Bertha in the wistaria arbor, cutting some fine blooms for Miss Alice.

He sat down on an inverted green bucket and watched her, mounted on a small ladder, the sunlight stippling her white frock, her head and shoulders high among the mauve cascades.

"You know," he said gloomily, "I have come to the conclusion that you actively dislike me, Miss Banning. Of the many women I have met I cannot recall one who offered me active dislike before."

"Dislike you?" cried Bertha as she snipped a purple shower above her shoulder. "What an idea! Besides—is it important or relevant?"

The senator fetched a peculiar sound out of his chest.

"Perhaps I haven't given up hoping that it may be," he said. "You have forgotten, perhaps, that I referred the other night to an ideal that I have cherished."

"And I thought we had disposed of that." Bertha climbed down from her ladder and prepared for flight. "Anyhow this is no place to discuss such a subject."

"Ideals," said the senator, "are not so easily thrown aside, Miss Banning. When a man who has unquestionably conquered many obstacles sees a type, a character he considers necessary to his success—yet brings up short against a wall of negation—well, there must be a solution. What—I beg of you to tell me—is there about me that you dislike?"

Bertha with her arms full of flowers stood poised a moment in the arched door and gave him a glance not unworthy of the French actress and her black pansies.

"For one thing," she said with a slight wicked smile, "your ties. That green one you have on especially. It looks like a big green frog."

It was true. The senator's cravats were really terrible. Most of his sartorial choices, apart from evening clothes, were extremely unrestrained. His tweeds shouted in expensive checks and stripings; his shirts blared in costly apricots, salmon and madonna blue, and his ties were generally rich formidable clots of bishop's purple, marigold or green.

"Somebody ought to censor his clothes—or veto them. Some friend with tact. Like myself, he should wear his racing silks in private. He wouldn't be so bad without them."

Bertha at her post by Miss Alice's shaded window reported the doings of the house party below.

"You like him better, my dear, don't you? Now that you've come to know him?"

"Oh, I don't like him at all. I admit he's got a lot of points and a certain degree of magnetism, and he's accomplished a great deal—but I doubt if I could ever really like him. Just now they've come back from golf. The senator's knickers look like linoleum."

"To think that I came here to bum a good time off Mollie Courtney," moaned Miss Alice, "only to have eight days of *mal de tête* and liver pills. Well, as soon as I hear from French's Island —— Is Eula with him?"

"Where else?"

"Then they'll bathe soon. Eula's wonderful in the water; I mean, without her clothes. She ought to get him cinched during Regatta Week if ever. That's July thirteenth—and with luck we ought to be on the St. Lawrence. As soon as I hear from that man Buck ——"

Bertha said nothing but continued to look down upon the terrace—at the gay careless group where tea was being served. What, she wondered, would Miss Alice say—or these others—if they knew the truth? If they knew of that evening a week ago—and of the many little moments since when she had evaded Senator Clintock. An average of about two moments daily. Brief but strictly to the point. Watching him, as she often did when he was unaware, listening to his confident, forceful, energetic voice, observing his virile gestures, his whole air of comfortable accomplishment, it was marvelous to realize what a curious effect these moments brought about—what a disciplinary measure her tactics seemed to be. How the proud mantle of his ego seemed to drop away, revealing that baffled small boy standing in her presence. As on last evening. He had waylaid her once again and begged a little interval with her. Had asked her to ride with him in his roadster again.

That difficult moment

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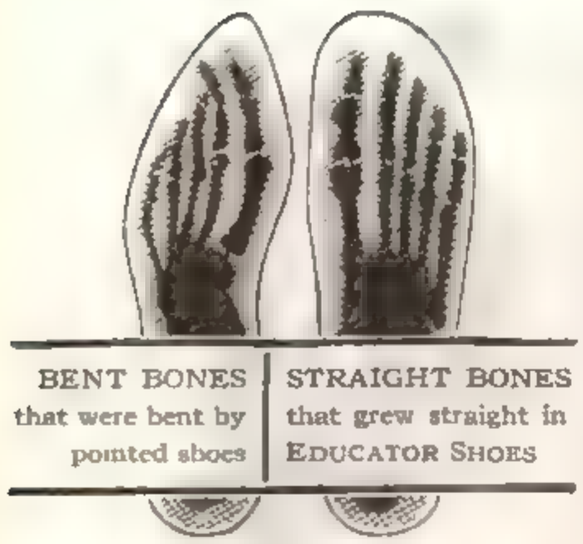

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"I feel that I have not made myself perfectly clear," he had declared. "I think you do not wholly realize the position your personality—er—occupies—with me."

"My personality doesn't interest me," she answered, refusing him flippantly. "You see, I have to live with it."

But now she wondered, looking down at the breadth of his back and shoulders, the firm planting of his well-shaped legs, whether she had not dreamed that she had the power to flout anyone so substantial; whether this little interval of omnipotence, so strangely pleasant, was real.

"I like power," she reflected, "still, this thing can't possibly last."

It lasted only to the next day. Miss Alice heard from French's Island.

"All is shipshape," she announced over her letter, "and we can make our get-away. We'll go right out on the ten o'clock train tonight, stopping in New York for our papers. And I don't think we'll bother to go down for our good-bys. I'll get Mollie's private wire to her room and she will say them for us. We'll have trays sent up and can pack at leisure, and we'll slip out of the side entrance with Ayres and the station bus and nobody be the wiser. Best way—don't you think?"

"By all odds," cried Bertha heartily, and went to her room to pack.

It was queer, but directly she got there she ceased to feel hearty. She moved very dully about her packing and she analyzed her feelings without difficulty.

"It's Senator Clintock, of course. Or my power over him. These people are right. I am a power hound. I've enjoyed every bit of this little session—and I'm going to miss it horribly. In fact, I'll never forget it. Wonderful experience."

In due course she and Miss Alice disposed of their trays, and with their bags tucked into the station car were sweeping unobserved out of the Courtney grounds into the public road.

"Ayres says they've oiled this first section and he'll have to detour over the hill," said Miss Alice, settling back under a Scotch plaid. "I hate detours. Wake me when we've got over this one."

The night was fine. The moon rose later, but the clear gray heaven was powdered with stars again. The slope mounted familiarly and Bertha realized their detour would carry them past Petting Plaza. It recalled all her experiences of these past days and her own extraordinary moment in the place with Senator Clintock. Involuntarily she fell to speculating as to what woman would eventually marry him. What forceful, scheming, practical person would lend herself to his deliberate and cold-headed planning? And what place did women actually hold for him—privately? What part did they play in his life?

Then suddenly they were whirling up into the plaza itself—and she saw him. He was sitting in his roadster—and with him was Eula Courtney. They did not apparently hear the oncoming car's approach. At least their faces were very close together, not more than four inches apart; and Eula's was lifted like a flower to the gentle rain of heaven. And Bertha remembered that Eula was one of the baptismal sponsors of this place. But it was not Eula's appearance that moved her so much as the senator's.

As their car came abreast of the roadster he turned his startled face and looked at her. And she saw him exactly as she had seen him on that first evening—the way his hair waved up from his brow, the flat planes of his cheeks in the gray light, the dark level of his brows, the straight penetrating gaze of his gray eyes. He was looking romantic again—in the best Thomas Meighan tradition. And a torrent of bitter emotion that utterly surprised her boiled up in Bertha's soul. She leaned forward and spoke involuntarily—a single, burning, passionate epithet.

"Petter!" she cried scornfully, as the car gathered momentum and passed swiftly on.

The local was a little late and Miss Alice and her plaid retired to the waiting room. Bertha sat outside on a wooden bench. It was very still and lonely, except for a chorus of hyla frogs. And in the darkness she indulged in a strange melancholy she could not at all understand; in one of those pensive and personal reviews of life that come in a zero hour and bring a vast loneliness of soul. She felt small and forlorn—and a dismal failure. She realized that her life had been one long struggle against loneliness and poverty—a sheer pull on the boot straps. And all for nothing probably—or at least only for petty material gains. For the future loomed as dark and void as this night.

"It must be that I'm getting old—or else it's indigestion. I don't remember feeling this way in years," she reflected as the local finally rumbled in and she climbed aboard. It was to take on water here, and Miss Alice went at once into the coach, but Bertha remained on the platform. The stars were preferable, she felt, to the stuffy interior. There were some very big ones tonight; two, especially low hung on the horizon, that seemed to increase as one looked at them. Then they evolved suddenly into two golden disks—the raking eyes of a roadster that drew up by the station platform and discharged a single passenger -a man, hatless and hurried, who flung past the pumping engine and short string of coaches to the rear car.

And when she realized this the hyla chorus in Bertha's ears became a din of chattering apes. She caught the brass rail in both hands and looked down at the flurried, breathless figure below.

"I came as soon as I could," he panted. "I recognized you when you went by. I saw you."

"And I saw you!" she flung at him bitterly.

"I was only there—on a ruse. I—escaped as soon as I could, and followed. You are going away, and I don't know where! Where?" he demanded.

Bertha's hands tightened on the rail.

"Does it make any difference? We've been all through this."

"But I must know. Because I shall follow you. Because I repeat that I need ——"

"My poise, my power, my personality?"

The conductor pulled the cord twice. The car vibrated, trembled with a preliminary movement. Senator Clintock moved with it—paralleling.

"You! You!" he repeated. "Because I have always imagined someone like you ——"

"To build with—to fight with—to construct with," cried Bertha with an irritated sob. The car had now begun to ooze away, but Senator Clintock made the lower step.

"Get off—you will be killed!" cried Bertha. "Get off—you have no ticket. You haven't even a hat."

"I shan't get off until I find out where you are going. For I intend to make you listen to me. You are my kind—I knew that that first day—when you stood there with that little cripple in your arms—fighting me with your beautiful eyes."

"My—what kind of—eyes?" gasped Bertha.

"You know what kind. Let's not waste time on nonessentials."

"Get off—or get on!" cried Bertha. "We're coming to the open track. Maybe—you'd better get on."

"I said to myself then, 'Here she is the girl I've looked for—the girl I'm going to love.'"

"Wh-what did you say?"

But the senator, losing his balance, was compelled to jump off. There were but a few feet of platform left. He righted himself and broke into a run beside the car. And he cried his next words to her with one hand cupped to his mouth. Running and calling—like a little newsboy, she thought.

"I said," shouted Senator Clintock casting aside all nonessentials and skimming the cream of the news, "that I—love you."

A wave of something sweet and deeply maternal passed over Bertha as she heard him. It had to do not only with what he was but what he had been—with the sturdy, tough-fibered, invincible little creature he now symbolized, who had kicked and fought his way up out of nothing; who lived, still, valiant, aggressive, blundering, unhumorous, but lovable, in the man he had developed into. There was scarcely time for a word, but she could go after the essential as well as he.

"French's Island—the St. Lawrence—Tuesday, 4:10," she called, leaning far out. She just caught his reply as it floated after them: "Wednesday!"

Then like the fiery tail of a comet the rear lamps drew away from his figure—now painting the elongating track and cinder bed to a fan of ruby color.

But Bertha clung to her rail, a little bemused. Because of two discoveries. First, that Big Bertha was dead, forever; gone down to death—that redoubtable, unemotional being detached from life and human feeling—in a storm of overpowering, warmly thrilling emotion she perfectly understood.

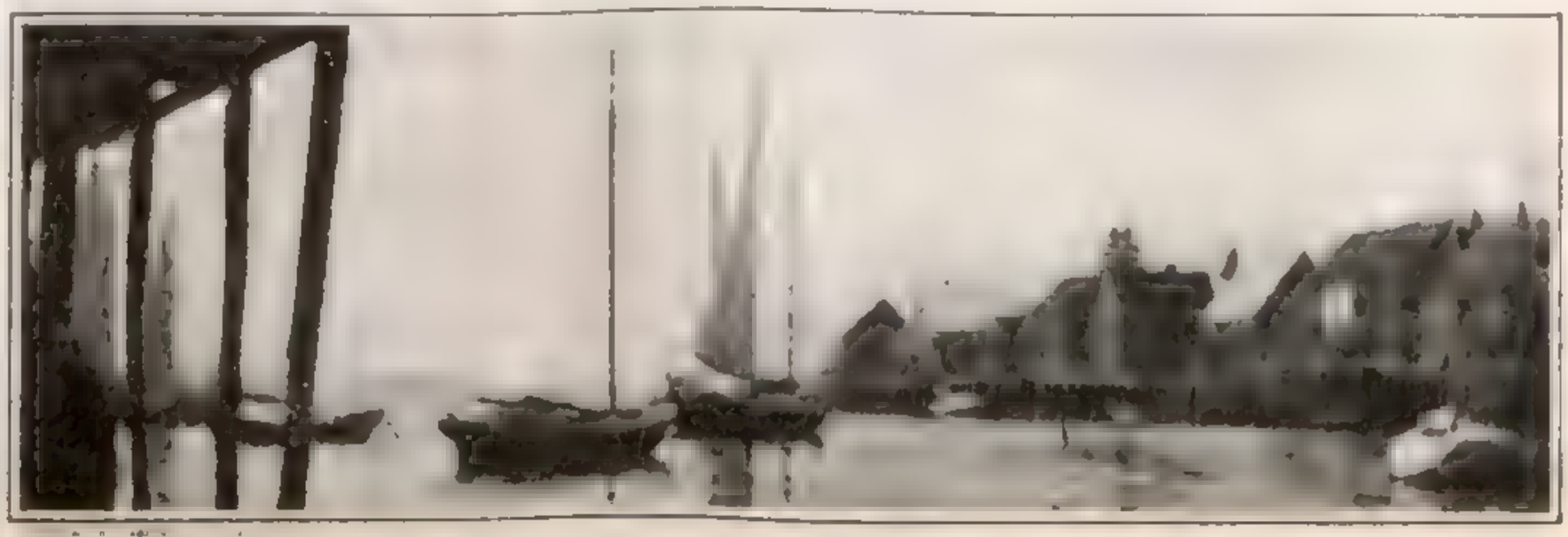
"I love him. I love him. I love him. I've been in love with him since I first saw his face and read about him. I couldn't bear it—nor him—not to have him love me. That's what ailed me. And he's dead right. He's the kind I'd want—to build with, fight with, construct with—yes, and love with—forever and forever—and if he hadn't a darn cent. Why, we're each other's kind—just look at our ties and kimonos."

The second was that she had gotten him exactly as any woman wants to get the man she loves.

"By Jove," the thought stirred, "I wonder if they're wrong about me—if I'm cleverer about men than anybody thinks. I wonder if that isn't a good way anyhow—standing 'em off. Somebody ought to tell Eula. It'll go hard with that poor child when she knows, when she finds out I've stolen and tamed her lion."

She remembered something she had read. When the lion tamer falls in love he loses his power over his lions.

"If that's true I'll jolly well have to be careful—for I'm crazy about you." The train curved again and gave her a distant view of the platform with a watching pygmy figure—to which she stretched out her arms involuntarily. "Simply crazy about you—Alexander, my dear—and I'm afraid you're going to find it out on Wednesday. On Wednesday—when I take off black and white—and go all roaring orange."



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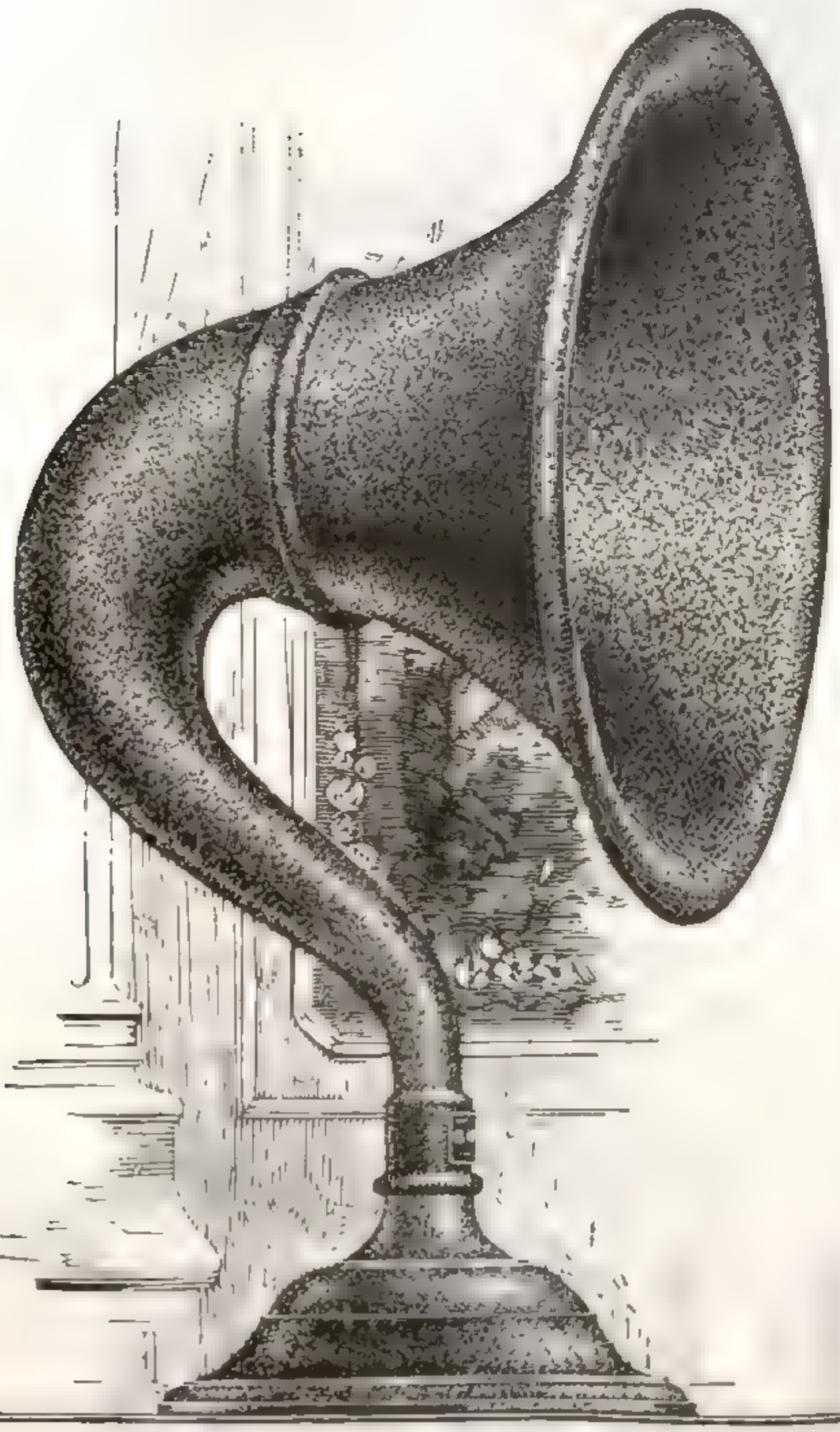

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BRING OUT THE BEST FROM ANY SET

THE INVENTOR'S PARADISE

(Continued from Page 12)

Discussing this subject, one of the foremost specialists in patent law recently said to me, "As a lawyer, I can make a very strong argument against our American theory of patents, but as a citizen I'm for it. Our system stands the pragmatic test; in other words, it works."

After hearing an impressive number of eulogies of the American system of patent law, I was curious to see what the Committee on Patent-Law Revision of the American Bar Association might think on that subject. The first paragraph of the committee's report to the last annual convention in Philadelphia, July 7, 1924, follows: "Fundamentally your committee believes that our patent system is sound and that no changes should be considered which involve any marked departure from its basic principles."

The committee then proceeds to make several recommendations on minor details of procedure.

The extent to which American law goes in favoring the inventor is indicated by the fact that he is not even required to manufacture in this country. Nearly every other country makes that requirement, giving three years' grace. An American may obtain his patent here and produce his article abroad if he cares to do so. Other countries would not continue to protect him under those conditions. The general rule is that he must manufacture in the country where he is protected within three years, regardless of whether he is a citizen or a foreigner. So many American inventors have found it to their advantage to manufacture in this country that it has never been necessary to require them to do so. They have found the American public quick to recognize the merit of a new article or process; therefore they were eager to set up business in the midst of this market.

Inventors Favored

"One of the most interesting phases of our American patent system," said a distinguished inventor, "is the legal provision that all doubts are to be resolved in favor of the inventor. That puts him in a position which, so far as I know, is without parallel. He is an applicant for a favor which the Government may grant, and yet he has all the legal presumptions upon his side. Though I feel sure that this provision of the law has worked very well, it is not without its disadvantages. I am speaking now as an inventor. That provision of the law has cost me a lot of money. Nevertheless, I would not change it if I could. The way it affects me is this: Whenever I conceive an idea for an invention, the first thing I do is to make a search of the Patent Office records to see what has been done along that line. Having that search made is the most expensive part of my progress toward obtaining a patent. So many patents are granted that a real search is a laborious job.

An ordinary routine search can be obtained for about ten dollars. I often pay from $200 to $500. I employ the best experts I can find. I take no chances that can be avoided. By far the majority of patents examined by the experts I employ are of no value; they merely clog the files; they were granted because all doubts were resolved in favor of the inventors.

"On the other hand, suppose we didn't have that provision in the law; suppose we were resolved not to grant a patent unless it was of some use or value. I fear that some day an inventor might fail to obtain a patent that ought to be granted. The Patent Office at Washington is administered by human beings and if they are going to make any mistakes I am in favor of all the nut inventors there are getting valueless patents for useless articles rather than risk having one really valuable idea held up by an ignoramus or a fool. The works are pretty well clogged right now by nut patent applications. I figure on a year to obtain a patent in the ordinary course of routine. That is longer than ought to be required, but the Patent Office is doing the best it can; and as I said before, I would be uneasy about granting any body of men very much power to withhold patents. As long as matters remain as they are, men with valueless patents are going to waste a lot of money trying to develop them, for nearly everyone thinks that the granting of a patent is proof of the value of the article.

"Speaking of the Patent Office reminds me that its personnel reflects the attitude of the American public toward invention. Ever since that office was established there have been able men in it who could have made twice as much money out of it, and you couldn't jar them loose with dynamite. They like that kind of work; in their own way they have the scientific spirit. They care very little for the money just so they obtain enough for a decent living. They are very much like some of the professional inventors I know who are employed by big industrial corporations. Some of these men spend nearly their whole incomes above living expenses on laboratory experiments.

"One often reads about artists, actors, writers and people of that sort having little regard for money, but I doubt if there is a class of people in the world so thoughtless of finances as scientific men. This is true even of great engineers on hydraulic, electrical, mining and power projects involving millions. Very few of them are rich, though I don't know any who are really hard up or starving."

Protection of Trade-Marks

"The Patent Office has always been neglected by Congress, partly, I surmise, because it was lacking in that sort of political acumen which brings increased salaries. Nevertheless, the office has been administered with outstanding integrity and ability decade after decade. I don't wonder that its personnel feels that a place in such an institution is a high honor. That office has a record which makes it an ornament to the Government and a proper object of national pride. Certainly this isn't due to the salaries paid, for they are a monumental joke, especially in view of the fact that the office is self-supporting and actually turns money into the treasury."

In addition to patents, the Patent Office has supervision over trade-marks. According to the last official reports the total number of employes—from messengers to commissioner, inclusive—was 1140. Recently the salaries in that office were increased, but the figures in the Official Register of the United States for 1921 are as follows: Commissioner of Patents, $5000 per annum; first assistant, $4500; examiners in chief, $3500; principal examiners, $2500. Most of the other positions of importance paid $2000.

The fact that men of outstanding ability were obtained for such salaries is all the more interesting in view of the fact that one does not have to be an attorney in order to act in the capacity of a patent lawyer. If he has knowledge of the subject, he can practice, and the number of sucker inventors is legion. Fees of $100 to $500 a day are not unusual for experts in various fields of applied science, especially the electrical.

The cost of experts is the keystone upon which usually rests any scheme to outwit an inventor in litigation. Costs can be piled up to enormous figures in suits of this kind. In fact, it is rather remarkable that poor inventors are not more frequently robbed of the fruits of their work through litigation. Discussing this subject recently, a famous and much sought patent attorney said:

"I can generally work out my case in such a way that I don't require experts, but even so the expense is astonishing. Recently I tried a case of a fairly simple nature in which I managed to dispense with experts. The trial lasted from ten o'clock in the morning until four o'clock in the afternoon. Nevertheless, the expenses incident to preparing that case were $2500. Fortunately I won it, for my client was very poor.

"I have no doubt there would be quite a bit of crooked work in the courts involving patents if it were not for the attitude of the Federal judges. They carry to the bench with them the spirit back of the law and are very solicitous about a square deal for inventors. The Federal judges, fortunately for my branch of the law, are appointed for life, so they are not afraid to confess ignorance of a highly specialized subject. On more than one occasion I have heard a Federal judge say to counsel in patent litigation, 'Gentlemen, I am not familiar with patent law, so you will have to educate me as you go along.' To the layman that might appear an open invitation to sharp practice, but it has quite the opposite effect.

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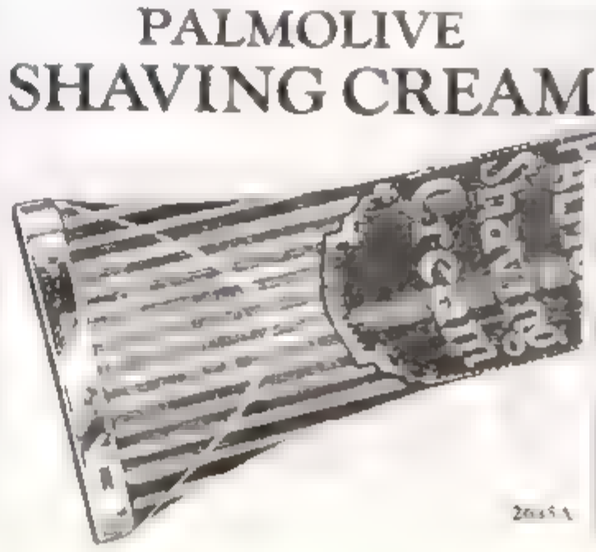

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It generally results in a very fair and full trial with no misunderstandings.

"Just as an example of the attitude of Federal judges in matters of this sort, I must tell you of an interesting hearing that took place a couple of years ago. My client was seeking an injunction to prevent infringement of a patent and time was of the essence. The court was on vacation and the judge was at home. I reached him there by telephone. The result was that all litigants and counsel went out to his house. Quite a number of guests had gathered there for dinner. He came out attired in evening clothes and sat down on the lawn. We gathered around him, also sitting on the lawn, and he gave us a hearing and a decision

"Some of the judges here in New York City have been educated in patent law while on the bench until they are now recognized as about the best-informed men in the country on that subject. The other judges try to pass these cases along to them.

"We sometimes get a case where there are millions on both sides and then you see just what can be done in the way of piling up expenses. The most notable example of that kind, I believe, was the suit attacking some of the basic patents of the automobile industry. Part of the manufacturers had accepted these basic patents and were operating under them when they were attacked by another manufacturer. Naturally the men who had accepted them had a financial interest in upholding them. The result was, as I said, a case with millions on both sides. The details of what happened would probably bore you, but I can summarize by saying that the printed record of the trial which went up to the higher court for review consisted of fifty-four fat volumes.

"I have been dissatisfied with a Federal judge in a patent case only once, and that was very amusing. He was unfamiliar with the law and had a stout bias in favor of the inventor. My client was a corporation which manufactured an invention, having purchased the patent. The other party to the suit was an inventor who had perfected a very valuable improvement upon the original invention. The nature of the litigation was more or less friendly and the purpose of both parties was to reach an understanding, since the new invention necessarily infringed the basic patent owned by my client. The judge cut the matter short by declaring that the new invention couldn't possibly infringe our patent, because if it did infringe, the Patent Office wouldn't have given a patent. All of us had to take time out to laugh. Eventually, however, we straightened the matter out. I cite that case because it is an amusing and colorful instance of the friendly attitude of the courts toward inventors."

Tiresome Technicalities

Questioning another prominent patent attorney on this general subject, I obtained the following statement:

"I have always found the Federal judges just about the best human beings you could hope to find. It never alarms me to try a patent case before a judge who is not familiar with the law. However, I recall one case that was not without its amusing angles. The inventor was a tailor or cutter or something of that sort in the men's clothing trade. This happened some years ago and I am a trifle uncertain about details, but as I recall it the invention had something to do with buttonholes. It was the sort of thing that earns an enormous return very quickly. You perhaps don't realize that nearly everything you wear is covered by a patent.

"The case was bitterly contested—or, I should say, it would have been but for the judge. He had a hard time remaining awake. He was a great lawyer and had participated in trials that resulted in far-reaching decisions, but like many other lawyers he wasn't keenly interested in clothes. Every now and then he would cock one eye down at my excited little tailor, sweating between poverty and riches, as though he wished all of us would let him alone until we had something worth a lawsuit. I don't believe he heard much more than half we said. However, if it had been a case involving a mechanical invention or chemical process he would have been all attention. He just didn't see any reason for getting excited about clothes.

"My only suggestion for an improvement in our system would be a special court of appeals for patent cases, presided over by judges who are thoroughly familiar with the subject. There is always the danger of bad decisions by trial judges who don't know the law, in spite of the fact that they have the best will in the world to do justice. At present I am just as uneasy about the higher courts as the lower so far as their knowledge of my special branch of the law is concerned. I'll say this for the higher courts, though—any time they go wrong it will be to the advantage of the inventor. We all have the same bias in this country.

"I have in mind a decision that is a striking example of the feeling of higher-court judges. This decision was rendered in a case involving a patented process which I think I can explain briefly. In the art in question it had long been known that the dross, or refuse, from a certain combination of chemicals was soluble in a particular oil, but when that oil was introduced into the vats it failed to perform as expected. This was a great surprise, so a number of men began experimenting. Finally one of them discovered, after thousands of trials, that the secret of success lay in the percentage of oil used; that is to say, he found that if he introduced exactly the right amount of oil it promptly absorbed or dissolved the dross; one per cent more or less of oil failed to get results. He applied for a patent on this process."

Wealth Based on Brains

"Now the general principle of law on that subject is that you can't patent mere skill, and I was of the opinion that he was not entitled to a patent. He had done a great and valuable service to the art, but I failed to detect either an invention or a process. It seemed to me that his was a clear case of skill. Many other patent lawyers agree with me on this subject. Nevertheless, the higher court sustained his contention and made him a rich man. He had very little money and there was a lot of it on the other side, but not enough to overcome the American attitude toward inventors.

"It may be a strained construction of the law—and, really, I think it is—but decisions like this have something to do with the fact that the profits of American inventions run into the billions every year and that consequently we are rich in inventors.

"After all, there is no such thing as natural wealth; all wealth is based on brains. The earth is valuable in proportion to what you can do with it. An inventor friend of mine was telling me the other day that Adam and Eve could have had a talking machine if they had understood the principle of the thing. He says that a fig leaf would serve for a diaphragm, a sharp stick for a needle, and clay, properly handled, will serve for a record. The machine wouldn't match the best in the world today, but the point is that Adam and Eve had all the raw materials for a phonograph if they had only known how to make it.

"The material welfare of our present-day world rests very largely upon invention, but our country seems to be the only one which has always thoroughly understood that fact. Most countries seem to entertain doubts as to whether the inventor is entitled to a very large profit; this country takes it for granted that he ought to become rich."

The higher-court decision discussed by the patent-law specialist just quoted has already affected many subsequent decisions. One of fairly recent date is of special interest because it was handed down by Judge Learned Hand, of New York City, who has tried a great many patent cases and is regarded very highly by the patent bar. The decision in question grants a patent to a man who discovered that a very old and well-known process could be used to advantage in the business of printing titles for motion pictures instead of a far more expensive process that had grown up in this new art.

The following paragraphs from Judge Hand's decision in favor of the inventor state very clearly an interesting legal principle that is outstandingly American:

"The art of producing motion pictures has been the subject of an exploitation which has rarely been equaled. Every economy is eagerly seized upon. Many acute minds have been at work in all its parts. When an improvement in it appears it is unreasonable to assume from its apparent simplicity that the production was a mere matter of routine. It is not as though the need for economy had not existed from the outset or as though some precedent step in

Continued on Page 100

Burroughs mark of a quality product — Burroughs

If You Could See a Burroughs in the Making

Any man of figures, such as a bookkeeper, whose life is given to the pursuit of accuracy and the elimination of errors, will find inspiration in a visit to the factory of the Burroughs Adding Machine Company.

Here he will come to understand why Burroughs machines have won their reputation for continuous accuracy—how they can give a business lifetime of uninterrupted, profitable service.

He will see that Burroughs accuracy is built into the machine—in faultless design—in flawless material—in expert workmanship. In fact, if one has never seen a Burroughs in the making, he cannot begin to appreciate the exactness and precision of Burroughs methods.

A corps of inspectors, specially trained, constantly checks the accuracy of Burroughs manufacture. Each part is tested separately. Dies and gauges are tested daily. (Even the shop test fixtures are tested once a day by masters in the Standards Departments)—in some cases a test is made as often as once every hour. One quarter of a thousandth part of an inch is sufficient to cause the rejection of some parts. Two points below the standard of hardness will send others, where wearing qualities are important, into scrap. The slightest departure from perfection disqualifies any part.

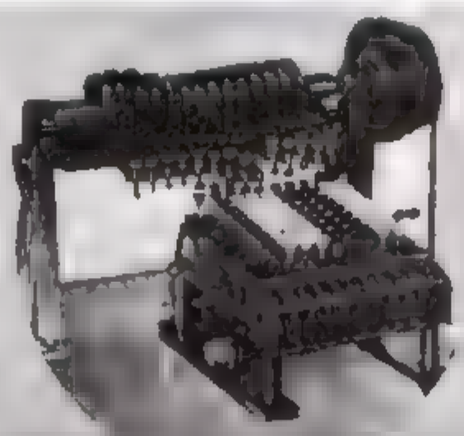
Testing the accuracy of gauges, dies and tools with a precision machine which measures accurately to one ten thousandth part of an inch

As the parts are assembled into sections, each section of the machine is tested thoroughly. Each section must work perfectly in itself in order to perform its proper function in relation to the whole machine. When the various sections, which make up the machine, have successfully passed these tests and are assembled, the complete machine passes through three more tests for adjustment. Finally, it is put through the Commercial Inspection. Here it is made to perform repeatedly every operation that the operator can possibly demand of it in actual use.

Furthermore, the accuracy—the integrity—the superiority of Burroughs craftsmanship have made Burroughs machines the choice of the world's businessmen. These factors have built the great Burroughs factory at Detroit—the largest figuring machine factory in the world and the only one building a complete line of figuring machines—for adding—for bookkeeping—for calculating and for billing.

There is a machine that will serve you most efficiently and profitably. And it's the machine your business deserves. A Burroughs representative will be glad to discuss your figure problems with you. Naturally, this does not obligate you in any way. If you are located in one of the more than 200 cities in the United States and Canada where there is a Burroughs office, phone us. Otherwise, ask your banker for the address of our nearest office or, if you prefer, mail the coupon. Burroughs representatives are also located in every other country in the world.

A marvelous machine which shows visually and photographically noise vibrations or characteristics of an electrical motor. The quiet operation of Burroughs equipment is the result of constant laboratory test and experiment



Mechanical fingers operating the keys of a Burroughs Calculator far beyond the speed possible with human fingers, test it for mechanical perfection, speed, accuracy and durability.

Burroughs

Adding Machines | Bookkeeping Machines | BETTER FIGURES MAKE BIGGER PROFITS | Calculating Machines | Billing Machines

Burroughs Adding Machine Company,
6000 Second Blvd., Detroit, Mich.

I would like to know how Burroughs machines would help my business.

Name _____

Address _____

Business _____

(Continued from Page 98)

the art had been necessary, and as though the invention had spontaneously appeared as soon as the occasion for it arose.

"The situation is typical of those cases in which an improvement appears after the art has for long put up with cumbersome methods without observing that a very simple expedient would have answered quite as well. In such cases the history of the art furnished good evidence that the change is an invention."

After analyzing the previous methods of making titles for motion-picture films, Judge Hand contrasts the new method with the old by saying:

"One has proved cheap and quick while the other has lain dead, neglected by the art which continued to use white letters or use white paint upon a black background. I ask the conventional question in such cases:

"If it was so plain, why did nobody do it? Why did they ignore the suggestion of this article and why do they now imitate Lane? I know no answer to that question except to say that nobody was foresighted enough to see that the photographic plate might easily be changed for a sensitized paper.

"This is a small invention not requiring any high degree of imagination. I uphold it not because it took any technical skill to work it out, once it had been conceived. Perhaps it arose from a mere elimination by use and discard of the different possible alternatives. Perhaps it was bound in the end to come. But it did not come after a good many years. The art for one reason or another was still working along with more awkward and expensive processes."

He Just Couldn't Help It

"Unless I am mistaken, the first experimenter who happens on such a process is entitled to keep it as his own. I can see no reason why others should not be kept within the limits of their own ingenuity while the patent lasts."

In most countries this sort of case would have found the judiciary solicitous for the welfare of the manufacturer.

The type of mind which characterizes the inventor seems to withstand the temptation to sloth with remarkable success after wealth has been attained—a fact which has much to do with the success of the American theory of patents. In other words, very few of these men retire, probably because they couldn't without detaching their heads. Not long ago I heard an interesting story from one inventor about another who was taking a vacation. It will serve to illustrate this point. Having decided that he was tired and needed a complete rest, the inventor went to a remote lodge near the seashore because it contained none of the apparatus he might be tempted to use. The morning after his arrival he drove down to the water's edge in his automobile and sat there for an hour watching a group of six fishermen. They were in small boats which they rowed back and forth, dragging lines behind them. He inquired the reason for this activity and was informed that it constituted the best known system for catching the particular fish they were after. Then he drove back to the lodge.

An hour later he reappeared on the beach with an enormous kite to which was attached a whole fringe of fishing lines. The wind was offshore, so he let the kite drag his lines out, then he attached the cord to a wheel of his automobile and dragged the kite back again. In exactly seventy minutes he had more fish than all six of the fishermen in boats. On the way home he remarked to the man who told me the story:

"John, I've been thinking about the kite as a life-saving apparatus while I was fishing. When a ship is being blown toward the shore the life-savers try to shoot a line across the deck; they have to shoot right into the teeth of the wind. Now if the men on deck had the right kind of kite they could carry a line ashore more quickly, more surely and over a longer distance. A kite can be made to suit any wind, including a gale blowing 100 miles an hour."

There you have the inventor mind—taking a vacation.

Not long ago I spent an afternoon and evening with a professional inventor—also on his vacation, but spending it at home. He has marketed scores of mechanical devices, several of which returned fortunes in royalties. While we were sitting in his laboratory listening to a radio concert, he picked up an article about the size of a baseball and tossed it to me. I caught it and began exploring its details.

"I made that the other day," he said, "and sold it for $500."

"Was it worth the trouble?" I asked.

"No; but there is a device on the market that is all wrong. It got on my nerves, so I came home and made one that will do the job right, and it costs about half as much as the other."

It is very interesting to hear a group of inventors discuss the subject of what is or is not worth inventing, and what they received for different articles. One man, for instance, needed money to go on with experiments that interested him and promised something of value to steam railway operation. Strange as it may seem to the layman, he doesn't expect to make anything out of his railroad invention; he merely wished to get it off his mind. At the same time he was on the lookout for an idea promising profit. About this time he observed a filing clerk at work putting away letters in the cardboard files generally used for that purpose. He noticed that a stack of letters would be four inches thick at one end and nearly six inches thick at the other, where they were fastened together. So he went home and made a machine that would fasten papers together without adding materially to the thickness of one end of the stack. It occurred to him that such a device would probably have commercial value, and it did. He could live comfortably and have two or three automobiles without any other means of support.

However, what interested me in this conversation was his comment on railroads, so I asked questions.

Railroad Conservatism

"It is just my hard luck," he said, "that nearly every time I travel I am pestered with an idea for an invention that would make railroad travel more comfortable or safer—or something else. As a rule I fight my way loose from such ideas. Anybody who invents anything for railroad use is making trouble for himself. They don't want anything. They haven't wanted anything for years. If you have any ideas that would be valuable to a railroad company just take them down to the nearest river and drop them in. You'll save money.

"It isn't entirely the fault of the railroad executives; their companies are hard up, most of them. But neither are they blameless; banker-lawyer control has something to do with it. Railroads are inventions from one end to the other, and they have been improved marvelously by men who studied them from the scientific point of view; but most of the inventors had a long fight on their hands before anything would be accepted. The general attitude at the top seems to be that railroads have reached their ultimate development. Nothing could be more absurd. Even years ago, while many practical railroad operatives fresh from overalls were in executive positions, they fought the air brake. Today it is possible to make train operation virtually foolproof; but they have always fought safety devices. The railroads are just about the poorest market for inventions that this country has to offer.

"Compared with the public-utilities companies, they are nothing less than the outstanding horrible example. Telephone, telegraph, electric light, street railway and gas companies have been very friendly to new ideas. Note, for instance, how many different models of street cars you see in use, and that new ones appear from year to year. Even with the rough sledding the street-railway people have had in recent years, they are very much alive. The whole electrical field is alert, and so is the chemical industry. On the whole, I doubt if there is another great business in this country that can be compared with the railroads for disregard of new ideas. It has become a tradition with them and they seem to be proud of it."

The Importance of Goodwill

In recent years there has been considerable discussion among professional inventors and patent attorneys, looking toward changes in the law that would give a greater measure of security for investment in patented inventions. Most of these discussions have failed to crystallize either in definite programs or action, and for an interesting reason. Many manufacturers of patented inventions find their trade-marks or trade names much more valuable than their patents. Once they have their enterprises well launched and their product nationally advertised, they are more interested in the trade name than in the basic patent.

Let us assume, for instance, that you have invented and patented a piano—something you would not be likely to do, but the supposition will serve the present need. You sell your patent to the Do-re-mi Manufacturing Company and they proceed to make these newfangled pianos, offering them for sale under the trade name of Bang-bang Pianos. After they are well advertised and distributed—we are still supposing—the Do-re-mi Company learns that someone in Hohokis, New Jersey, is infringing their patent and copying the now famous Bang-bang Piano. The company may or may not sue; it depends upon how troublesome the competition is and how much the litigation would cost. But just let a rival company put out a piano and call it by the trade name Bang-bang and the fur will at once begin to fly. In short, it will be very clear to the general manager of the Do-re-mi Company that the man who stole that precious trade name of Bang-bang ought to be drawn and quartered, hanged, burned at the stake, imprisoned for life, and have his tobacco taken away from him. And the worse the imitation piano proves to be the madder our outraged general manager of the Do-re-mi Company will become. He'd prefer that the scoundrel had made a good piano.

Newspaper readers will probably recall that some years ago one of the largest match companies found a way to make matches without danger to the health of its employes. Previously match workers had been afflicted by a trade disease known as phossy jaw. To retain this life-and-health-saving process would have been worth a great deal to the match company in question, but their own trade name on their products was worth so much more than any patent that they felt safe in giving the secret to the world. This was such a generous thing to do and so obviously humanitarian that I hesitate to discuss the matter except in terms of praise, but it is none the less a striking example of a case in which an extremely valuable process could actually be given away without damage to the owners; they still had back of them their trade name.

One manufacturer who deals almost entirely with patented articles discussed this point with me.

"Just give me two years. After that they can infringe until they are black in the face. I'll be so far ahead of them on advertising and merchandising that they'll never catch up."

This phase of the situation has much to do with the satisfactory position of American inventors even after they have taken stock of every weak spot in our system of patent law.

"If I were going to advocate something for the promotion of invention," said a mechanical engineer, "it would have nothing to do with the law or commercial practice. I have a plan in mind that some day I hope to put into effect. We ought to have a great fair in this country where inventions could be shown. I am not thinking about amateur inventors at all in suggesting this idea. Its value would consist almost entirely in showing the work of professional inventors, in my opinion, and I'll tell you why:

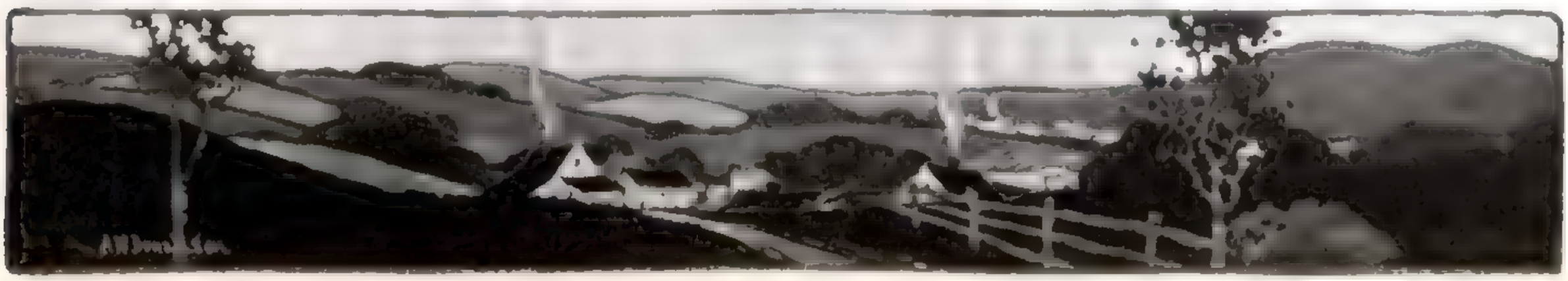
"Very often a man whose regular work is in the electrical field will devise an office appliance; or some man who works with steam turbines may produce a kitchen device. It frequently happens that when a professional inventor gets out of his regular field he doesn't know what to do with the article. He perfects and patents it as a rule, then he tells a few friends about it, and in the course of three to ten years—if he is lucky—someone becomes interested. That is too slow. We ought to have a very large building in one of our large cities where inventions of value, passed upon by experts, could be exhibited. The building ought to be open about eighteen hours a day. I haven't worked out the plan in detail, but perhaps a small admission fee could be collected to defray part of the expense. There would also, I assume, be a commission on sales. One way and another, part of the cost could be met. If such an institution couldn't pay its way, there are enough commercial inventors and scientific societies to meet the deficit."

Nothing Too Good for Him

"I am inclined to think that such an exhibit would be extremely interesting. We could begin with the large pieces such as engines on the ground floor, and finish with safety pins and noiseless soup spoons on about the tenth floor. Nothing of this sort has ever been done anywhere in the world so far as I know. We usually gather for our museums exhibits of what man has done in the arts and industries. Why not present a comprehensive show of what the present generation is doing? At any rate, that is the gift I would like to make to the American inventor. He has served his country well and nothing is too good for him. However, he doesn't need a monument, for this country comes pretty close to being his monument. Moreover, if our people go on in the future treating inventors as they have in the past his monument is good for quite a flock of centuries.

"There have always been practical inventors in any civilization that was able to leave a record. For instance, the Greeks seem to have known the steam engine. Fairly good evidence indicates that they used it for pumping water; they could just as well have had locomotives and steamboats if the public had wanted them. Leonardo da Vinci worked out a great many of the problems related to flying; probably his fellow citizens didn't care to fly. He was also a great engineer, but found the principal outlet for his genius in military fortifications.

"I could continue indefinitely along that line, but the point I wish to make is that in 1776, for the first time in the history of the world, a country started at the grass roots eager to use the products of its inventive genius, conscious of the fact that its hope for the future rested upon brains. On the whole I should say the results are fairly good."



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They are made in a number of styles and sizes to provide for every radio battery need. The 22½-volt Evereadys for "soft" detector tubes; the 45-volt Evereadys for amplifying and "hard" detector tubes; the new *Heavy Duty* 45-volt Eveready especially designed for heavy drain multi-tube sets—all stand up to their work with amazing vigor. The 4½-volt Eveready "C" Battery will clarify tone and prolong the life of your "B" Batteries.

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And the clean, clear, golden color of Texaco Motor Oil marks the final stage in the thorough Texaco refining process.
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In All Grades
Clean Clear
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HEAVY
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HEAVY

Just what is it that happens when tobacco is "aged in wood"?

—and why has no other mellowing process been equally successful?

FROM the smoker's standpoint, both these questions are easy to answer.

You know how ageing in wood mellows fine wines? Well—it does the same thing for fine tobaccos—removes the harshness and bite of "raw" tobacco, and ripens and sweetens it for smoking. And substitute methods fail, simply because they do not prove out in your pipe—the tobacco isn't as rich, nor as mild, nor anywhere near as satisfying.

Half-answers, of course—yet the most learned discussion can go little further. You may learn, if you care to, that before tobacco can be "aged," it must be conditioned with most scrupulous care—it must contain just so much moisture, by weight; no more, and no less. You may delve deeper into science, and learn that the leaf remains "alive" while ageing; although cut from the plant, cured, and packed tightly away in the dark, it goes through a natural "sweat" twice each year—grows limp and soft, and literally steeps in its own essences; and every shred of it is saturated with flavor.

Drying open in which tobacco is "ordered" or conditioned before it is "aged in wood."

Roll the smoke around in your mouth, and notice how "ageing in wood" has taken off the rough edges.

It takes years, literally; it ties up huge sums in costly tobacco for long periods, hence is the most expensive of all mellowing methods. But the less haste, the more taste. As you can readily prove, no other method, however much cheaper and faster it may be, can equal "ageing in wood," for mildness, for richness and "body," for satisfying good taste.

How future Velvet is aged in wood. Kentucky Burley bought [illegible] and stored away to age in wood

Hence in making Velvet, we discard the money-saving "hurry-up" methods. We use the best brown Burley, grown in the rich limestone soil of the Kentucky Blue Grass country—and every ounce of it is patiently "aged in wood" till sweet as a nut and just right for smoking.

After all, the thing that interests smokers is results, not processes—but bear in mind that it is only as a result of the "ageing in wood" process that you get Velvet.

Velvet

—the aged in wood tobacco

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

THE SALVATION OF BOOBS

(Continued from Page 23)

It was the first epigram she had made for a fortnight and she was disappointed to find her audience's attention was elsewhere. Jack Tarascon had got up and looked like coming over. Her epigram was in danger of not being repeated. Tiresome wretch. She would have fired it out of a second barrel, but it was too late, for Jack had arrived.

He said, "This looks a dull party; thought I'd join you and liven things up." Then, as if he had not seen her before, "Hello, Boobs. This is jolly. Scuse my left hand. Right arm out of commission."

"I heard you had a touch of arthritis," murmured Neville, rolling a pellet of bread between his forefinger and thumb.

"No, wasn't arthritis," Jack returned gravely. "I slipped up on a bread pill some careless beggar left lying about. Life's full of dangers. Boobs, you look stunning. I've a new car outside. How about a crash through Richmond Park? My right arm does work when I'm not using it to annoy people."

The Hon. Chalice Quest brushed Boobs' cheek with a crooked forefinger.

"She can't. She's sweetly promised to come to the Channington Edwardes Gallery with me—so dear of her."

"Let her choose," said Jack.

Boobs parted her lips and then flowed out an inaudible negative. Jack bumped a shoulder.

"All right, you're excused; but don't forget Tuesday next."

Boobs' face repeated "Tuesday" with a question mark somewhere in her forehead.

"The treasure hunt. You're to be my partner."

It was here Boobs' aunt spoke. Boobs' aunt was not quite modern. She had retained some of the emphasis of the 90's. On occasion she would say things slap out what she meant—"tersely" is the word. It was bad form, but convincing; a slick old lady.

"She will be nothing of the sort."

"Now we know where we stand," said Jack.

Said Boobs' aunt, "She has promised to accompany Cleaver Arden."

"Cleaver! But it starts at ten o'clock. He'll never be up."

Said Boobs' aunt, "He will make a special effort."

"Right-o!" said Jack. "And while he's making it, Boobs can come with me. By the way, Lady Willoughby," he added, "I want a little chat with you."

"A chat?" repeated Boobs' aunt.

"Yes; I want your blessing."

"My blessing—about what?"

Jack looked at Boobs and back again. His meaning was unmistakable. Boobs' aunt shook her head once, a kind of jerk; afterward she straightened her hat.

"There will be no need for a chat."

Jack rose to his feet.

"It strikes me forcibly that I shall have to take matters in my own hands, and soon, very soon—even sooner than that." Which said, he kissed the palm of his left hand and pitched the kiss in the direction of Boobs. "Darling Boobs, bless you—till Tuesday."

"That man," said Lady Willoughby with a breath she had drawn between shut teeth from the very best dentist in Wimpole Street—"that man is impossible. If cutting were not so hopelessly out of date, I should cut him and cut and cut."

Neville Tarkington fingered the part of his chin he thought from.

"One could reintroduce it for a bit," he mused. "He's old-fashioned and might comprehend what we're up to."

Boobs took no part in the discussion. It spun round her. She was like the small pocket in the center of a whirlpool where no air stirs.

"I wonder how his poor arm is," she meditated half aloud.

Lady Willoughby was rightly shocked.

"But she said it so naïvely," protested Moyra, and, as one defending a friend, she stroked the back of Boobs' hand. To the consternation of all, Boobs snatched it away.

"Don't touch me!" she snapped. "I won't be touched."

Never had such a thing happened before. It was outrageous, elemental. Lady Willoughby laid a quick, quieting forefinger to her lips.

"Nerves," she was heard to mutter. "It means Deauville for the week-end."

Boobs said, "It doesn't."

There was no pleasing the child.

That night she received a letter from Jack; a shocking, a disgraceful letter.

"Boobs, you're awful. Think, Boobs, if you use up all your composure over nothing at all, what will you do for composure when the crisis comes? It's high time to break loose, make a gesture, cut a dash, kick up a row. You have heard of those fakirs in India who, from religious ecstasy, hold up an arm in the air until it withers from disuse. You're doing that, Boobs, with your life, your youth, your emotions—with everything about you. And why? Not from religious ecstasy, Boobs, but social vanity. It's terribly unproductive. Suppose the moon changed and you were struck like that—perfectly still and with nothing said.

"Turn your back on this folly, Boobs, and marry me with indecent haste. I will be any sort of husband you please. I will beat you or sing to you—my voice is frightful and if I did that you would be obliged to make a row. Boobs, you must come straight to me and be rescued. You mustn't look over your shoulder once for fear you are turned into a pillar of sugar. If you refuse to come to me, I shall certainly come for you. You will be fetched, Boobs. Take warning. The marriage license sends its love as also do I. Hoping this finds you as it leaves me, or vice versa. Do not bother to answer, but pack a bag. I am keeping one already packed. JACK."

Scrawled after his name were a dozen X's. At breakfast next morning a flivver van arrived and entirely filled the hall with roses. A reporter, happening to pass the house at the time, rang and inquired if anyone worth writing an obituary about had died.

He was told, "No one."

Being a young man of imagination, he surmised an engagement, and putting one and one together—Jack's statement at the rodeo and Boobs' hall full of roses—he wrote a prophetic paragraph in the society columns.

"Can it be that handsome Jack Tarascon has prevailed upon," and so on.

Lady Willoughby published a warm denial in the Morning Post.

Jack Tarascon was captured on the fourth tee at Addington and asked to make a statement. His reply, "which he gave darkly," was that he preferred to say nothing for the present.

"Mr. Tarascon then teed up a ball and drove it nearly three hundred yards. He appears to have recovered the use of his right arm."

All this in the papers.

It will be seen that life was becoming unbearable. Since the eyes of the public were upon them, the advisability of postponing the treasure hunt was seriously discussed. There were, however, too many dissentient voices.

"One might as well talk of postponing the Derby," said Freda Trondheimer. In previous hunts she had already won two first-money prizes and was appalled at the thought of being denied the opportunity of winning the third.

"Freda possesses a curious instinct that leads her to where money is to be found," murmured Cleaver Arden into a convenient ear.

"There's such a lot in heredity, I always think," said the owner of the ear.

"I doubt if it's instinct," another remarked. "I believe the Trondheimer leads the Freda in all matters of cash."

"Reminds one of terriers and truffles," said Blythe Watney, dropping cigar ash into the lap of a lady who was sitting beside him.

So the treasure hunt was not abandoned. The day on which it was to be held dawned bright and clear. At the last moment, Cleaver Arden discovered he would not be able to get up. Accordingly, a young man named Bunce Cowper arrived in a polished aluminum car to act as Boobs' partner. Bunce was perfectly safe as a driver and as a companion. He was still in the early stages of perfection, having not yet learned to despise Russian art and literature; in other words, he was barely out of his teens. He possessed, moreover, a special gift for reading acrostics and worrying out riddles. Lady Willoughby told him to be quick but careful and on no account to touch Boobs. That would be easy, she pointed out, because Boobs was wearing white to remind him.

The polished aluminum car, looking like a silver fish slice, vanished down the road.

Bunce said, "I had fixed to take Ra, but I didn't really mind putting her off. She's apt to chatter."

It was one of those things which might have been better expressed. Ordinarily Boobs wouldn't have noticed it. Without being offended, she was annoyed. Jack, with all his insolence, was never rude. This boy had a white face and was a little thick above the knees; Jack had a tanned face and was lean. Bunce spoke French with an exquisite accent; Jack with an execrable accent. Boobs inexplicably found herself wishing to hear Jack jargoning in French for a long while. He would be terribly funny arranging for rooms in a foreign hotel. She started. What a curious direction her thoughts had taken. How could she possibly hear Jack arranging for rooms in a foreign hotel. It was always the same when she thought of him; her mind turned to violence or to folly. In contemplation of the creature, her serenity was shattered.

"The first clew is puerile," said Bunce, pulling a slip of paper from his waistcoat pocket and giving it to Boobs and repeating the words:

"Through a park in London, please,
There's gunpowder beneath the trees."

Everything seemed to point in the direction of an explosion.

"Is there?" said Boobs.

"That's the clew, dear heart. It means the little arsenal where the road bends."

"Of course it does."

There were a hundred cars by the little arsenal, but not a sign of where to find the clew. There was only a child flying a kite with a long paper tail. Someone of imagination seized the string of the kite and hauled it in. Of course the clews were in the tail—little twists of paper bearing the words:

Music hath charms for all who wish,
But who would think to catch a fish,
A roach, a dace, a perch, a carp,
Not with a rod but by a harp?

A good many competitors stuck over that. Not so Bunce.

"Welsh Harp at Hendon," he said. "Mind yourself, dear heart." This because Boobs had not tucked in her knees sufficiently for him to get back to the driving seat.

Boobs had been to Hendon before. It was not far, but it struck her as an awful long way to go with a man like Bunce. This, of course, was sheer rebellion, for Bunce was generally admitted a very promising young fellow, who, in the fullness of time, would be an accepted ornament of the society he adorned. Boobs looked sulkily at the black mark on her skirt where Bunce's shoe had rubbed against her.

"It 'ud save time," he said, "if you sat in the dicky. Then I'd be able to hop in and out without climbing over you. What do you think?"

Boobs replied, "Not going to."

This was their sort of dialogue as they bowled up the Edgware Road. The Edgware Road, which ran north—yea, even unto Scotland—even unto Golder's Green, where the forge used to stand and runaway marriages were made. Dear Golder's Green! Golder's Green? No, it was Gretna Green, Boobs meant. She was notoriously inaccurate in matters of detail. Golder's Green was where one got cremated.

It was very hot. Boobs began to wonder if she had got a touch of the sun.

Why had Jack said he was going to be her partner on the treasure hunt and then taken no further action about it? He was a coward. Then she remembered his bulldogging of the steer. He was not a coward; he was a savage.

At Finchley a great palace of a car whirred past them. Through its many glass windows they caught sight of Freda Trondheimer. She was leaning forward on the back seat, her nostrils distended, her attitude urgent. The scent was hot.

"I now know why they're given that sort of nose," said Bunce.

The big car vanished before them. They picked it up a mile farther on, surrounded by small boys over which shadowed a

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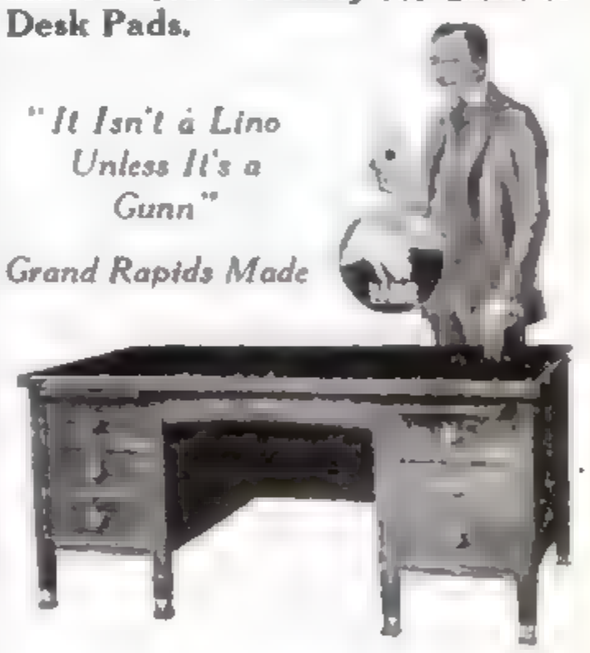

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policeman in uniform and another in plain clothes with a stop watch.

"Trapped," said Bunce. "Oh, wonderful!"

They were first to arrive at the Welsh Harp, that long stretch of water surrounded by advertising hoardings, and members of the London Piscatorial Society, and flanked at the western extremity with the silhouette of the British Empire Exhibition. In the yard before the public house was a car—empty.

"This may be a long job," said Bunce. "The lake is about three miles round. Take the north bank. I'll take the south."

Boobs thought it looked muddy. Bunce told her not to mind about that. He then addressed a venerable angler with a beard which was having a rest in his lap.

"Got any clews?"

The venerable angler made a gap in the upper part of his beard and through it croaked "Go to hell!"

Other cars were gathering from the south—a cohort of treasure hunters. Bunce made off at a run.

"Keep moving," he shouted to Boobs.

It was a good half hour before the clew was found—this because it was so terribly obvious. A new hoarding within view of the road—a large poster—"Why not try Harrow Churchyard?" And in one corner—very little—"220."

"Idiot that I am!" cried its discoverer so loud that others heard and looked. "I thought it was a marmalade advertisement."

Bunce was badly left, partly because he had overshot the mark and partly because Boobs had stopped two hundred yards away to watch a small boy catch tiddlers and efties, which he put in a jar against future enjoyment. As a result they were the last to get away.

"You must be a bit more lively, dear heart," said Bunce, hauling her in beside him. "Hanging about like this is criminal."

He cranked up his engine, let in the clutch and the car bumped away lamely.

"Punctured!" he exclaimed, and sprang out to see.

All four tires were flat to the road.

"This ain't an accident," he raved. "It's foul play. Who in blazes has done it?"

From behind came a voice which replied, "I, said the sparrow, with my bow and arrow." Jack Tarascon was standing on one foot like the archer of Piccadilly Circus, the little boy cupid of the fountain.

"Yes," said he; "though it wasn't really with a bow and arrow. I gave each tire a dig with my little *canif*. The one that was given me by the aunt of the gardener." He produced a pocketknife for inspection.

"Look here, Tarascon, don't play the fool. This is serious."

"Serious? My dear chap, it's appalling. But don't despair; there's a garage down the road and I dare say they'll fix you up in about an hour. In the meantime, why not ask the old buffer there if he'll let you watch him fish?"

Bunce struggled manfully with his temper.

"It would be kind to assume you are mad," he said, "and whom Allah hath touched, and so on. But I was thinking of Boobs."

"Then don't," was the reply; "and if you attempt to do anything of the kind, I shall chuck you plash into the water for carp to eat." Then, turning to the astonished Boobs, "Car department, madam? Certainly. This way, please. We have a new line—very smart and attractive."

Boobs descended from the two-seater and stood white, still, beautiful, a piece of living statuary.

"Sorry I didn't call at Green Street for you, Boobs, but I thought this would be more fun. Come, there's not a moment to lose."

Still she stood.

"Boobs, you don't want to be carried, I suppose. That's what'll happen if you don't hurry. I feel sheikish."

Boobs began to move. Bunce took one step forward. Only one, for Jack looked at him. A moment later the car was sputtering up the road toward Edgware. They had covered a mile before Boobs spoke. Her voice was smooth and soft as a breeze—"I wondered why you didn't call for me."

Jack slowed down, looked at her and frowned.

He said, "Boobs, you're wasting your composure on me, and you'll need it all presently."

"Lift the wind screen a little," she begged; "it is so awfully hot." Then, "Will I—for what?"

"For what is about to take place, my child. Haven't you grasped that you are utterly, completely in my power?"

"I can always ask for help when we reach Harrow."

"We are not going to Harrow."

Boobs sighed resignedly.

"I never liked it. There are so many boys there who look at one. Thank you, but I think the screen is better down. The wind makes one's eyes water."

"A fortnight ago," said Jack, "I tried to prove that for love of you I would stop at nothing."

"I wondered why you went right through that wire palisade."

"I will tell you. It was a demonstration."

"I've heard it called an exhibition," said Boobs.

"Boobs," roared Jack above the hum of the engine, "will you let me talk and cease making this a conversation? You are alone in a motor car with a desperate man who adores you and has a special marriage license in his pocket."

"That thing!" sneered Boobs. "But haven't you heard that I am not to marry you? I thought everyone knew that. Aunt wants me to marry an Italian and settle once and for all the villa problem at Rapallo. Last season we couldn't get one at all."

"Silence!" said Jack sternly. "Say that again and I shall kiss you publicly in front of that public house."

"Is there one?" said Boobs. "Jack, would it be a terrible nuisance if I asked you to get me a bottle of ginger beer?"

At that his patience departed.

"'Pon my soul," he exploded, "I doubt if you're worth it—I doubt if you're worth the trouble I'm taking over you. Gosh, I've half a mind to plump you on the roadside, tear off your hat and stamp on it, hit you with a spanner, drop you in a ditch anything but what I'd planned."

"But I thought nobody made plans nowadays."

Jack brought the car to a standstill.

"I was mad," he cried, "ever to have thought of it—mad—a lunatic. A wise man would stick you in spirits of wine and present you to the British Museum. Well, it's finished and I'm through."

"But this is such an awkward place to finish anything," said Boobs pathetically. "Perhaps it would be better to spin it out until we got back to Green Street."

And just at that moment a voice shouted, "There they are! Hi, Tarascon, we want you!"

It was Bunce. By good fortune he had attracted the notice of Neville Tarkington who as one of the organizers was pursuing the field.

"I believe he's crazy," Bunce had announced.

Neville was not pleased, but he admitted a certain liability in the matter.

"My chauffeur's a hefty sort of brute," he said. "We can turn him loose on Tarascon if absolutely necessary. Hop in." That was how the pursuit was organized.

Boobs threw a hurried glance over her shoulder and the serene contour of her face changed suddenly to forms of dismay and distress.

"They've chased us and they've caught us—oh-h!"

The "oh" was unlike any sound Jack had ever heard from her before. It was the startled cry of a trapped animal.

"If that's how you look at it," he said, "then here goes."

From a standing start the get-away was pretty good.

Cried Bunce, "He is crazy. After him!"

So began the chase. Neville Tarkington was a good driver and his car was twenty-two feet of slightly overbodied perfection, but Jack Tarascon was what is called in the motor fraternity a wheel professor. Added to that, his speedster was tuned to a hair of racing fitness. So there wasn't much to choose.

"We haven't a hope of outdistancing them," he said to Boobs; "but if you don't mind a bit of a risk, I think we might shake 'em off. I'll tell you when."

Boobs nodded assent. A change had come over her. She appeared to be enjoying herself.

The two cars plunged through Edgware with shameless velocity. Thanks to a milk float which delayed the pursuit, Jack increased his lead by about a hundred and fifty yards. They were halfway down the long slope beyond the golf links clubhouse

Continued on Page 108

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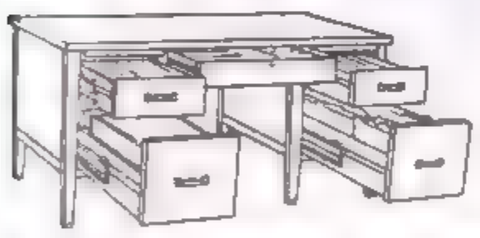

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(Continued from Page 106)

before the pursuing car came abreast of them. The road was wide and clear.

Boobs chose that moment to ask, "What were the plans you had for me?"

Jack shot a glance into the reflecting mirror and measured the distance between himself and the pursuit.

He said, "Half a minute, Boobs! Hold tight!"

With that, he locked his wheel over, slammed on the brakes, dry-skidded the car in a complete half circle and went tearing up the road the way he had come.

The other car swerved and shot past at a good sixty.

"All things considered," said Jack, "that passed off very pleasantly, though it's not the best thing for tires. Sorry if I gave you a shaking, but I couldn't stick the idea of handing you over to those two muts."

"What were the plans you'd made?" Boobs insisted.

Jack looked sheepish.

"A crazy notion of driving you to the doors of every registrar of births, deaths and marriages in Great Britain until you said, 'Yes, I will.'"

"But you would never had dared."

Jack stiffened up.

"Better not say that. You escaped by the narrowest margin."

"What margin?"

"I saw you were bored and I've spent too much time with bored people already. When only one person sees the humor of it, marriage is no joke. 'Fraid I've rather spoiled your day. What do you want to do? Join the treasure seekers or go home?"

Boobs thought for a while.

"Whose home?"

"What do you mean by that?"

"I only thought after running away so fast it would look a little silly going back as if nothing whatever had happened." She added, "Not that I mind; but you have a reputation for doing outrageous things."

A sudden fear assailed him.

"Wretched girl," he said, "you are trying to flirt with me, to lead me on in the hope that I shall make a fool of myself."

"Well," said Boobs, "you can hardly expect to have it all your own way. It's rude to run away with a girl, threaten her with marriage and then change your mind. Any woman would be offended by that."

Jack nodded grimly.

"I admit it was not the action of a gentleman or a sheik," he acknowledged.

Boobs laughed, a low, trickling laugh.

"I think the least you could do would be to extend the abduction for a few miles; at any rate, as far as the next oasis. It's a long time since I've had a day off."

It was then Jack Tarascon, relying on the efficiency of four-wheel brakes, took her in his arms and stopped her mouth with kisses.

A man on a market cart waved his cap, an errand boy whistled and a maid-servant who had just run out to post a letter halted in a jealous amazement.

When he had quite finished, Boobs freed herself and looked at him with blazing eyes.

"You dared—you actually dared!" she gasped.

The carter made a megaphone of his hands and shouted, "Go on, mister! Give 'er the same again! Let 'er 'ave it!"

But Boobs' face had retreated behind a defensive shoulder.

"Drive on," she ordered. "Drive on. I'll tell you when to stop."

"I'm not going to apologize," said Jack.

"Drive on."

"I'm not sorry. You may be without feeling, you may be a calm, empty piece of nothingness; but for the future I shall kiss you whenever I meet you—wherever I meet you—in streets, on tops of busses and mountains—in forests—rooms and taxicabs.

"I've formed the habit, Boobs, and you'll never be safe from me now. And in the end I'll marry you—not ridiculously, like this, but genuinely, terrifically, and haul you off to some wild country and beat you into usefulness."

"What a feller!" exclaimed the maid-servant.

But Boobs said, "We'll soon see about that. Drive on—instantly."

Londonward, down the Edgware Road, ran the car. At Oxford and Cambridge Terrace Boobs said, "Right."

"But ——"

"Do you hear me? Right!"

She had developed an extraordinary authority, but her calm was gone. Jack swung to the right.

"That turning—straight opposite."

"But that leads ——"

"Do as I say."

"Oh, very well."

"Now left, now stop."

They pulled up in a mean street before a tall gray house with a brass plate on the railings.

"Now give me that special license."

"No use, Boobs, I shall only buy another."

"I'll see you don't," she retorted. "Give it to me at once." She almost snatched it from his hand. "And now I'm going to get out."

He opened the car door and she jumped to the pavement.

"It's no use, Boobs," he said; "I shall get you in the end."

"You buffoon!" sneered Boobs. "If you'd a vestige of sense you'd realize that so far as you're concerned, here ends Boobs Fennimore."

Which said, she turned and walked briskly up the steps of the house.

"Au revoir, Boobs," said Jack Tarascon.

She did not answer.

As he leaned forward to engage the gear lever his eyes rested for a moment on the brass plate which was attached to the railings. It was engraved with the words, "B. Watkins, Registrar of Births, Deaths and Marriages."

Boobs' hand was on the bell. Coming down the street was a policeman.

"Officer," shouted Jack, "could you bring yourself to be a witness?"

"Witness of what?" was the reply.

"This for a start," said Jack, and vaulting out of the car he raced up the steps and began to kiss Boobs all over again.

"Witness?" said the policeman, observing that Boobs was a maiden of unrivaled beauty. "Lord love me, I wouldn't 'arf mind bein' an accessory after the fact."

THE GREATEST BUSINESS EXPERIMENT

(Continued from Page 7)

to commercialize the reparations debt in the usual manner—provided, of course, that something new and unexpected in the political line does not happen by that time.

The total of reparations due from Germany, as officially fixed by the Reparations Commission, is 132,000,000,000 gold marks. This total, despite conferences, conversations, agreements and week-end visits of prime ministers, has never actually been changed. It remains 132,000,000,000 gold marks. One of the main troubles of the bankers over the Dawes plan is that nowhere therein is there a plain statement as to how much Germany owes, either the above figure or any other, or when she will be through paying. True, the Dawes plan, upheld by the recent London accord, states that the total bill should be written down to a minimum of 40,000,000,000 gold marks, to be paid off in thirty years. But there is considerable about it that is vague and nothing that is definite. Therefore the bankers, professing not to know what Germany really owes, have the natural fear that the Germans will not keep working forever on a debt.

There are only three ways in which bills between nations can be paid—in gold, in goods, in services.

It is estimated that there is only $8,000,000,000 in gold in the whole world. Of this, 54 per cent is already in the United States, and more than the remainder is owing to the United States. It is obviously impossible to pay the reparations bill in Manner Number One.

Goods—good German goods. The Allies are almost overcome by the fear of them. France, Italy and Belgium already have high tariffs. Protection talk is now heard in England. It certainly is a long, long way to Tipperary. In 1914 Britain was afraid of German industrial competition. Ten years later, Britain, by the Dawes plan, is supposed to loan money to Germany to restore German industry, and naturally the British are more afraid of German competition than ever. They are back where they started from, with the additional fear that France, under the Herriot government, may carry out the prewar policy of Caillaux, a Franco-German commercial accord, marrying Lorraine iron with Ruhr coal, thus not only ruining the British steel trade but likewise playing hob with the traditional British policy of holding the balance of power between rival Continental combinations. Frank Hodges, Civil Lord of the Admiralty and former secretary of the British Miners' Federation, declares that the lot of the British miner is steadily getting worse. Ninety-seven thousand miners are now out of work and several collieries are closed.

It would appear that the Dawes plan, instead of bringing relief, will permit France, Italy and Belgium to get coal from Germany cheaper than Britain can produce it and live. German miners now have the longest working day and accept the lowest wages.

Hodges goes on to insist that a committee of the trade-unions must be formed to work with the transfer committee of the Dawes plan, merely to prevent the operations of the Dawes plan from ruining the interests of labor. So much for Method Number Two.

Payment in services usually means shipping. The British certainly are not seeking German competition in this line. Also the other Allies are trying to maintain and build up their own merchant marine. So that is that.

The crux of the Dawes plan, as well as its most delicate point, is the transfer committee, to which Frank Hodges has referred. This apparently simple matter of Germany paying the Allies is really so difficult that the Dawes committee of experts, fearing that the Allies might not take the money when the Germans paid it in, recommended that a limit of 5,000,000,000 gold marks be set as the total which may accumulate in the hands of the agent-general. The committee's report candidly admits: "We do not deny that this part of our proposal will present difficulties of a novel character which can only be solved by experience."

Now this transfer committee is composed of five men skilled in foreign exchange and finance, who represent five Allied and Associated Powers, plus the permanent agent-general, Seymour Parker Gilbert, who acts as chairman. All moneys received on account of reparations from various sources in Germany, such as railways, industrial bonds, deliveries in kind, are turned over to the agent-general for reparations payments.

The committee controls the use and withdrawal of all moneys thus deposited with the agent-general; also regulates the program for deliveries in kind and payments under the reparations recovery act, "in such manner as to prevent difficulties arising with foreign exchange." One couldn't really call it a small order. The committee also controls the transfer of cash to the Allies by the purchase of foreign exchange—again without making the exchange unstable.

Thus, again referring to the 5,000,000,000 mark limit, the Dawes plan evidently expects that this supercommittee will use three-fifths of this sum in bonds or loans within Germany—of course, under conditions laid down by the Allies. The amusing result is that if the Germans do show good faith and pay in more than the Allies can safely exchange to their own currency, the German budget contributions to reparations are to be reduced until the total sum in the hands of the transfer committee is below 5,000,000,000 marks.

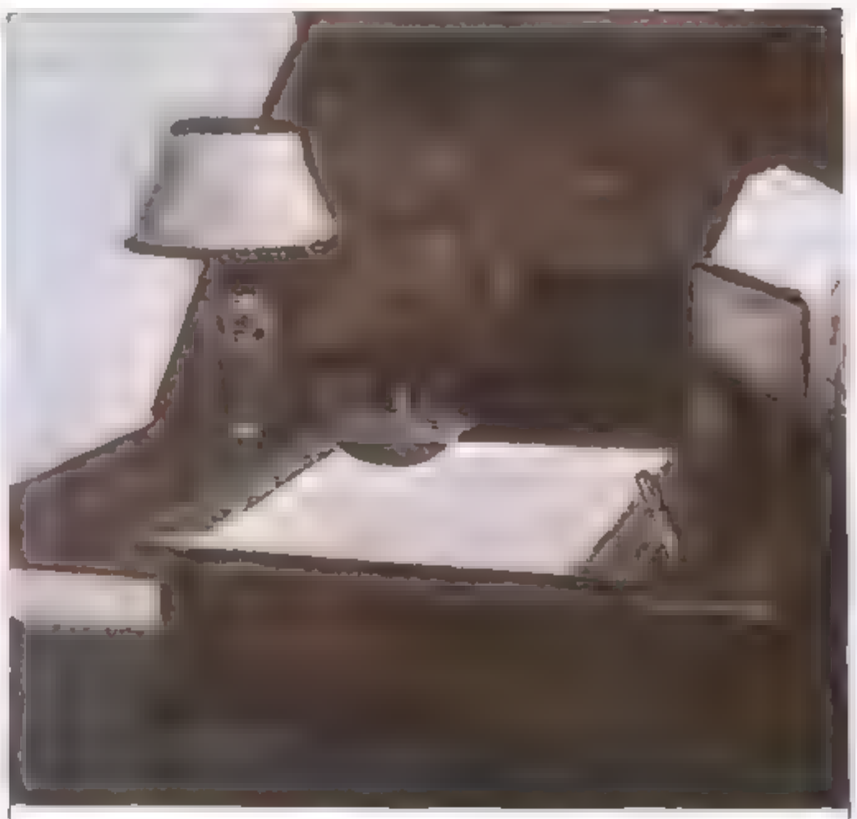
Thus it might be argued that the German reparations payments may become as great an aid to German industry, through the use of reparations funds in financing their bond issues, as to the Allies themselves.

As a matter of fact, this section—Number 13—of the experts' report, which is the most important feature of the Dawes plan, is a masterpiece of obscurity. It is the nub of the whole affair, for it is the question of putting the money into the hands of the Allies after the Germans have raised it. The experts sum it all up with this gem:

"We are convinced that some kind of coordinated policy, with continuous expert administration in regard to the exchange, lies at the root of the reparations problem and is essential to any practical scheme in obtaining the maximum sums from Germany for the benefit of the Allies."

(Continued on Page 111)

NOT THIS



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Mon! there's a *Wool Sock* for ye!
We could na' mak' better at hame

(Continued from Page 108)

In other words, the experts, apparently unable to devise a clear plan for this tremendous undertaking, end by merely putting it into the hands of another group of experts, the transfer committee, telling them to "Go to it, boys! We wish you the best of luck." As a business job, the problem before the transfer committee is without parallel. There has never been a business of such magnitude in any one country, and this reparations business vitally interests several countries. There are no precedents for the committee to follow. It is all a gigantic experiment. After five years of hectic foreign exchanges no one yet seems to know much about what makes a particular money go up or down.

The committee members are therefore pioneers and explorers, and they certainly appear to need all the luck that can possibly come their way.

When the Dawes plan began to function the Germans immediately paid over to Owen Young, temporary agent-general, an initial sum of 20,000,000 gold marks called for in the plan for reparations payments. The schedule showed that Mr. Young was next to receive a total of 83,300,000 gold marks during September, a part of it coming from the French and Belgian profits in the Ruhr. Both French and Belgians carried out their share of removing the Ruhr restrictions, and thus far no trouble or bad faith has been reported.

But now consider a moment the armies of Rhineland occupation and the fact that they have been costing about 250,000,000 gold marks yearly. This constitutes a first charge on reparations payments made by Germany. After the armies are paid, what is left is deducted from Germany's reparations bill. The occupation is now costing about 24,000,000 gold marks monthly. The Reparations Commission itself costs about 400,000 gold marks a month. This, with various other Allied control commissions, brings the monthly total of extra reparations liabilities on Germany up to about 29,000,000 gold marks.

The Dawes plan secured from Germany and from the French and Belgian Ruhr profits, the total of 83,000,000 gold marks demanded for September. Out of this sum the 29,000,000 extra liabilities were paid, leaving only 54,000,000 in the hands of Agent-General Young with which to finance coal deliveries—that is, to pay the German mine owners for the coal which he then turned over to the Allies, chiefly France and Italy. This 54,000,000 marks was not enough to finance the total coal deliveries set for September. Thus arose the problem of either cutting down the coal deliveries or the cost of the armies of occupation. For September it was the amount of coal deliveries that got the decrease. The armies of occupation remain intact. I have given these details in order to show the snag that was encountered in the very first month that the Dawes plan was in operation.

Disputed Figures

The present period is called by the Dawes plan the budget-moratorium period, which lasts for two years, during which time the Allies hope to collect 2,220,000,000 gold marks. The next two years are to be known as the transition period, during which time the plan prescribes that Germany shall pay 2,950,000,000 gold marks. Then begins the fifth year, which is called the standard year or period. After the standard period begins, the total of Germany's annual reparations payments is fixed at 2,500,000,000 gold marks; all these payments to be made to the agent-general, who will turn them over to the Allied creditors.

Consider briefly what Germany has already done to get out of her difficulties, according to her own and to the Allies' system of bookkeeping.

How much has Germany paid? Nobody knows.

The Germans put the total at from 45,000,000,000 to 60,000,000,000 gold marks. But they include everything—railway rolling stock, merchant marine, colonies, improvements they had made in Alsace-Lorraine, as well as the payments in gold and kind to the Reparations Commission.

Perhaps it would be fairer to Germany to allow all these items; nevertheless, the Allies put down the total of German payments to only about 10,000,000,000 gold marks. This is the sum that the Reparations Commission has actually received or handled, and nothing else. The most generous mind on the Dawes committee, acting in the strictest interpretation of the Versailles Treaty, admits a total of about 14,000,000,000 gold marks.

It has been declared by no less an authority than Treitschke that, contrasted with commerce and business, "diplomacy seems as innocent as a dove." There seems something in the idea when one remembers the long diplomatic squabble over reparations, and contrasts the way in which German business handled its affairs at the same time. The inflating and then the wiping out of their national debt and the debts of many private businesses, the putting of their profits into the modernization of their plants—all this puts the German industrial mill into position to grind exceeding fast when the waters of the Dawes loan once start the wheels going.

The Dawes plan provides for a loan to Germany. The details of this were fixed by the German Government in consultation with foreign bankers, especially the American and the British. The Bank of England is the only government bank that can officially have a finger in the deal, the Banque de France and the Federal Reserve Banks not being official government banks, as is the case in England.

The Dawes plan maintains that this loan is primarily essential for the establishment of a new bank and to insure the stabilization of currency; also, that it will form an important contribution to the bank's gold reserves. It is also intended to finance essential deliveries in kind for reparations during the preliminary period of economic rebuilding—the first two years, during which the Dawes plan provides for no reparations payments out of the German budget resources.

The Use of the Loan

The proceeds of the loan are to be used exclusively for financing internal payments, such as deliveries in kind, and that part of the cost of the armies of occupation which represents expenditure in Germany by or on their behalf. The Dawes report believes that after these first two years a foreign loan will no longer be necessary, for, confidence being restored, there will be an influx of capital to Germany, the German capital shipped abroad will have returned and the German currency and exchange situation will improve, as in the case of Austria.

Owen Young, returning to Paris recently from a trip to Berlin, declared that the vast quantities of emergency money have almost completely disappeared. Young said that the problem of redemption of this paper money had caused him serious misgivings last winter while he was sitting with the committee of experts; but the fact of its removal from circulation, he now declares, simultaneously removes one of the greatest obstacles to the success of the Dawes plan.

The so-called London accord, which permitted, by a series of compromises, the Dawes plan to get into operation, is another illustration of the unstable and shifting sands of politics. Both the German and the French delegates were controlled by fear of their parliaments. It is reasonable to assume that Premier Herriot might have agreed to the immediate and complete evacuation of the Ruhr had he not feared the Poincaré bloc that awaited his return to Paris. But even so, the accord that resulted was negotiated and not dictated. Both the tone and spirit of the conference were far different from those preceding it, for it was governed by the determination to reach a happy ending. In as much as only a year ago Europe seemed rapidly drifting toward a new war as a result of the Anglo-French quarrel, it is uplifting to find that no matter what our present fears, the politicians at the London Conference feel that they have started the beginning of real peace. Immediately after the conference the Allied press, shouting, as always, in harmony with what the governments dictate, professed to believe everything that had happened was for the best and that the millennium was on the way. Nowadays, since the Dawes plan has got under way, the sinister aspects are beginning to crop out.

The fear is voiced that Germany may have committed herself to a program beyond her power and so may again be accused of Punic faith. I have already mentioned the troubles of British labor and the fear of German goods. The French for the moment continue to straddle the fence.

"I have been the dinner, you will be the supper," said Count Sforza of Milan after Louis XII of France had taken his city. Some French now console themselves with the thought that if their provinces provided a dinner for the Germans during the war, as a result of the Dawes plan the British may provide the supper.

But the blackest shadow is the increased power over Europe that seems to have been given to American finance. Benedetto Croce, an Italian philosopher, said of the British, "They have learned by long training to hide from themselves the real ends of their actions." Apply this to the Dawes plan and its acceptance by the London Conference, and it does seem that the British have hidden so well from themselves the real ends of their action that they now suddenly fear the peace they sought through the Dawes plan may be the peace of the tomb. Undoubtedly, by mere force of circumstances, America has been maneuvered into the position where Europe—and particularly England—has become the vassal of our money market, a fact which we also may come to regard as unfortunate for the good of the world. However, praise continues to shower upon the individual American financiers who have helped bring the Dawes plan into action, and stress is laid upon the fact that such men as Dawes, Young, Logan, Ambassadors Kellogg and Houghton have fought a great battle of justice and common sense.

To sum up the general situation of the Allies vis-à-vis Germany, at the moment the Dawes plan came into operation it would appear that in two respects Allied business had an advantage over German business. First, some time will be necessary for both the German state and German industry to recover from its violent fiscal and economic disturbances as a result of the occupation of the Ruhr. Second, the habit of saving among the people has been destroyed, and to reëstablish such habit it will be necessary to supply a flow of capital.

On the other hand, Germany's growing and industrious population, her great technical skill, her wealth of material resources, the development of her agriculture on progressive lines, her eminence in industrial science—all give hope for her future prosperity. Industry depends upon railways. Ever since the Armistice Germany has been improving her state railways, until now they are not only restored to a prewar state of efficiency but have been brought up to a standard superior to that of any other country of Europe. Furthermore, her telegraph and telephones have been equipped with the most modern appliances. Her harbors and canals have been likewise developed and, finally, her great industrialists have increased their already modern plants to produce an even greater output than before the war.

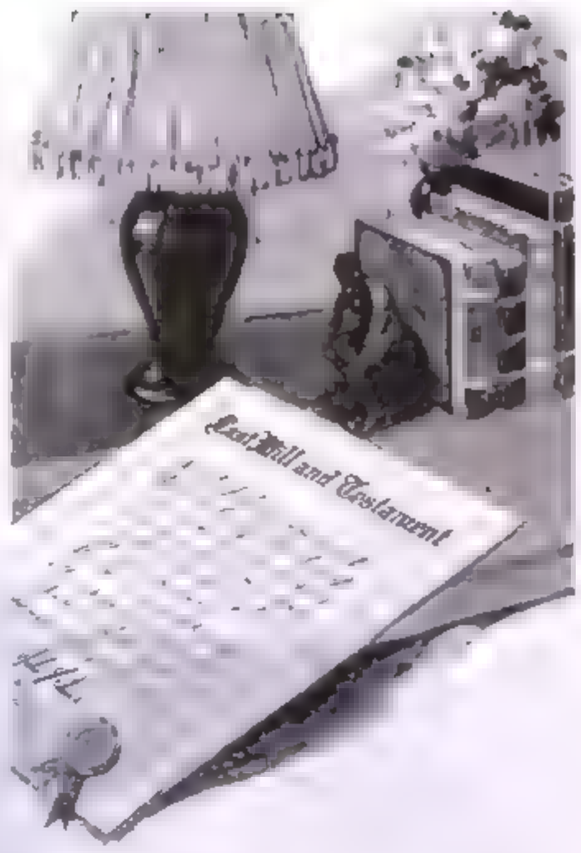
What Else Could Europe Do?

I have already referred to the fact that the German national debt has been wiped out. Therefore German business does not have to pay this tax. If Germany sustained the burden of her own debt as the Allies are doing, she would need to raise 5,000,000,000 gold marks annually to pay the interest. And, finally, the Germans do not have the budget expenses to sustain a big army and navy. The ban upon her military service results in increasing the number of her producers at a moment when 800,000 young Frenchmen alone are wasting time, economically speaking, in the army, not to mention the number in the armies and navies of the other Allies.

From all that is going on in Germany today, it would appear that the Germans, having put their savings and credit accounts into industrial plants, now only lack the necessary funds to finance them, which the banks would otherwise have. And the Dawes plan in the end supplies those funds from the pockets of the Allies, thus providing the power and lubrication to start the improved German industrial motor going better than ever.

Weighing the pros and cons of what is happening or what is likely to happen in this initial period of the Dawes plan in operation, the big Allied business and banking interests already express the fear that the principle underlying the reparations problem, as applied by the plan, may turn out economically wrong and politically unwise, and that Germany will not make the reparations payments on the scale demanded without further unsettling the economic situation of Europe, and possibly of the world.

And yet, it is hard to see what Europe could have done save to accept the Dawes plan and at least try it out.



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THE PRODIGAL FATHER

(Continued from Page 15)

It was the sort of car that is sometimes driven from music hall to music hall by a lion tamer or a hypnotist. Palpably designed to miss no single eye, it was painted a brilliant vermilion with bands of white and blue. In uniforms of the same inescapable colors sat two solemn men in the front. A silver elephant with tusks of gold did duty as a mascot, while the car itself was lined with white velvet and festooned with sprigs of rambling roses. From this four-wheeled advertisement a tall, gallant and handsome person in a gray bowler hat and a suit of pepper and salt that had never been worn before extended a long immaculate leg, which wound up in a white spat and a glistening shoe. The whole graceful body then emerging, this duke or race horse owner handed out a most peculiar and voluptuous lady with the utmost tenderness. Dressed in a chocolate-colored riding habit associated with the pictures of a female Dick Turpin, she wore a large Spanish befeathered hat, a white stock with a diamond horseshoe, and gauntlet gloves. In one hand she carried a large gold bag and in the other a gold-mounted crop. Under the comforting shade of the enormous brim her face, though hard and coated with paint, had a certain flashy beauty. It was only when she raised it to cast a patronizing glance at the old and lovely house that a touch of cruel sun disclosed a thousand crow's-feet round her black-encircled eyes. And during the whole process of this royal landing a sort of circus instrument in the body of the car blared forth the famous strains of Here We Are, Here We Are, Here We Are Again.

"My heavens," said Claud, "it's father!"

"With his charming friend," said Jack.

"Well, even this," said Evelyn, determined to break the gloom, "is better than the wheelbarrow. Now come." And hers was the first genuine laugh that the room had heard for days.

They all went into the hall as, palpitating with excitement and delight, the maid threw open the door.

The major didn't merely come in. He entered, drew up short, removed his hat, emoted for a moment, overcame his proud and loving parental feelings and clasped the frigid vicar in his arms.

"My dear fellow, my dear, dear fellow," he said in his mellowest voice; "and my equally splendid Claud, chip of the old block." He kissed his hero son on both cheeks, thus rendering artificial all that poor man's limbs. "And this delightful girl, who has courage, I can see, in all her lines."

"Miss Evelyn Arden," said Jack, amazed to find a voice, "to whom I shall be married, with any luck, in about twenty years from now."

"No, no, my boy. Cyclonic disturbances are being blown away. You shall stand at the altar of your own church during the happiest of my visits. Sweet Miss Evelyn Arden, felicitations to you both. And now"—he turned toward the door and extended his hand to the peculiar lady—"I have the honor and delight to present you to one whose most appropriate name is a household word in this land; one whose genius and beauty, gayety and mellifluous voice have created her queen of the music halls, empress of comediennes and mistress of my heart. In a word, Miss April Day."

There was a hoarse and bronchial gurgle, a waving gauntlet, and a gushing sweep forward. "Oh, stow the Georgian stuff, Horry. You know the old buck, my dears. I'm jolly glad to meet you, one and all. Chuck ceremony. Let's melt and meld. Give me a hug, Jack. That's the idea, old bean. Now, Claudie. Good for you, old bird. Now the Shakspere girl, the pretty English rose. Fine and dandy. Where do I get a wash?"

Parsonic as it was—cold roast beef, cabbage and pickles, homemade bread, fresh butter, stewed raspberries and red currants, Bird's custard and honest ale to wash it down—that luncheon party was the longest and the loudest ever known to the vicarage. The major's daring prophecy proved true. What cyclonic disturbance could hang blackly in the sky, what iciness and frigidity could possibly remain under the incomparable geniality, coarse wit and screaming laughter of the famous April Day? Why, it was she who had ruined the gravity of England with Hold the Baby Right Side Up or Look Out For a Squall. It was she who had made the country a music-loving nation with Come Again When Pa's Gone Out and Squeeze Me in the Dark, Kiss Me on the Boko and Never Say Die, Try a Little Loving When Things Ain't Goin' Well; and who nearly won the war with Oo Says We're Down-'earted When We've Got Our Second Wind. She sang them all, then, and several others, conducting with a fork, and with the magic of an irresistible personality and a most contagious kindness swept Claud and Evelyn, Jack and the major into the choruses, with cook and the little maid nearly breaking blood vessels at the crack of the door.

And all the while the garage in the village, in which the car now stood, was the center of deep and admiring attention on the part of every youngster in the place. It was lucky indeed that there was no garage attached to the vicarage to which that thing could draw the crowd. Imagine the astonishment and even, perhaps, horror which must have been caused by the ribaldry that issued from the house beside the church.

Tired, hoarse and happy, triumphant at having won what was as great a success as any that she had achieved, April Day rose at last from the table and swaggered up to the west bedroom for a rest. The prodigal father went with her. And it was not until these two had shut their door and all was quiet that Jack became the harassed clergyman once more.

Wiping his eyes, Claud followed the almost exhausted Evelyn into the sitting room, realized precisely from Jack's expression the scandalized thoughts that were passing through his brain, and was shocked out of the remnants of laughter by the new trouble that had fallen on that already tragic house.

"That's torn it," said Claud. "When the bishop gets his milk tomorrow every detail of this visitation will be delivered with it—the car, the musical box, the elephant with gold tusks, the roaring luncheon, father's prosperous appearance."

"And," said Evelyn, who was rapidly becoming a woman to whom the last word already belonged by rights, "the west room."

"Yes," said Jack, "everything's worse than ever. What the dickens can I do? That's a wonderful woman. A sort of female Mussolini, with all that's best of Lloyd George. As father said, she's undoubtedly a genius. She can carry us away, snowed under as we are with worry, just as easily as any mob. I haven't yelled those idiotic choruses since the first year of the war. Can I turn her out? Of course I can't. I admire her homogeneous heart and respect her brilliant achievements. Then, too, the mere suggestion of a conventional hint would only earn her most roguish gurgle."

"Well then, give the hint to father."

Jack had to laugh at that. The major had the same indifference for the ordinary hint as a well-fed salmon commonly exhibits toward the homemade fly.

And then Evelyn attacked the problem which was the greatest puzzle of all: "What is your father to April Day? How did he meet her? Why does she go about with him? Is it her money that has made him look so smart? You say that only a few weeks ago he was going about like a tramp cyclist selling dying hens in the Strand. This woman must have made a fortune. Can you forget that car? She could be the wife of a K.B.E. if she desired it, or, with her amazing public, a member of Parliament—on the Conservative side, at that!"

"Perfectly true," said Claud. "It beats me, by Jove! And did you see the gold cigar case out of which the old man plucked a perfecto, and notice his links? And his clothes! I know Savile Row when I see it, though it's a long time since that fatal day in August when the first gun blew off."

"Well, there's always Canada," said Jack, "and the wide open spaces where a man can be a man."

"And I'm not afraid of washing dishes," said Evelyn, "scrubbing floors, and driving to Calgary to see the pictures on Saturday nights. My sister does it and loves it—or rather the man of her house."

Never mind about Claud. Jack kissed her and gave great praise again. And Claud looked at his leg, remembered that he was a director of a fraudulent company, and saw no hope.

And then the major joined them, beaming, having brushed his hair and changed his patent shoes for a pair of red-leather slippers, obviously just out of the box.

One of those tall, slight, graceful men, he had the torso of a gymnasium instructor and the clean jaw line of one who rose hungry from meals. His hair and mustache were white, his nose short and aquiline, his eyes blue, with laughter lines from their corners, and there was a cleft on his chin that had made for considerable trouble. From his rather florid manner it was easy to see that Ireland was in his ancestry, and no one else could have worn those dangerous clothes in a way so perfectly safe. A pity that his sons could not be proud of him!

"Delightful," he said, "delightful. This warm old house, this affectionate reunion, our spontaneous mirth and geniality at the table, and, above all, your chivalry, my dear Jack and Claud, toward that indescribable woman, that expansive and golden soul to whom the country owes so great a debt of gratitude. If only—sad words—I'd been privileged to know her years and years ago."

Jack grappled with his courage and came out with it. "What we all want to know is how you ever did meet her, father, if it's all the same to you."

The major chose the most comfortable chair, proficient in the art. "Well, who says that romance is dead?" he asked, lighting his third cigar with a casual glance at the case. "One evening some weeks ago, as I was returning to my humble room in Bloomsbury after a hard day's work—addressing envelopes for a firm of professional begging-letter writers, to be exact—a taxi passed me, from which there came the sounds of matrimonial altercation. Something was flung from the window, and

(Continued on Page 117)

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With the Wasson Motor Check as interpreter the inside facts about oil have been discovered!

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But R. B. Wasson's new car testing apparatus is different—an invention that shows what goes on inside a running motor.

A car is rolled up onto the machine. Quickly an attendant drains the crank case, flushes it out to be rid of every vestige of the old oil, and refills it with a fine, clean 30c oil of the proper grade. The car is speeded into action and the owner stares in amazement as he sees and feels the unmistakable evidence of power.

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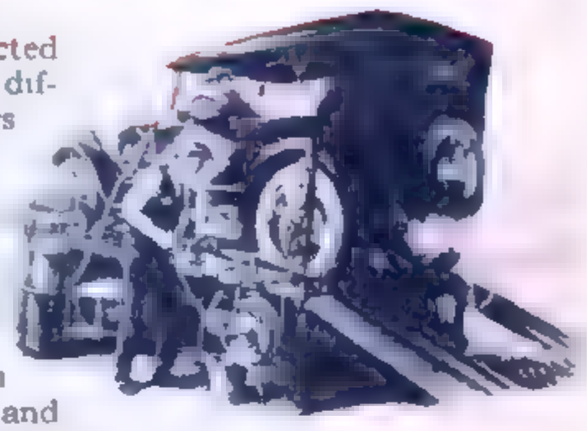
Power is the real proof of quality. When your engine shows more power with one oil than with another, that oil is the best lubricant.

Demonstrations like this have been conducted on thousands of cars in eighteen or twenty different cities. Seven out of eight of the cars tested were not getting anywhere near the power their owners knew they should, especially at high speed and in hill climbing.



Some were 50% off; others just enough below par to be annoying. In every case the change to a fine, clean *power* oil resulted in positive evidence of power. Power to feel and use for hundreds of miles; power to cut down gasoline bills; power to cheat the repair shop.

"How can this be?" you ask. "How can a sluggish motor be quickened with power by merely changing the lubricant?"

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OUT IN THE OPEN

This photograph shows one of the Wasson Motor Check demonstrations of oil power that are being held in principal cities. Thousands of cars of all types have been tested. It is estimated that 50,000 car owners have witnessed the convincing proof of Havoline as a power accelerator. Send for booklet—"Oil is more than oil—it is Power."

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U. S. Pat. No. 1,133,727, April 13, 1915; U. S. Pat. No. 1,216,149 Feb. 13, 1917. Other Patents Pending

(Continued from Page 112)

as it hit me in the face and hurt me, I revenged myself by picking it up and keeping it in my hand. Under the lights of, oddly enough, a familiar pawnbroker's shop, I examined what was certainly the cause of the trouble, and found a neat leather case. I opened it—who wouldn't? only to discover that I was the jubilant possessor of thirty one-pound notes and a ticket for the stage box of the Alhambra, useful for that night only. Wasteful, but probably wise of that henpecked husband, don't you think so, Jack?"

"Very," said Jack, adding inwardly, "if true."

"The Alhambra! What memories the place awoke! The old gay nights, the dear departed friends. Acting quickly on an irresistible impulse, I went into the shop, reclaimed a suit of evening clothes that had been lying dormant for months, took a taxi to my room, shaved, dressed, and in an opera hat of fair condition dined in the Carlton grill room, cracked a half bottle of pretty decent wine, and walked easily to the place that I used to know so well. Everything was changed there—the doorkeeper, the man who took my ticket, the maiden who conducted me to the royal box in which I sat in splendid isolation. The performers were new to me, too, except George Robey and the glorious April Day. I was left unmoved by the first half of the program, laughed consumedly at Robey, and waited with eager expectation for that other and greater artist, whom I had not seen for years."

"Good Lord," said Claud, "it's unbelievable!"

"Many things are unbelievable, dear boy, but they happen every day. Well, she came at last. At the first sight even of her number there was cataractical applause. Do you wonder?"

"Not I, for one," said Jack.

"Nor, for another, me," said Evelyn, the more exact grammarian.

"One of her songs was a new one, as it happened, with such unusual luck, called Watch Me Tease a Smile Into the Duke's Proud Eyes; its success mainly depended on there being a fine-looking old fellow not only near enough to be sung at but in the line of sight of the greater portion of the audience."

"And you were the fine old fellow?" asked Evelyn, greatly thrilled.

"I was indeed he, my love. Ha-ha!"

"This is too good to be true!"

"But true enough, thank God, to be good. Well, all the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players; or, as Thomas Heywood wrote in his Apology for Actors, I venture to think, more neatly: 'The world's a theatre, the earth a stage which God and Nature do with actors fill.' I saw her eye search about the house and fall, with a sort of dumb appeal, on me. From that moment I assumed a stiffness of back and iciness of face which, I gathered at once, would help her, only gradually and helplessly to melt under the broad and tempting allurements that she exerted with so much art. Good heavens, the roars of men, the positive screams of women, the spontaneous collapse of the band! Upon my soul, my dears, never in all my experience had I heard such bellows, seen such painful mirth. It was epoch-making, really. I acted like an inspired man. Of course there were encores, the chorus was roared by the house, and when I saw that the song was making history, I, too, rose to genius, saw my chance, not only of being of service to an artist but of resigning from my addressing-letter job, sprang, completely dazzled, on the stage, and, in spite of April's real surprise and struggles, kissed her on the lips and chased her into the wings."

"You didn't!"

"I did, my love. And I need hardly say there was a riot. The spontaneity of the whole episode was so unrehearsed and actual, so obviously real and mirth provoking that the audience was carried away. In the language of the profession, the song went over big. Again and again April was called to the footlights, and the few words that were forced from her clinched her stupendous success. Need I say more?"

There was a chorus of "Yes, go on." Romance will always do this.

"Well then, April took me to her room. I gave her my name, my standing, the true state of my condition, an account of how I came to be there. I was immediately engaged at what was a considerable sum to me, to do the same thing twice a day—twice nightly in many instances—and with certain mild improvements I have been doing so ever since. I shall do it again tonight, and we shall drive back after the last performance to earn a peaceful sleep."

All of which, wonderful, exciting and incidentally useful as it was, didn't account in any way for the west room. But before Jack could make that point the "Duke's proud eyes" gleamed with another triumph; he rose and went to Jack.

"Now let me come to a more important matter, one which I can see has left its marks on you. Meeting Isaac Gordon yesterday, from whom you so generously borrowed money to keep me in the sunlight, he told me of his having been obliged to serve you with a writ. These money lenders have no manners, and what is almost as bad, no mercy. Dear boy, I was appalled. The vicar of Stoutleigh-the-Wold too. Money raised for me. Let me, at once, relieve you of all anxiety. It gives me how can I say what pleasure to hand you his receipt in full."

"What!" cried Jack. "You've paid it?" And his voice trembled and broke.

"Thankfully and gratefully," said his father. "And as this is an appropriate moment for the subject of finance, I want you to know, dear son, that as a mark of my esteem and deep affection I have written to the bishop to ask him to whom I shall write a check—a good one—to settle the debt for the restoration of your church. Also I have instructed my lawyers to pay into your bank the sum of ten pounds weekly, upon which, I trust, you will feel yourself enabled to lead this dear girl to the altar before I go on tour."

"Father!"

"I'm so glad you're glad, my boy. And as for you, Claud ——"

"What! Am I in this?" Poor old Claud, who had had thoughts of suicide.

"Yes, because the prodigal in this instance, to be unusual, provides the fatted calf. Your case, now. Of course I read in the paper the disclosure of that fraud. But I have employed a great K.C. to plead your cause, paid the amount of fees that you drew from the company, and as you are a soldier, a hero, and not a business man, you are already as good as free."

Evelyn sprang to her feet and kissed him.

And of the two poor men who stood blinking at the rush of light that had been let into their tunnel it was Jack, being a vicar, who felt impelled to speak.

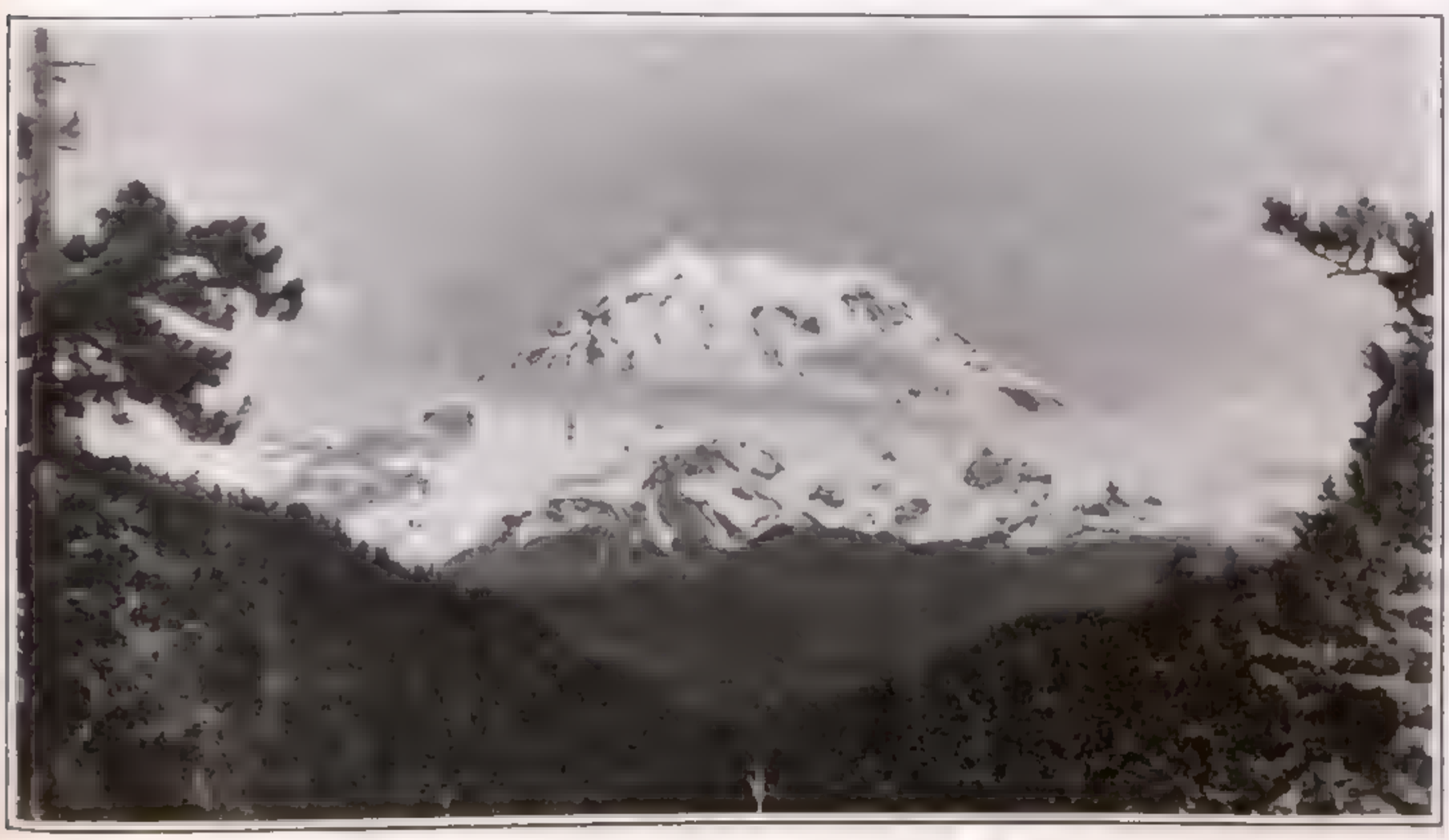
"But father," he said, "what do you take either of us to be that we can accept all this money from a woman, however kind, who doesn't belong to the family? Forgive me for saying so, but your salary as an actor isn't big enough for this."

The major paused for a moment, listened, and went over to the door. "Would you be so kind as to join us here, my angel? I want you to be present at a moment that is very precious to me."

"Here we are, here we are, here we are again." She entered. Her face was harder and more painted than ever, but there was something in her flashy beauty in which there was a certain pathos and a strange demand for pity. "'Ullo, 'ullo," she said. "What's the bright idea?"

And in the glance that she gave to the major there was more than admiration of his charm and chivalry, of his Old World manner, his old-print appearance. There was affection, gratitude, pal-ship. This man was a great gentleman in her estimation, in spite of his weaknesses. She loved him and was proud.

"My dears," said the prodigal father, leading her forward in all her arresting clothes, "here stands the blessed fairy of our house, the great lady who has stood so long at the top of every bill, the dear soul who is a greater stickler for the conventions than either you or I, the sweet woman who, because the year of mourning for her late husband has not yet run quite out, married a deeply loving and admiring person in secret this morning, and does not wish to announce the news to a cynical world before the grass has grown comfortably over the grave of one who gave her much unhappiness. My dears—and this will provide the answer to your perfectly legitimate questions, Jack—your mother."



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FREE CAMPING

(Continued from Page 11)

"You'll probably get a bill from him when we get home." Alice got mad at that. She said she was just being friendly, but I don't trust such friendliness, and I told her so.

I was hungry for a real meal that night, so we boiled potatoes and had a steak, and bananas and oranges for dessert. The peelings and all made a mess around camp, and the flies were gathering next morning, so it was a comfort to get away from them and start on.

Well, we stopped two or three times the next day, at a place they call the Bowl, where some water goes into a hole under a rock; and we walked in to the pool at the Flume and nothing would do Chester but he'd climb around and throw sticks into the falls to see them go down. He was the cutest thing; he was pulling away at a little tree as big as he was, trying to get it to throw in. He threw in everything he could lay hands on. The pool was full of sticks and rubbish before he got through. It's a right pretty place. Papa said he saw some trout in the water and he was going to get a fishing rod and watch for a chance to catch some fish somewheres. I like fish. We'd took our lunch in to the pool with us. Some sandwiches and things we'd bought at the restaurant outside, and some bottles of ginger ale. Bob threw one of the bottles at a rock and it broke and you could see the glass shining on the bottom in four or five feet of water. It was right pretty, but Alice got mad at him and they had a fuss about it. She tried to stop Chester throwing the other bottles in, but I stopped her. A child's got to have some pleasure, I always say. You can't be forever saying no to them; and goodness knows if he can't muss things up now I don't know when he can. We won't be here again.

I sent you some postcards from the little store at the Old Man of the Mountains. It's a right nice store; they have souvenirs and everything. I sent you a paddle, too, with a picture burnt onto it. I guess you got it by now. There are a lot of souvenir stores all along the road, and more things a person wants; but you can't buy them all, but I do like to send postcards. I sent one to Margy, and I wrote on it, "Having a wonderful trip. You ought to come sometime." She ought to, too. Her and Roger like camping out, you know. But they always go away somewheres by themselves. I like to be with people more, seeing folks all the time. You see people day after day. The same ones. We passed where a hotel had burned down. Papa thought we might camp there, but some men working around wouldn't let us. I said we would anyway, but papa decided not to have any trouble with them.

We didn't come to a good place, so we drove up a wood road into a field. There was nice long grass, and it was lovely, only no water. There was a fence across, some old bars, but we took them down, and drove right in. If it hadn't been for the fence I don't know what we'd have done for firewood. The trees there were all oaks and things, and green. The fence wasn't any good, anyway, but the farmer came down in the morning and made a row about it and said we'd spoiled his hay. The fire had spread a little. Him and papa had a long argument, but finally papa gave him two dollars. I told papa he was soft to do it. The fence wasn't any good, and what little hay we'd burned wouldn't amount to anything. Bob said the farmer was right, said he could have put us all in jail. I knew that was foolish.

We got some nice sweet corn out of a field that day, and some potatoes. There are apple trees every once in a while, but the apples ain't ripe yet. Chester like to made himself sick eating them I picked some to make apple sauce the first time we camp any place long enough.

We came through Bretton Woods and past the Mount Washington that day. They're big hotels with people around all dressed up and spending a lot of money. Mount Washington's right behind the hotel and there's a train goes up it. Then we had it downhill for a long ways, and that was nice for papa. The car runs better downhill, so he could take it easier We had a row with the fire warden that day, just because we built a fire in a grove beside the road He said it was national forest and we had to have a license for a fire, but I told him if it was national forest we owned it as much as he did. He says, "Well, I'm paid to take care of it for you, madam," and I says, "Thank you for nothing." And he says, "For you and for everyone else. I'm working for you all." So I says, "Go work somewheres else." But Alice got to talking with him. It's a comfort sometimes, having a pretty girl along. Come to find out, he was one to give licenses, and Alice got him to make one out for papa, and he let her have it for nothing. He said there wasn't any charge. I guess she got around him, all right. I knew, minute I laid eyes on him, he just wanted us to give him money.

So we came on here and camped that night. That was last night. Papa said his brake bands were wore out and he had to get new ones, and he'd broke a spring or something. So Alice and Bob said they'd climb Mount Chocorua while he was doing it. You can see the mountain from here. It's just rocks on top. Alice and Bob and Chester went off this morning to walk up it. I think they're foolish, but it gets them out of the way. This boy from the garage drove up after they'd started, and he tried to get me to tell him where Alice was, but I wouldn't. But he decided they'd climb the mountain too. I never had a notion they'd do that. Papa's took the car to a garage and I'm staying in the tent writing letters. There's a lake down through the woods a ways.

I didn't tell you about the funny time we had when we stopped here last night. We drove off the main road along a back road that said private way, and into this field, and an old man with white whiskers and knee pants came down and talked to papa. He said this was private property. Papa says, "Whose is it?" This old man says, "It happens to be mine." I says, "You want to own the whole outdoors, don't you?" He says, "Well, we prefer not to have strangers as our guests." Bob says to him, "We won't do any damage, sir." He called him sir! The old man says, "But if you all came in and camped here, we would have to move out, I'm afraid." I says to him, "It's a pity a few folks think they own the world." I guess that made him ashamed of himself, because he didn't say a thing. He talked kind of low all the time, like he was afraid somebody'd hear him. Alice says to him, "It's such a lovely view of the mountain from here." He smiled at her, the way folks do smile at Alice. She went away with him, talking. I guess she was safe enough, by the looks of him. Anyway, he didn't bother us again or I'd have told him some things. It makes me mad the airs rich people put on. You can see signs all along that says "No trespassing." Papa don't pay any attention to them. He says it's the law in New Hampshire that you can't keep a person off your land if they don't do any damage, and we don't do any damage. So they can't do anything but talking.

Papa got him a fishing rod in town and caught some fish in a little pond last night. Trout. They were little, but they were mighty good, and a change for us. Alice was mad at papa. She said it was the old man's pond, where he raised these fish or something, but I don't see what a man wants with fish if he don't catch them.

It's along toward suppertime, and time they were getting back. Papa's going to fetch some stuff for supper. I hope Alice don't run into that garage boy up the mountain. I ought to be along to keep an eye on her.

There was a nice moon last night and it looks like a good night tonight; but cold.

Well, I'll write to you again when I get a minute.

Your affectionate sister,

JENNIE.

BANGOR, MAINE.
August 19, 1924.

DEAR SUSIE: Well, Susie, here we are in Bangor and the trip almost over, and I'm kind of glad of it. Will, that's Nat's brother, has a nice house here but small. There's hardly room for all of us. He seems right glad to see us, and his wife's nice. She's a good housekeeper, and it makes me kind of homesick for my own things the way her house is so neat and all. Nat had a letter from Charlie Packard. He said he hadn't been out to the house, but he talked with a man that was camping out by the river, and the man said it was all right. Somebody in an auto, four of them, from Ohio or somewhere, that had driven clear across the country. They'd been there four days, Charlie said, and left that day. I wouldn't want to make such a long trip. Funny for folks to drive all the way from Ohio to camp out by the river down past our place. Charlie said it rained all the time they was there.

Well, I've enjoyed the trip, but it will be a comfort to be home again, where I know where everything is, and things are clean and all.

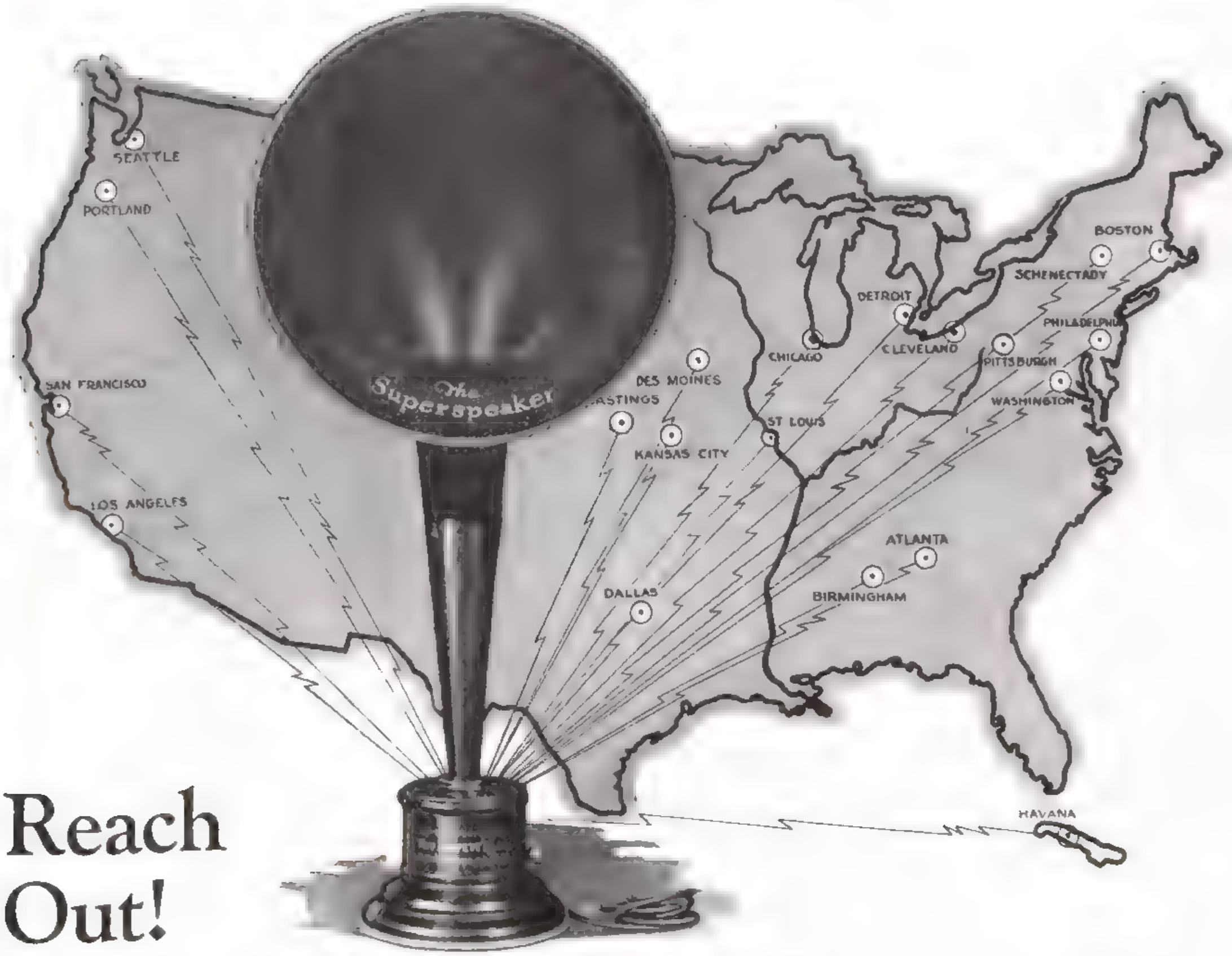
We stayed over another day by that mountain I wrote you from, in the rain, and it was miserable enough. The tent leaked where it was torn. Papa had to get something done to the car at a garage there that took all day and that boy from the garage that's crazy about Alice helped him. He told papa his brother and his wife were going back to Boston, but he said he was going on alone. I said to myself that that young man was going to follow us, and I asked Alice and she said she didn't know, but it turned out he had to go back with his brother, so we got rid of him. Alice has been sulky ever since. She got mad at me because I threw away the apple peels after I made apple sauce at that place we camped, because she'd told the old man she'd leave the place cleaned up. But I soon shut her up, I tell you. She's getting awful hard to manage. I said I'd had smoke in my eyes all day and wasn't in any mood for sass.

We went up past Sebago Lake from there, and through Augusta. Papa said he wanted to go up into the woods, toward Moosehead Lake. We camped one night on a hill by Dover-Foxcroft and it was cold with a wind and all. Next day we drove through Greenville and up to a big dam with an Indian name. It was right through the woods, and we saw four deer in a bunch, and a lot of partridges, and Bob killed two of them with rocks, they were that tame. We didn't take them with us, though, because papa said there'd probably be a game warden around somewheres.

We drove right across the dam and there was a game warden, sure enough, and he stopped papa on the road four or five miles from the dam and asked if papa was going to fish. So papa had to buy a license and pay for it. I told him it wasn't worth it; but the warden saw the rod on the side of the car and he says, "If you're going in here with a rod, you better have a license, I guess." So he had to buy one. But it turned out to be worth the money, because papa caught a lot of fish. There were other men fishing with these flies, but papa cut some pork from a piece we had and fished with that and he caught more than anybody, I guess. There was more than we could eat. We had to throw away fourteen that rotted on us on the way back. We camped there one night. It was right to the end of the road, by a brook with a funny name, and there was tents all along and other folks camping and fishing all the time. I guess it's a good place to fish. A man there that wasn't fishing told papa it used to be the best place in Maine to fish, but the road had brought more people in. He said there wouldn't be any fish left in a year or two. He said it was a shame; but I said to him, "I guess you're one of them that wants to keep the fishing to themselves." He'd said he used to come in before there was a road. He didn't have anything to say to that.

We didn't start back from there till along late in the morning. I kind of dreaded it, somehow. It gets tiresome, seems to me, setting in a car all day, and Chester fidgeting around in the back seat and Bob always wanting to drive, but papa won't let him. We started out only going to drive about a hundred miles a day, but we do more than that every time we get started. Papa always says, "We might as well go along a little further." I get a backache out of it. The road coming down here was kind of rough, a lot of these long bumps that throw you up in the air. It'll be a blessing to get home. Being here at Will's makes me kind of homesick. Papa's talking about going on down to Eastport. He says we could do it and still get home Sunday, driving about two hundred miles a day. But I put my foot down on that So we're going to Mount Desert tomorrow, because Will

(Continued on Page 120)



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(Continued from Page 118)

says we got to, being so near and all, and then start home the next day and stop overnight somewheres.

I declare it was a relief to get into a house again, and Will's wife keeps it nice and all, and it was a comfort to have a bath. Papa and the children have gone swimming right along; but I always say the water's too cold for me. I like a nice warm soak.

I didn't tell you we had some lovely corn out of a field on the way here. Alice says it's the same as stealing; but I always say the farmers won't miss the little we take.

We saw some pretty purple flowers in the yard in front of a farmhouse where there wasn't anyone at home. It looked to me like nobody lived there, so I picked the flowers. They looked right pretty, but they didn't last till we got to Will's, and I finally had to throw them away. I thought we could keep them in water, but there wasn't any bucket.

Papa says I better keep my mouth shut about it, but there's no harm in telling you. This farmhouse, I was sure nobody lived there; but Alice argued about it, till finally Bob found where he could get a window open and climbed in and opened the door. The beds wasn't made or anything, and everything in a mess, and you could see there hadn't been anybody there for a year. There was a spinning wheel I wanted, but papa said we couldn't get it in the car; but there was a set of old blue china plates and I got them in, and a little copper kettle, and a warming pan with a broken handle that I can get a new handle for. But don't let on to papa that I told you. He said we could be put to jail for it; but I said what was the sense of that if the people didn't live there any more, and probably didn't want the things anyway. I heard him tell Will we got the things at an antique shop. What he paid and everything. I told him I didn't see any difference in taking them and lying about them, but he said I'd taken them and he had to lie to keep me out of jail, and I says, "I'd like to see anybody put me in jail for carting away some rubbish like that." He was always one to try and put a person in the wrong.

I'm kind of dreading the rest of the trip. My legs ache. But I guess I can stand it for three or four days more. I'll write you after I get home.

Your affectionate sister, JENNIE.

ROCKHAM, MASS.
August 25, 1924.

DEAR SUSIE: Well, Susie, I guess I won't get much good out of my vacation. We're at home now, and I been working day and night, because while we was away somebody broke into our house and ruined everything and we didn't know a word about it till too late and my preserves is broken into and half of them used up and everything in the house dirty and ruined, and goodness knows what stole right out of the house. I'd like to get my hands on them.

I guess it was those men from Ohio that was camping down by the river or Charlie Packard said they was, the fool. But he says they had a tent down there, but probably when it rained so they come up and got into the house to keep dry. But I say by the looks of things there was an army of tramps in here a month. It don't look as though anybody could do as much damage in just two weeks, but Charlie says them Ohio men weren't around here but four days. Nobody noticed the number of their car even, but papa had the police and the police won't do anything, they never do. But that boy in the garage that's crazy about Alice says he found out the number of their car, but the police telegraphed to Ohio and there ain't any such number, or something; that goes to show what a fool he is. All I can say is, if the folks out West are all like that, I'd be ashamed to live in Iowa. I'd like to get my hands on them just once. For about five minutes.

That boy in the garage that's crazy about Alice found it out, when it was too late to do anything, of course. He came out here to do some errand for Alice. He says she asked him to come water her rose bushes, but I'd as soon think it was devilment. He saw where the bulkhead door was open, and he went down cellar and things was broken into there, and the door at the head of the cellar stairs into the kitchen, with an ax; so the fool, instead of telegraphing, wrote a letter to Alice. She got the letter the morning we was going to start home. We'd went to Mount Desert and it was dusty and I wouldn't let them drive me back the same day, I was too tired of eating dust, so we stayed at a farmhouse where they took auto parties by the night because we'd left the tent and all in Bangor. So we got back the next day, and we was going to start home the next morning and stop somewheres around Brunswick, papa said, and camp out and then come on home. So we didn't hurry in the morning, and this letter come for Alice and when she'd told me what that boy said I was bound we'd go right on home, tired as I was, so we did, and we had two flat tires and the engine acted up and the car wouldn't run the way it ought to and papa kept fussing with it and we didn't get home till after midnight and I was pretty near dead anyway and when I saw the state things were in I wished I was dead, and I felt like it.

Things were such a mess I can't begin to tell you, it sickens me kind of. They'd opened a lot of preserves and some they didn't eat and broke two jars on the cellar floor with the glass in the stuff and all, some strawberry preserve; and the sheets I'd put on the furniture in the living room was on the floor in a pile; tramped on with greasy feet, and the shades were run up and the carpet faded; and the garden was ruined, where they'd pulled corn and all, and tramped around; and they'd throwed garbage out the kitchen door or the window anywheres, or on the back porch, and in the sink, and dishes dirty, and two plates and a cup broken and the pieces on the floor, and something had cooked over in the oven and it was all burned on, and all the pots and spiders greasy and sooted up, and they'd slept in all the beds, with their clothes on, looked like, and smoked cigarettes around and left them to burn the floor or the tables, and ashes everywhere, and my best tablecloth burnt, and three empty whisky bottles, and the bathroom a mess to sicken a body. And the varnish all scratched on the floors, and gravy on my dining-room rug that was new two years ago, and matches scratched on the furniture and the wall paper and three phonograph records broken and my bureau drawers all turned upside down and they'd wiped their greasy hands on my best towels and stole an old Bourbon whisky bottle that belonged to my grandfather, and Bob's shotgun, and I told Charlie Packard if he'd watched the house for us the way he said, he'd have found out and had them arrested. I said if he expected us to pay for his tent that the truck tore, he was much mistaken; and he said he didn't care anything about the tent. I guess he knew better than to argue with me.

Well, there wasn't anything to do but pitch in and work on the house. It was after midnight when we got here, and me dead tired, but I couldn't sleep. Besides, there wasn't a place to sleep till we got clean sheets and there wasn't any. I been working ever since, just cleaning up the filth and litter, and finding something new everywhere I turn. You can't get the scratches off the furniture. I've tried butter and everything. And half the rooms will have to be repapered where they scratched matches on the walls. It don't seem to me, sometimes, like I could ever take any pleasure in the place again knowing it's been so dirty.

You know how I am about things like that. I always want everything nice.

Papa's crazy. I never see a man so mad. I was mad at first; but I'm more sick than mad now. You know how a person feels. I don't see how anybody could be so slovenly and shiftless as whoever it was. You'd think a person would want to leave things clean, even if they was in somebody else's house. That's what I can't understand. It's just spoiled my whole vacation for me. All I say is, I'd like to get my hands on them for five minutes.

Alice didn't have any better sense than to sass me about it when I said that, the way she always does. She said it served me right, and she said it was just the same as we'd been doing on the trip. I shut her up in a hurry. If she had any sense, she'd know it's different when you're camping out. That's the thing about camping. You don't have any responsibilities.

I'll write again when I'm feeling better; but I had to tell somebody.

Your exhausted sister,
JENNIE.

THE WAGON AND THE WEST

(Continued from Page 13)

because they were troubled with neuralgia, and tobacco was good for it.

I once tried smoking Aunt Mahala's pipe after she had laid it aside, and became very sick. While in this condition someone reported the incident to my father, who came after me and gave me what we called a whaling. I saw him coming, trimming a switch, and understood what it meant, for whipping children was very common in that day.

The first compliment ever paid me was from my mother, who said I was a good-looking baby but had gotten bravely over it. The second came from my Aunt Beckie, who said I was smart; that when my father hit me the first lick I fell and screamed so loud he thought he was murdering me and soon quit, whereas my brother Jim sullenly took punishment, which caused the whip to be laid on all the harder.

We never made camp that some of the children were not whipped; frequently fathers and mothers led their children off, the children screaming, "I'll be good! I'll be good!"

In this modern day I have not seen a child whipped in many years. Whether the old custom was better than the new I do not know, but I have never whipped my own, and have good children.

One night a big boy named Joe Adams resisted his father when he attempted to whip him. Man and boy were almost equally matched, and they struggled and fought several minutes, the boy screaming he was too old to be whipped and had repeatedly given warning he would not submit to it again. The most pitiful picture in my memory is of the boy's mother hysterically crying and not daring to interfere.

One man tried to end the fight by assisting in subduing the boy, but Bill Scott pushed him back and stopped the fight, telling the father he should be ashamed of himself.

There was a good deal of excitement about the affair several days, Mr. Adams saying he would conquer his son, if it was the last act of his life. The boy left camp that night, but next day we heard he was with the men and boys who were driving loose stock in the rear.

Joe Adams was not a bad boy, and food was sent him by the women. He didn't appear in camp for a week, but came in timidly one night at the end of that time. He first stopped and talked with the women and children at the wagon farthest from his own, where his parents sat, the father surly and the mother in tears. Joe slowly advanced from wagon to wagon toward his mother, and finally stood beside her as she sat in an old hickory-bottomed chair they had brought along. She put her arms around him and sobbed so hysterically all could hear. The father said nothing and was motionless, looking at the ground; which may have been due to Bill Scott, who had approached and was standing almost within reach of the boy. Finally the father arose and walked out into the dark, crying, as we all were. The mother tidied Joe up a little by sewing on a button or two, and then went into the family wagon and brought out some special delicacy she had been saving for him. That night Joe slept in his usual place, and we heard no more of the affair.

One of the movers called Old Lee was talked about a good deal because he said he did not intend to remain long where we were going, as he did not believe the new country would suit him, and he might soon move on. Lee was a hunter and always looking for wild turkeys along the road. One afternoon when our wagon was in the lead and I was sitting on the front seat, we ran into a flock in a deserted clearing. Lee was some distance behind, and before we could get word to him the turkeys had disappeared. He had been saying he could always get turkeys on their roosts at night if he could find where they "used" during the day. Here was his chance and, taking a gun and a riding horse, he dropped out of the train.

Next morning I found he had returned to camp with four turkeys, on which we feasted; it was a piece of turkey Mrs. Adams had saved for her son Joe.

Old Lee also knew the art of trapping quail. He had brought along a net, and one Sunday, when a drizzling rain was falling, I went with him and his son John to try our luck. We had a good deal; I'm sure we caught more than a hundred. Old Lee rode one of the bony horses used to pull his wagon, and John and I rode the other, bareback. When we encountered a flock, usually they wouldn't fly, owing to the drizzling rain; so we set the trap and carefully drove them into it. The trap was like a long fish net with wings, and sometimes we caught twenty or thirty at a setting.

That night when just ready to eat my share of the game someone told father I had gone hunting with Old Lee on Sunday, and as punishment, in addition to a whipping, I ate side meat instead of quail.

Bill Scott was a professional farm hand, and it was said he would never amount to anything else; but he was the most popular member of the party, and the most capable. He helped the tired women with a gentleness and politeness I sincerely admired, since I had never seen anything of the kind before, and his sympathies were always with the children when they were imposed on. All the men were a little afraid of him in an argument or in wrestling.

One evening a party of Indians came along and camped near us. The leader was a white man married to an Indian woman. There was some objection to the Indians; I heard it said members of our party feared the Indians might steal some of us children. I had never before thought they worried that much about us.

The white man with an Indian family somehow heard of the talk, and said there needn't be any worry on that score; that we could have some of his children, and welcome, if we wanted them. Later he talked disagreeably, and it was Bill Scott who told him to do less of it. The man looked Bill over carefully and thought it best to adopt the suggestion. The Indians left next morning without taking any of us.

Another mover, named Alfred Burt, was noted because he had been the subject of an adventure. In cleaning out a well the rock wall caved in, covering him to a depth of many feet. It was Bill Scott who took charge of the rescue party and performed miracles of hard work. The Burts were our nearest neighbors in Indiana, and I had stood about the well several hours while the men were working at the rescue.

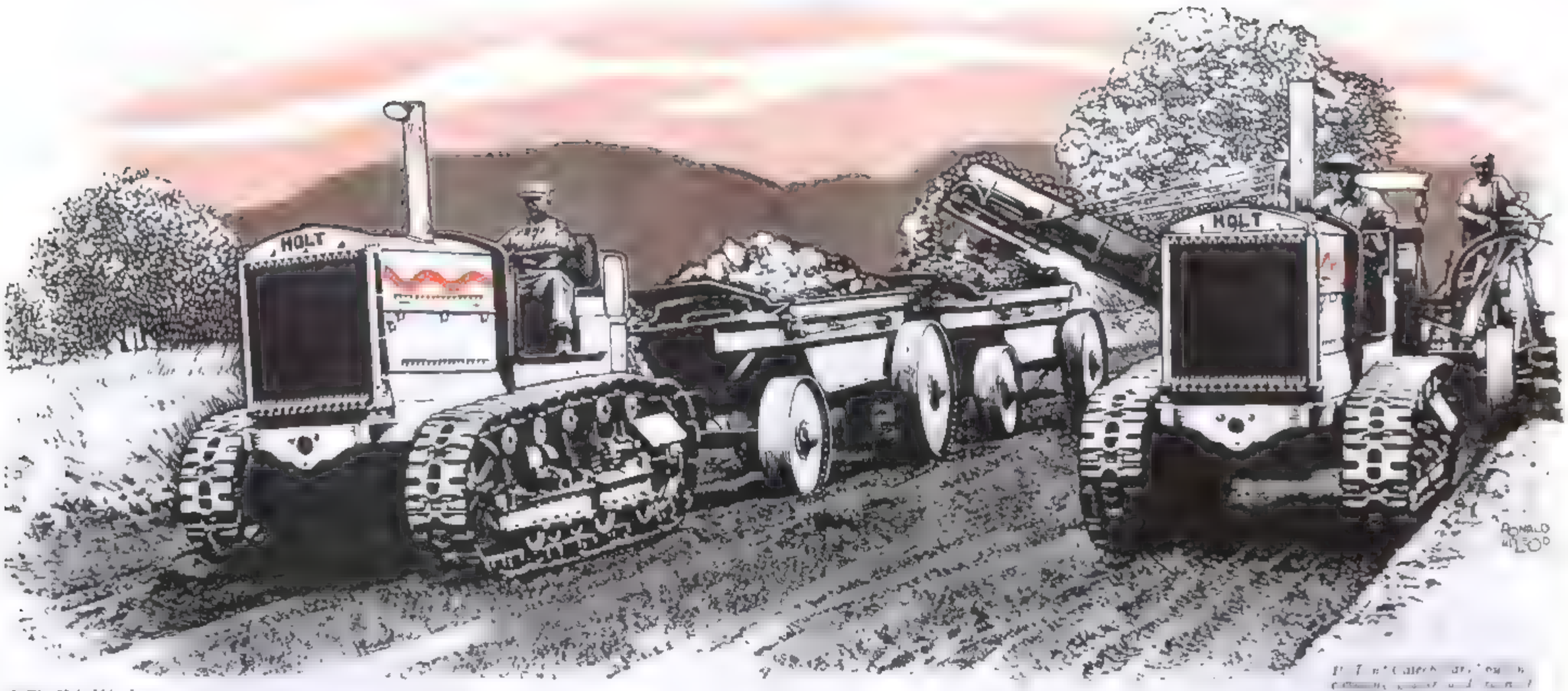
Alfred Burt was unusual in another respect. His wagon was pulled by a yoke of oxen, and he managed to keep up with us. The men said he got along so well because he had little in his wagon, as he had no children; all the others had their wagons loaded with them.

The Lantises had nine, and one of them, a boy named Dan, died on the way. He was buried in a graveyard we passed, and we sang a hymn beginning "Hark from the tomb a doleful sound" as we committed his body to the grave. I can still sing that hymn also, and make dogs howl, it is so sad. The Lantises went on with us, but Mrs. Lantis cried most of the time. In a few days she induced her husband to go back to the vicinity of her son's grave and take up land. We never saw them again.

Mrs. Alfred Burt was a singer, as was my father, and these two led the frequent song services. Once we encountered a celebration of some kind along the road and camped near by to attend it. Our party collected and marched to the grove, headed by father and Mrs. Burt, singing, as we had no band; and the rest of us were awed into silence by the strangeness of the surroundings.

By the time the speaking was half over someone had heard my father was a preacher and invited him to make a few remarks. He soon drifted into religion, his favorite subject, and some men who stood near me, and not knowing my relation to the speaker, grumbled, saying they had enough of that sort of talk on Sunday. It was the first time in my life I had heard anyone speak lightly of religion; I did not know then such a thing was done anywhere. Father closed by calling for Mrs. Burt and singing a song they knew.

(Continued on Page 125)



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THE ALLEN A COMPANY, KENOSHA, WISCONSIN

(Continued from Page 120)

I had never before attended a public meeting, except a church service, and greatly enjoyed the day. I saw some of the men and big boys strolling suspiciously into the woods, and followed them. They drove me back several times but at last let me go along, and I found they were calling on a man selling beer from a keg in a wagon. Someone gave me a taste, and I didn't like it.

A man who had been drinking became very abusive in an argument with Bill Scott and was knocked down. Thereupon half the men present tried to get at Bill, but he placed his back to a tree and kept them at arm's length. When he was about being overpowered he said, during a lull caused by a man falling into the crowd. "Men, I can't whip the whole community!"

This appeal for fairness had an effect, and the fight soon stopped. On the way back to camp Bill complained because the men in our party had not helped him.

Later, on passing through a town, Bill went after a bottle of whisky Mrs. Thompson, the camp doctor, had asked him to get as medicine. When I went into a saloon with him the barkeeper ordered me out, but my companion vouched for me.

A tipsy, blear-eyed man sitting in the place had heard me ordered out and said, "Bub, take his advice; get out and stay out. I wish somebody had broken my neck when I first went in."

It was the first temperance lecture I had ever heard. The place was foul with dirt and flies, and I was glad to go back to camp, where some said whisky was never necessary, even in sickness, and were for throwing the stuff away; they said Mrs. Thompson was not a regular doctor or she wouldn't use it.

The discussion was becoming animated when a stranger arrived, leading Nate Benton and demanding to see his father. The man said he kept a store and had caught Nate stealing. It was the first time Nate had been caught; he regularly visited the stores in towns we passed through, and always came back with something. This time he was disgraced; his father's wagon was late in starting because of the terrible whipping he gave his son. But next day Nate went into a town through which we passed and came back with the usual cinnamon bark and cloves. Forty years afterward Nate Benton called on me at a hotel in a big town where I was stopping temporarily, and after he had departed, professing friendship, I missed a handkerchief.

A man in our party named Harmon was called the Wabash laugher, because of his loud and infectious laugh. People said he could be heard a mile, and I have never since heard anything like it. Bill Scott used to show him off along the road.

An Exciting Episode

Harmon never laughed at the jokes of others; only at his own. One day when we were eating dinner in company with another party of movers Bill approached with a woman he had become acquainted with, and introduced her to Harmon as his wife. Harmon said he could understand why Bill would wish to marry the woman, but could not understand why she would consent to marry Bill. Whereupon Bill broke into a scream of laughter, hit Harmon a hard blow on the back, as though this joke was his very best, and Harmon almost suffocated, much to the amusement of the strangers. Father was a little envious, I think, because Bill and Harmon attracted more attention everywhere than he and Mrs. Burt did with their singing.

Soon after we started from Indiana we were joined on the road by a man named Lang, who had neither wife nor children. He said he had been a widower five years; which was unusual, as widowers I had known married in two or three months. One in our neighborhood married in two weeks, giving as excuse that he had several little children needing attention. The women were not very well satisfied, but seemed to forgive him. Anyway he was with our party, and about as well thought of as anyone.

Lang was a jolly man, but many thought he overdid it. He associated with the women and girls a good deal, but not as unobjectionably as did Bill Scott, the bachelor, who was a help to them rather than a burden. Lang tried to be so popular that he would be invited to eat his meals at other camp fires and thus avoid cooking himself, but failed and was compelled to do his own. He made a good deal of the Burts, as he was a singer, and seemed to have a notion he was as clever at it as my father. He spent a good deal of time with Mrs. Burt, practicing songs he knew, but which were new to us.

I awoke one morning to find most of the men gone and an air of intense excitement about the camp. My mother was over at another wagon, talking with a group of women, and breakfast was late. But when I learned the particulars I soon forgot I was hungry. Lang and Mrs. Alfred Burt had disappeared during the night, and the men had gone after them.

From the big boys, and by piecing bits together here and there, I learned that at midnight Lang had offered to watch the stock alone until daylight. Sometime later he had hitched up his team and driven quietly away with Mrs. Burt. When the men began getting up in the morning they made the discovery and, saddling their horses, galloped away furiously.

About sundown they returned with the runaways. Someone had hit Lang, for his face was puffy and discolored, and I heard my father did it, although he was a religious man and devoted to the gentle art of music.

The Henpecked Blacksmith

Alfred Burt took his wife back, but Bill Scott had charge of Lang. After the men had eaten supper the adults met and discussed the affair. They at first drove me away, but I was so persistent, and the excitement at the meeting became so great, that at last they paid no attention to me.

I know little about the affair now except that both Lang and Mrs. Burt remained with us thereafter, about as before, although neither was permitted to attend the religious services. Later the movers built a church at their last camp on Big Creek, but the runaways were never permitted to enter its doors. Lang afterward married the big girl we called Sarah Jane, and, when I left the party long ago, seemed to be getting along about as well as anyone.

One of the movers had been a blacksmith in Indiana and intended pursuing the same calling in the new country. He had his forge along, and every night when we stopped shod horses or did such other work as was necessary. I have forgotten this man's name but recall that his wife bossed him—the first case of the kind I had ever known. All the other wives were submissive, overworked, frightened and not very strong, while several of the men were still hearty with second and third wives. I supposed all wives were submissive to husbands until I knew the blacksmith's family. The blacksmith was a poor collector, and his wife abused him a good deal for his fault in the presence of those who owed him money. She was not only fearless of her husband but had a contempt for other men, one of whom I once heard say, "If I had that woman I'd wring her neck."

The other men and boys, when meals were ready, sat down first, and the women waited on them, but the blacksmith's wife had different notions. In my old age I somehow think of her as the first equal suffragist, and marvel at the advance one woman with an idea has been able to make.

Among the movers were a man named McBride, his wife, and a son called Albert. An only child in a family seemed unusual, and this boy was much favored by his father and mother; he wore shoes in summer while the other children went barefoot; he did about as he pleased while the rest of us were under strict discipline. Other parents used to say they itched to get at him with a stick. Instead of corn bread the McBrides had biscuits, and I still think of them as the whitest I have ever seen. I never went by the McBrides' fire at mealtime that I didn't note that they had ham instead of the side meat the rest of us ate.

In spite of early advantages Albert McBride never amounted to much in manhood. Babe Adams, the ball player, comes from the town near which we finally settled. Unless he is a descendant of the Adams family in our party, I know of no notable developed from the families who went West when we did. I have heard of a few teachers and preachers, but none of them above the average.

The mover called Old Lee was also famous for being lazy. I remember that when we finally stopped for good and began to provide shelter he had his house ready to occupy first. A lazy man, the others said, is a great worker when he once gets at it. I went back to the old settlement not long ago, and the Lee quarter is still pointed out, although he did not live on it long; he soon sold his rights and moved farther west. When Oklahoma was opened up he made the famous run into that territory.

I can still remember what we had to eat on the way; mainly pork meat in some form, cured in Indiana before we started, and corn bread. The cooking was done in huge iron skillets we called spiders, with tops. Live coals from the fire were placed on the covers. A good many supplies were bought on the way, including corn, which the children sometimes roasted, ground in coffee mills and ate with milk. Nearly every family had brought cows along, which were milked morning and evening. We also had chickens and ducks, and these were released from their coops in the evening to run about and feed. At the proper time every fowl went back to its coop to roost, and the door was closed. One woman had several geese, and I recall these chasing me and hissing. We occasionally encountered a water mill on the way, where we bought meal. A frequent sight on the road was a boy on horseback going to mill with a bag of corn behind him.

Every night the cows and horses were herded by two men until midnight, when they came in for two others. All the men took turns at this, and I remember their saying certain horses and cows were natural vagrants and would stray off unless closely watched, while the others remained contentedly near camp.

We were on the road so long it seemed we would go on forever, but one day we stopped, and father said we had reached the end of the journey. The country was rolling prairie, with woods in the distance.

Time's Changes

For several days the men were away, to see about the land, and I believe the women enjoyed their absence as much as the children did. With a lazy man's luck Old Lee had been attended to first at the land office, and came back before the others did The children found great pleasure in associating with him and Bill Scott, as both were indulgent.

When the men returned they were more surly than usual; apparently they had been having trouble in making their locations, and disagreements. There was no prayer meeting that night, although we had family prayers at our wagon before going to bed. Being a preacher, father probably thought that much was expected of him, in spite of the way he had been treated by his companions at the land office. I heard him grumble a good deal about this to my mother but never knew the details.

Next morning we couldn't hitch up and proceed on our way, with less to do than ever before; so we went to work, and contributed our small share to the development of the West.

A strong impression in my mind as I write is the change in the world since the middle 50's. I have seen wild pigeons and buffalo since hearing children scream "I'll be good! I'll be good!" when being cruelly whipped. I recall, when seven years old, my father grumbling to me that I had been a burden to him up to that time and must work hard thereafter to atone for idleness. That sort of thing is as scarce now as are antelopes in the cornfields of Iowa, or the tired unhappy women I knew in my youth.

There is no such country in 1924 as I saw when traveling to the West in a covered wagon, with miles and miles of good land along the way, and only an occasional cabin. No one lives now as did these settlers or those who passed in the road. All has been changed as if by the magic of the slave of the lamp who attended Aladdin.

I see no people now who look as did those I saw then. The nearest I ever came to it was a dozen years ago, when visiting Jerusalem, and attending a service in the great Russian church. The poor people I saw there somehow reminded me of those I accompanied to the settlement on Big Creek, where we unhitched the horses from wagons and attached them to plows. The intense religious enthusiasm was the same, and everywhere around the Holy City I saw the scenes read about in the Bible, the only book we knew.

As time goes, my camp in the wilderness was but a few days, as our old song went, for I left home when twelve years old, gradually to find a different world; but in Jerusalem my ancestral wagons seemed to have emptied into that vast congregation.

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THE ROAR OF THE CROWD

(Continued from Page 40)

I had made the acquaintance of a little newspaper man by the name of Smith, and running across him just then, I asked, "Smith, how would you like to make $100 in two minutes?"

"Fine," he replied; then waited for the proposition.

"This is how it's to be done," I explained: "Jeff's over in the Manhattan, and he has just promised me the next fight. You run over and ask him if the story's true, and if you print his acceptance in the paper, the $100 is yours."

Well, he ran across the street and came back and reported in quick time. Jeffries had said yes.

"Now get busy," I told Smith; and he did, the papers coming out next day with "Jeffries and Corbett to Fight" in big headlines, for it was a surprise, I being an old-timer and four years out of the ring.

The date was set for October, 1901. Meanwhile Jeffries found out in some way - not through Stone, of course, but probably some gym attendant—that I had been exercising for the year previous; and, having figured when they made the match that I would not be in condition to put up much of a fight, his manager got excited and saw Brady. As the result of this meeting, Brady came to me.

"They won't let us wait until October. They want it to be set for August."

I laughed.

"Well, this is one time you're not so smart," I said. "I'll fight Jeffries next week if you like. I'm ready any minute."

The Jeffries crowd, not wanting to allow me any more time, hustled the match, setting it forward to August, at Coney Island. I trained at Lakewood, never working harder in my life. I was nearly thirty-five, hadn't had a fight in years and wanted to make up all I could for these handicaps. As I had gone at things reasonably, I had gradually worked myself up to a point where now I could begin real strenuous training, and to this grind, when I reached Lakewood, I settled down.

And I did go at it, neglecting nothing that might bring me victory once more, though there was not so much fun in the business of training as there once had been. Twenty-one years of boxing—that is the length of time I had been in the game—bring a different viewpoint. It is not that I had had it so much easier in my earlier training periods, but then I had the spirit of youth and sheer delight in exercise. And I guess, too, there was the feeling that always goes with the man climbing up and destined for the top, a sort of wind of hope and confidence and prophetic feeling that makes him breeze along through all the hardship. It was quite different now. I had been at the top and fallen. I was old for a boxer, middle-aged for a business man, and I was trying to climb back. Of course, I myself felt that I had a splendid chance, in fact, that I really would win; but there wasn't quite the old bracing atmosphere around our camp.

Ruhlin's Stipulation

Feeling the need of a pretty tough sparring partner, I thought of Gus Ruhlin, then considered one of the strongest heavyweights and the one whom I had come so near to hiring at Carson City. I offered him $100 a week and he accepted. But there was an odd condition that went with his acceptance. At the last minute, Madden, his manager, came to me and declared we must box in private.

"You see, Jim," he explained, "you're a damsight better boxer than Gus and would show him up. It won't do him any good as a drawing card."

To make everybody happy, I agreed, and we decided on a plan. I would box in private all right, but I'd make him - Ruhlin - sweat for the concession. This was practical, too, for I'd been out of the game so long that I needed a few hard fights under my belt. In ordinary sparring you do not get thumped and hurt, and therefore hardened, as you do in a real go. And I determined to force Ruhlin, who stood six feet two, weighed 220 pounds, and was quite tough, to give me the nearest thing to a real fight any sparring partner ever gave to a champion or challenger.

For three weeks we kept at it, with everybody out of the room, and Madden standing outside the door, of which he would pound to call time. We went for each other for all we were worth, and as the place was only about twelve feet square, I had less opportunity for footwork than in the usual ring; which was precisely what I wanted - to be forced to fight at close quarters.

Poor Ruhlin was game enough, but he grew so discouraged that twice he threw down his gloves in disgust, exclaiming, "I'll never make a fighter." Somehow he couldn't hit me, no matter how close in I went; and he knew little about the knack of clinching and balance and riding blows, as we say in the ring, which is simply the act of swinging your head and shoulders to the right with your opponent's right, to the left with his left, and so avoiding altogether or at least dissipating half the force of the attack.

And it is always knack and judgment that make the good boxer, for the weapons are few—two arms, two legs and a body, and of course a head. Even the blows it is possible to use are but few—right and left for the head, the same for the body, left-hand hook for head or body, right and left uppercuts, wild swings with either hand and a few short punches, perhaps, in the breakaway. That is about all, barring the foul rabbit and kidney punches. All told, there cannot be more than twenty.

The Great Day Arrives

Still, the star pitcher has even fewer tricks in his bag—an in and out curve, a drop, a slow ball and a fast one with a hop on it, and perhaps a few freak shots, such as the spitter. The pitcher is successful because he knows how to assort these cleverly and outguess the batter. So the varying and assortment of the really small number of blows known to the game, the knowledge when to use each and how to time it, with a little knack in the clinches, balance, and proper footwork, are what make the good boxer. Of course, courage and condition have to be thrown in; and, as I have tried to show in this series, ability mentally to dominate the other man will top it off nicely.

Finally I did get in what I considered to be excellent physical condition. And I see now no reason why any man of thirty-five to thirty-eight, if he will, cannot keep in almost as good shape as he was ten years earlier. However, "almost," like "nut," is mighty for so little a word. And it does mean that, as a three-year-old will make better time on the track than he ever will at five, after thirty a man's muscles begin to set, and though he may make a show of speed, the old burst is not usually there. Still, there are exceptions to every rule; and I determined to be an exception with a capital E.

As the day approached, the odds settled at three to one, everyone figuring Jeffries had a walk-over, because of my age and my long absence from the ring; and many, feeling confident that he would put me out in four rounds, placed bets on that basis, though at the better odds of two to one. There was another handicap, too—Jeff's engagement of Brady as manager, with Delaney as chief trainer.

It was an odd thing to confront these two old friends in the enemy's camp, supporting the fighter whom I had originally taught and to spare whom I used to have to pull all my blows. I don't know just how Jeff felt at the time, but I know Brady figured I had little chance, for he was back of one of those 2 to 1 four-round bets. However, I felt almost as supremely confident as when I entered the ring against Sullivan. The disadvantages I have cited above I have dwelt on rather in the light of memory; was inclined to discount them then—as my training went on, actually forgetting all about them, I felt so fine. And at last I found myself in the ring.

And in some ways I was right, for when the fight started and Jeff came on rushing me, as was good strategy, for it was the only way for him to fight - to let his weight and strength tell - I far outpointed him. I was in and out and everywhere, these first rounds, feinting, sidestepping with all my old skill. Never before had I such marvelous judgment, such accurate timing. There was not one thing that I had ever done before in a fight that I didn't do that night and do well. People at the ring side began to wonder at it.

In the second, Jeffries landed a terrific left hook in my side. I grabbed hold of him at once, and as I did so I could feel my spine quiver. The feeling was new to me; it had the effect of a cramp, but in a second it was gone; and I danced away as light as before. Then I started jabbing him with my best left hooks and landed so many that the audience went wild with excitement. They hadn't expected this from an old-timer.

About the fourth, Jeffries slipped in another terrific left to my body, and again my spine quivered and the feeling of cramp such as comes to a swimmer made me shiver for a second. But I just smiled, clinched, took my time, then broke away as cleverly as before; and when I started dancing around in my old style the blow seemed to have left no ill effects. Right away I was delighted, for I knew that if I hadn't been in good condition those two blows would have left me in considerable distress. So I must be in the pink and grew more confident than ever that I was to win that fight.

As the rounds went on, the audience, as many told me afterward, grew resigned to losing their wagers placed on Jeffries. It was worth it, they thought, seeing me win my old championship back. They were with me almost to a man, and in the tenth round they rose and cheered me till the walls rang, and as I went to the corner I felt no fatigue, no hurt of any kind.

Meanwhile I had been working out in my head a punch that I thought would fool and perhaps finish Jeffries, and had waited for ten rounds for an opportunity to try it, when this opportunity came. I had built up carefully for it by pretending that each time we clinched and I held him in, my hands on his forearms, I was afraid he would sneak over a punch as we were breaking away. To further this idea, as we broke I would let my hands slip down his forearms, and just before we were clean would stand for the fraction of a second holding his arms out full length, while his chin was a little up in the air. I repeated this maneuver each time we clinched during the ten rounds, precisely in this way. But in the tenth, as I was holding by the hand his left arm fully extended, and his chin was up, I suddenly let go of his wrist, closed my fist swiftly and clipped him on the chin. I saw his eyes roll; then, to protect himself, he dove at me, wrapping both arms around my body. The audience didn't realize he was dazed - simply thought he was trying to tire me with his great weight, but I saw his eyes.

Thoughts of Victory

He recovered and weathered the round; and several others followed at a terrific pace, I hitting, side-stepping, jabbing and hooking rights and lefts to his body; he never landing on my face, but every once in a while sending that heavy fist to the body.

As time for the sixteenth period was called, I figured to myself that the fight was sure to last the scheduled twenty-five rounds. I had won on points each one of the sixteen already fought, and couldn't lose the match except through robbery; so I decided to relax a little until the twenty-fourth began, when I would rush over to his corner and slug on to the finish, breaking my hands and everything else if necessary in the effort to put him out. Now this was not madness; I was fully able to outslug the heaviest for two rounds, but would have been outslugged in time, because of his superior weight, if I had tried that method for too long or too soon. Then, too, even if I should not succeed in a knock-out, just to have him groggy at the end of the twenty-fifth would be a nice topping off after so far outpointing him and giving such an exhibition of boxing science. It would be quite dramatic, I thought.

With this program in mind, on I went, relaxing a great deal, although still pulling enough stunts to show the crowd that I had a fine margin on points. Some thought I was tiring, and said so afterward; but I never felt better in any fight than I did all through this; nor did I ever fight, I think, with rarer judgment than I did that night, up to the twenty-third; and I was fighting the champion, too, a chap of twenty-six, one of the toughest men that ever entered a ring. My hands knew all right that he was as hard as a rock, with a punch that would hurt even when he struck a glancing blow. Sometimes he would hit at my ribs. I would swerve and turn my back. I accomplished my purpose, but his fist as it slid along my back or arm with half its force gone would make a deep impression on me. Only I was so fit that the effect didn't last. After all, gameness is so much a matter of condition.

However, we were talking of the twenty-third. I still think of it. While I was resting in my chair after the twenty-second, I began to plan what I would do as champion again. My handlers were cautioning me to be careful now, as I had the fight won, but I had made up my mind to slug the last and make a whirlwind finish and not play safe. Well, I had settled that; and not listening to my seconds, I sat there puzzling over the choice of a road manager, planning out a new play, and I was actually deciding what size type I would use on the big posters that would proclaim me champion of the world again!

These vivid pictures were still unreeling in my mind as the gong sounded for the twenty-third.

We came to the center, I with one round left before my final charge. We began hostilities, and Brady and Delaney kept yelling to Jeffries, as they had ever since the sixteenth, "The only way you can win, Jeff, is by a knock-out," an encouraging admission, I thought, that they had already lost. And as he had done ever since the middle of the fight, Jeff was trying to rough me around, swinging madly, and missing me most of the time by as big gaps as had Sullivan and Fitz. So I just relaxed once more and danced around, often letting my hands lie idle at my sides. My ankles were so springy that, even while I fell back on all this footwork, I was not tiring my legs. And all the while I was still seeing in my mind's eye those wonderful posters and electric lights and waiting for the twenty-fourth.

What Really Happened

The next thing I saw was not the electric lights but a hand holding smelling salts under my nose! I was in my corner, sprawled out on a chair. A cousin of mine, Tom Corbett, whom I hadn't seen for years, was bending over me, kissing me on the cheek. The crowds were standing up on the chairs, cheering. It sounded like music in my ears.

So I straightened myself to get up and allow the referee to hold up my hand in token of victory, but somehow felt a little hazy in the head. I saw my seconds look at me peculiarly and I turned to George Considine.

"What is it?" I asked, sort of groggily, I guess.

"Jim," he said sadly, "you were knocked out."

And from that day to this I don't remember ever being hit. I don't remember being on the ground at all. All my memory calls up is—my answering the gong, relaxing a little as planned, and dancing around and seeing those posters and my name over some theater in electric lights!

Finally I took the dose, went over to Jeff and shook hands with him, and when, a little later, he came to my dressing room, I couldn't help saying, although I shouldn't have, "Jeff, you're the luckiest man in the world to win tonight." He didn't answer; just stood in front of me like a big boy, with his head hanging down.

Now Jeff and I had been friends since he was just good enough to act as rubber for one of my legs, later while he was champ, and also when he was down and out. That friendship has continued for many years; and, among a thousand and one things, we have talked about this fight. He has often told me I had him licked in the tenth round—had him licked worse than I realized myself. The body punches hurt him terribly, he said, and he had given up all hope except of a lucky blow. Finally, against his expectation, he had landed it; and he admitted that, as I had said, he was the luckiest man in the world.

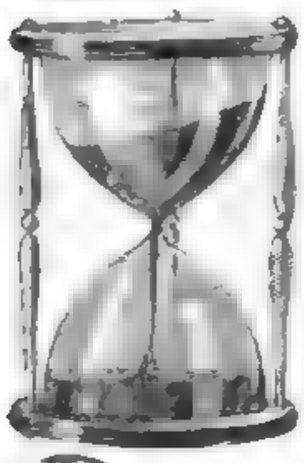
I have tried to figure out what really happened in that fatal twenty-third, and from what he told me and what I have gathered from those in the ring, this is the story:

I started to jump back from one of his wild swings and was nearer the ropes than I thought. Hitting these hard, I was bounced back as he was swinging his left. Into that fist I bumped. They tell me he hit me with such force that I flew up into the air, my neck struck the lower rope and I was dead to the world. George Considine

(Continued on Page 130)

Walter P. Chrysler Announces~

25 Miles



58 Miles

5 to 25 Miles

In view of the importance of this announcement to the motoring public, we may be pardoned for reminding you that every promise made for the Chrysler car has been fulfilled to the letter.

The same group of engineers, actuated by the same sense of professional and personal responsibility to the public, now bring before you another motor car creation, concerning which they are prepared to go on record with equal emphasis.

Let me set down for them, therefore, in plain, simple words, what you can absolutely count upon in this new series of the good Maxwell.

With a full sense of the seriousness of the statement—carefully weighing the meaning of every word—Chrysler-Maxwell engineers, without reservation, promise you, in this new Maxwell, performance surpassing in every essential any four-cylinder car in the world today.

To make that sweeping assurance more definite and specific—we promise you in speed, in power, in pliability of power, in swift response, and even more particularly in riding steadiness and comfort, results no four-cylinder car has yet been able to attain.

To go still further into details, the new Maxwell has speed capacities far beyond any car of its type and class, and in the rare instances in which they may have to be used, will register them with an absence of vibration without precedent in four-cylinder construction.

Chrysler-Maxwell engineers have been actuated by the conviction that in addition to its inherent and natural economies, the four-cylinder principle possessed possibilities of power and speed capable of being translated into ease and steadiness which have never been fully developed.

They set out to overcome what have all too readily been accepted in the past as limitations in the four-cylinder engine and to convert these limitations into positive advantages.

No one can doubt that success has crowned their efforts, after even so short an experience as a half hour's driving demonstration of the car.

Judged by the unusual and extraordinary character of its performance, this Maxwell is literally a new and immeasurably better type of four-cylinder motor car.

W. P. Chrysler

President and Chairman of the Board

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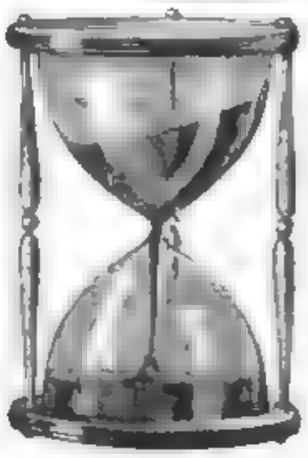
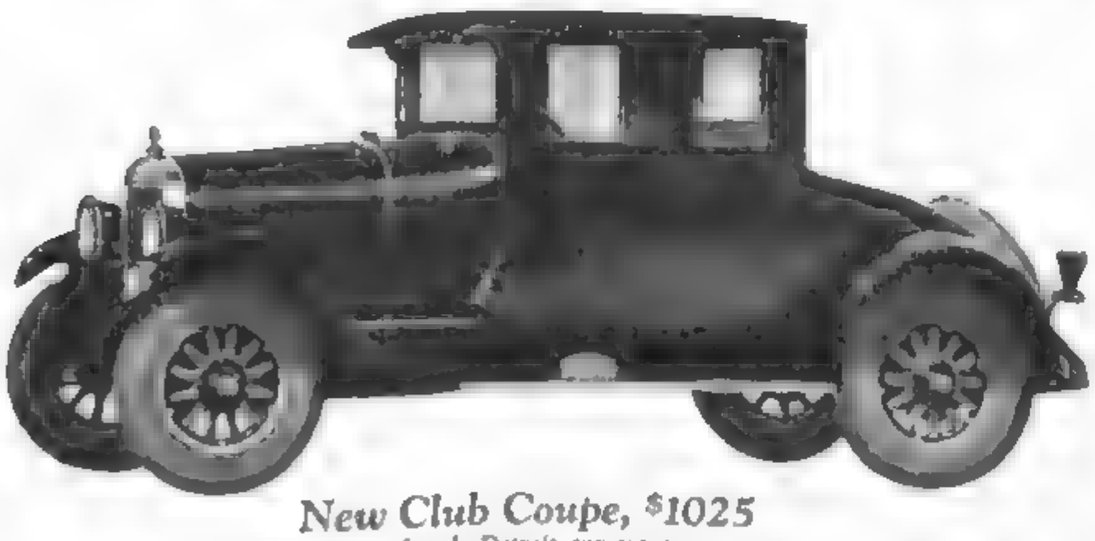
The New Good MAXWELL

to the Gallon per Hour in 8 Seconds





New Club Coupe, $1025
f. o. b. Detroit, tax extra
Handsome new upholstery of rich blue genuine Spanish leather. One piece windshield all closed models.

New Touring Car, $895
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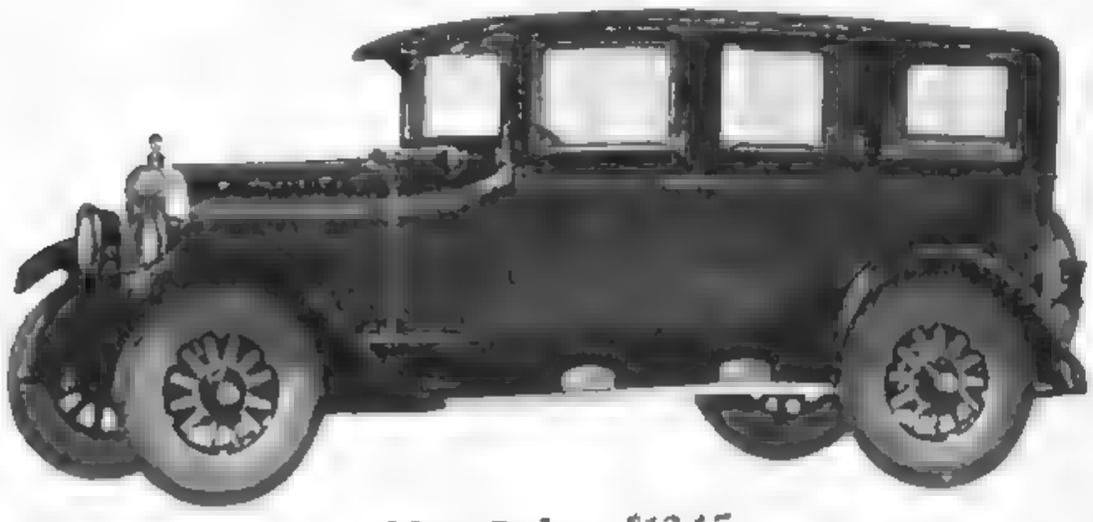
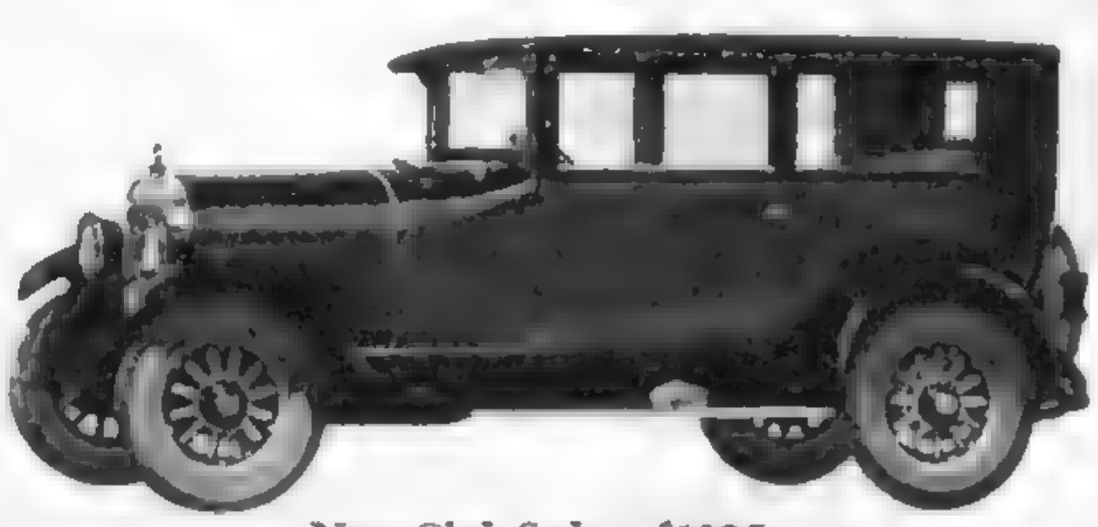
New body is lower; genuine Spanish leather trim in beautiful blue. Lower and finer top. Nickel trim.



New Sedan, $1345
f. o. b. Detroit, tax extra
Entirely new body design; lower, roomier. Beautiful mohair upholstery. New shrouded visor integral with roof. Handsome new lamps.



New Club Sedan, $1095
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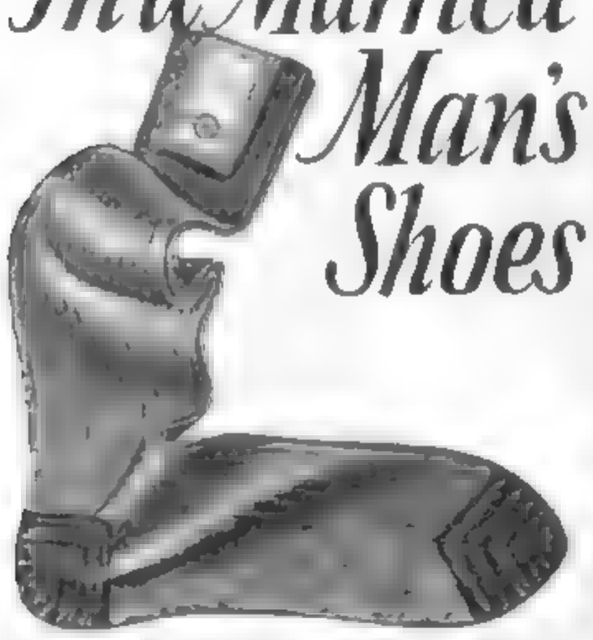
Fine roomy closed car. Graceful new lines. Finer finish and upholstery. New shrouded visor. Beautiful new instrument board and steering wheel on all models.

Balloon tires standard on all Maxwell models

The New Good MAXWELL

In a Married Man's Shoes



IRON CLAD socks! Why is it you find them in the shoes of so many married men? The answer is easy. Every wife acquainted with Iron Clad socks insists on Iron Clad socks for her husband. She knows that the style and beauty of Iron Clads are combined with a durability that simply can't be approached by ordinary socks.

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Victor J. Evans & Co., 727 Ninth, Washington, D. C.

(Continued from Page 126)

ran over to throw water on me, and Jeffries was so excited that he started kicking at him to keep him off.

That was all there was to it—and enough! I have seen my name in electric lights since in my shows, but not as champion of the world. It was a costly lesson; and not as an alibi, but to drive it home as a lesson to all men who fight or undertake any job in life, I am going to add that my age, after all, made only one difference. I had trained well, was in good shape and had my old-time skill. But if I had fought Jeffries when I was twenty-five or twenty-six, and coming up the ladder, with all the conditions quite the same as that night, the blows and breaks falling just as they fell then, I would never have sat in my corner figuring on any future. I would have been concerned only with the present, attended to the job in hand, and would have thought only of the fight. So all my faculties would have been alert, and instinctively I would have known just how far I was from those ropes, and would have gauged the back step properly, or have side-stepped, or something. In the end it was my own fault; but I lost to a very great fighter. They don't come any gamer than Jeff.

I had to go twice more to the well. This last encounter had brought me back into public esteem so much that when I entered Rector's, Martin's or any similar place on Broadway the diners would applaud, and frequently cheer me, an unusual tribute for a defeated man. I believe that I was more popular then than I ever had been as champion. Soon there were discussions about the possibility of my fighting McCoy, who was considered a wonderfully scientific fighter, having won over Choynski, Dan Creedon, Gus Ruhlin and the famous Tommy Ryan, breezing through his scraps and usually winning hands down.

A Round Without a Blow

So, flushed with what I considered my success even in defeat, I must take on McCoy for twenty-five rounds in the Madison Square Garden. About two days before the fight a rumor that McCoy was going to lay down was heard on all sides. I was given this information as gospel truth by several supposed to be "in the know." However, I, who should have been "in the know," knew nothing about it; and I replied each time that certainly McCoy would gain more by winning from Corbett than by training with any crooked gamblers.

Still, the stories wouldn't down. Even Harry telegraphed me from the Coast that he had heard the story. I wired back, telling him to pay no attention to any such reports, and above all not to consider that I had a cinch. McCoy was clever, and the rumor was probably some trick of his to get me to let up in my training so that he could catch me out of condition.

The night came; we went to the Garden and the fight was on. The first round, I think, was one of the most scientific ever fought by two men. Such feinting and fiddling, footwork and speed, had never before been seen, I am sure, in the ring. Each was trying to draw the other out; and feinting and trying to draw your man into a lead when he is not ready is one of the finest points of boxing—a lost art these days. McCoy was simply wonderful, and there was not one blow landed by either in the three minutes.

In this round I was quite cautious, because of the rumors, wanting to be sure of everything I did. McCoy might be planning something, but he was doing his best then; and certainly he would want to make a good showing at the start and not have it said he didn't hit Corbett once in the whole fight.

In the second we loosened up a little, and before long I hit McCoy on the jaw and dazed him; but though the punch took effect, he slipped away and dashed around the ring so fast that with all the speed I possessed I couldn't lay another glove on him during the remainder of that round.

This disgruntled the audience. It should not be, but always when two scientific men meet the results are unsatisfactory to the average onlooker. He wants slugging and blood, and when one of the well-matched men in the ring is trying to make the other do something, the other too frequently offsets him. It all takes time, and the audience, not understanding the finer points of the game, and not being able to see the two brains working, grows uneasy. A match between a slugger and a scientific man pleases them more, for it is far more spectacular, the one jabbing and tapping, ducking and cleverly getting away, doing all the things that look pretty from outside, and the other floundering after him all over the ring.

Such a combination is what makes a fight between Tendler and Leonard such a hit. Lew is a slugger, Benny an artist, as good, probably, as any that ever entered the ring, and one of the few present-day champions of whom this can be said. At that, he would have his work cut out for him if the competition were as keen as when Kid Lavigne, Frank Erne, Joe Gans, and Kid McPartland fought it out among themselves.

At last the gallery birds began to complain, then the ringsiders; but of one thing I am sure—I never fought more carefully or tried harder than in this fight with McCoy. I was doing my darnedest all through.

In the fifth or sixth—I can't remember just which—I saw my chance and started slugging for a few seconds or so. I say "slugging," but it was pretty scientific slugging, and I knew I had my man. Up to this round we had feinted and fiddled and dashed around the ring, I outpointing McCoy a little, but not much. I had landed a few hard blows and, furthermore, had accomplished one very important thing—I had drawn him out several times against his will. And remember that when two skillful men meet, and one finally begins to draw the other out, the end is in sight. The one thus drawn out is not defeated at the moment, or in that round or maybe for several rounds, but he will be in the end. Having done this several times, you make your opponent lose his morale.

That's what happened to McCoy. He lost his, though he stood up for five rounds. Then suddenly he went to pieces, threw all science to the winds and fought like a crazy man. As soon as I saw him swinging haymakers, I knew he was in worse shape morally than Fitzsimmons had been when doing the same thing, for McCoy was far more clever than Fitz and therefore was more demoralized than he had been. At once I got inside the range of his swings and centered my attack on his stomach. I had had pretty reliable information that he hadn't been training any too well, and the stomach is the spot most vulnerable under such conditions. Some lefts and rights to this spot had the famous Kid all crumpled up; one more I sank in, then he flopped to his knees, all doubled up. In a neutral corner, I was waiting, ready to put all my strength into a knock-out blow the minute he rose, when Charley White stepped up to me, tapped me on the shoulder and said, "You win!"

The Referee's Hard Job

Immediately there was a roar of disappointment simply because White had not counted McCoy out. And stories began to come out in the papers, a few days later, intimating that the fight was a fake. This accusation hurt me more than anything that had ever been said about me or done to me in my life, for I certainly saw no evidence of McCoy's reported endeavors to "lay down," and he fought very hard in that fight; and I knew I gave to the public the best that was in me. Ever since I started in boxing it had been one of my aims, in addition to making something of myself, to elevate the sport; and I believe I have a host of supporters who will substantiate me in that claim. I had bluffed my opponents sometimes, but it was beyond me ever to descend to fixing a fight!

All of which shows, I suppose, what a difficult job the referee has. Charley White saw that McCoy had been severely punished and had not the ghost of a chance after that last attack, and to save him unnecessary punishment awarded the fight to me.

It would have been a good thing if the referee who officiated at the Dundee-Criqui battle in '23 had possessed some of this spirit, and had saved Criqui, the little Frenchman, who proved his bravery in the ring that night, and before that, in the Great War. That was one of the most brutal exhibitions I ever saw. But you can't argue about it; the crowd wants blood and the thrill of the kill.

I know what it is from experience, for by request I tried refereeing one night in Providence, while I was playing there. In advance, I explained to the audience from the stage that it wasn't a pleasant job, as I had my ideas of how fights should be conducted and these ideas didn't always run with those of the audience. I added that if I saw one man being hopelessly beaten I would stop the bout and award the victory to the other man. They all applauded, and seemed to approve at the time.

In the seventh round this very thing happened—one man sadly outclassed the other, and the other was bleeding and groggy. Moreover, the first man was so tired that he wasn't able to put his opponent out; all he could do was to hit the injured fellow on the jaw, as the latter was floundering around the ring, and inflict more pain without any decisive results. The leader had his arm set for another one of these blows when I grabbed his arm and said, "You win!"

What must the winner do but fall in a faint, right there in the ring! The seconds carried him to his corner, when the defeated man, coming to for a little, and seeing the other unconscious, wanted to carry on with the fight, bleeding and groggy as he was. And it was funny—there was the fellow who had won the fight being brought to with smelling salts in his corner.

There is no need of describing the uproar that followed; but I tried to quiet it by explaining that the fainting man had not fallen through his opponent's blows, but through fatigue. He had relaxed too suddenly after his violent exertion and so had flopped. If his heart had failed and the coroner had been called in, my decision would have been right just the same. He was the victor quite as much as would have been a sprinter who had reached the tape ahead of his rivals and then dropped dead.

Jeffries Again

This incident, though not a usual one, of course, still shows the difficulty of refereeing honestly and at the same time satisfying the crowd.

It takes manliness to make good fight referees as well as to turn out good umpires for the diamond.

Further, I think one man is enough. I do not like this method of having three men in the ring, now prescribed by law in the state of New York. There is opportunity for distributing the blame when there are three, and more of a chance for "fixing." No one feels the responsibility so much as a single man who alone faces the great crowd and feels that his reputation is at stake.

This McCoy fight was next to my last. I was to have one more before the curtain would fall, and I had determined that it would be my last, for I was getting old.

As one may guess, this next fight was with Jeffries. Could I win this time? After my victory in the McCoy fight, and my clear outpointing of Jeffries at Coney Island, I felt that I could, even at thirty-eight, for I would be that by the time I met him, as it had taken two years to get Jeffries' consent to fight me again. And it was a dangerous job at that age, with Jeff ten years younger; but I felt all the old confidence.

"I can be champion once more," I said, "then I'll retire, and either hand it over to another or let the young hopefuls fight it out among themselves." It was sound reasoning and admirably planned.

There was some discussion about details when we met at the Delavan Hotel, at Broadway and Forty-first Street, to arrange the fight; the chief argument arising over bandages, which I had used on my hands ever since '97 or '98.

"No, you can't have any bandages," Jeff said, shaking his head. "You've got to fight without them."

He seemed pretty set about it, and he was champion and could have had his way, but I tried to argue him out of the idea.

"Why, Jeff," I said, "what are you talking about? You know that in all the fights nowadays the principals use bandages."

"Nope," he said, "you can't use 'em. Fitz used 'em in his last fight with me. He dipped 'em in plaster of Paris the night before, and they were just like cement. You ought to have lamped my face when I was through."

That is just what Fitz had done, and when people speak of the rumor of Dempsey's use of plaster of Paris at Toledo, the trick was not so new as they thought. Whether this last Jack tried it or not I do not know; but if he did, Willard was not smart to let him get away with it. There's nothing new under the sun, they say; and that goes for the prize ring too.

Finally the argument was settled by my agreement to have the bandages wrapped

(Continued on Page 133)

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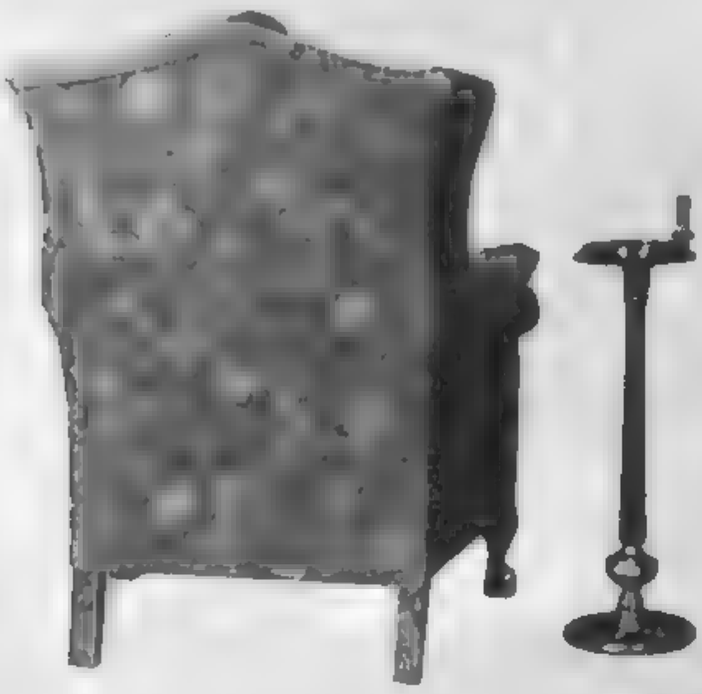

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TOOTH POWDER

DENTAL CREAM

Continued from Page 130

on my hands by my seconds in the ring, an arrangement I gladly suggested, since I have always wanted to win my fights fairly and with the use of such mental strategy as I have before described.

A great deal of dickering with fight promoters followed, Jimmy Coffroth making the best offer. The Yosemite Club in my old home town was selected as the place.

In the bargaining between Coffroth and the principals the former put over a shrewd one on me and quite legitimately. Jeff and I had agreed to fight on a 65-35 basis, but in skirmishing around I learned that the biggest house they had ever had in San Francisco was $34,000, and promptly I insisted that my percentage be based on this sum. Jeffries accepted a calculation on the actual receipts.

I thought I was shrewd, but found that I wasn't, when two weeks before the fight the receipts had already reached $40,000. Naturally I hollered and threatened to withdraw unless they changed my contract to read 35 or 65 per cent of the actual receipts instead of the same proportion of $34,000.

Coffroth just laughed when I put up my argument.

"Jim," said he, "you know you wouldn't break your word with the public. You asked to have your percentage based on the $34,000 when you thought that was a top figure. Now you want it changed. I know you're going to fight, for all you say."

He was right; and I took the dose, also learning another lesson. I fought to about a $64,000 house and all I got by my wonderful generalship on which I prided myself was a percentage of about half that sum.

During the negotiations for the match I was playing in vaudeville, doing a monologue, and arranged my booking so as to finish my tour in San Francisco about three months before the fight, thus allowing myself sufficient time for training.

I was not unhappy during this period. Rather I was quite cheerful. I felt no fear of the results of the fight; was as popular as I ever had been; my work on the stage was wholesome and congenial; and I had made many friends, among them—but here I must tell about one of the best of all—Mike McGrath, of Salem.

I was playing at Lynn, Massachusetts, a week's stand those times, and on the opening night was stopped by an old Irishman at the stage door.

"Mr. Corbett," he said, "yuh don't know me, but me and the old woman wint to school with yer father at Ballenrobe in County Mayo. Wud it be askin' ye too much to stop around an' see the old woman? She's that crippled with rheumatiz she can't walk."

"Of course I'd be delighted," I said, and round we went, the next afternoon, to a poor little room, but one made cheerful by these dear people, who reminded me so much of my old home, long since broken up.

A Visit of Sentiment

We had a good chat, the two old people and I, and I repeated the visits while I was in Lynn, noticing that on each occasion they had a great deal to say about some Mike McGrath, a great friend of theirs.

"Oh, if only McGrath cud see us now!" it was; or, "What a trate it wud be if McGrath cud only shake yer hand!"

"Who is McGrath, and where does he live?" I finally inquired.

"Over in Salem, just a bit of a way," said the old man, jerking his hand over his shoulder; then he added, "and he wint to school wid yer father. And ivry time we see him he ashks 'Have ye seen the Corbett that whipped Sullivan?'"

Now it happened that an automobile company had asked me to ride out in their new model, as a sort of publicity stunt. I hadn't accepted; but with a new idea in mind, I telephoned the manager to bring around his car and I would take the ride he had wanted.

When we were seated I said to him, "How long will it take this car to get to Salem?"

"Less than an hour," he told me. "We'll go, Mr. Corbett, if you want to."

"Yes," I said, "I've an old friend over there."

I had gotten McGrath's address from the old people, and when we reached Salem inquired for the street. We were directed there, only to find it a little alley in the poorest district, with tenements, tin cans and goats. Looking up the alley the driver shook his head.

"I can't make that, Mr. Corbett. We'll ruin our tires."

"You wanted me to drive out in your car," I roared. "Now if it's any good it can negotiate that alley. Drive ahead and blow that old horn like the devil."

So, tooting the horn, we drove up the little alley, thousands of people, it seemed to me, sticking their heads out of the windows.

We found the number all right, and a poor little place it was; but it had a neat little patch of grass a bandanna handkerchief could cover; and a little old man about five feet high, with all the map of old Ireland on his face, was watering the plot with a dinky watering pot.

He gave one look at the wonderful car, then went on with his work. He wasn't going to show that he was impressed.

And he refused to show it when I came to the gate, dressed up pretty well, as I usually was those days, and asked, "Does Mr. McGrath live here?"

He nodded, gave me a suspicious glance, then went on with his work.

"Are you a Mayo man?" I threw at him then, and he almost dropped his watering pot when he heard the question.

"I am that. Are you?" he asked, looking up at me; then cunningly he shook his head and turned to his flowers again.

"Did you ever hear of the Corbetts?" I went on, "the Corbetts of Ballenrobe?"

What the Y Stood For

Immediately he looked up at the sky as if he were seeing angels, and began, "Oh, the Corbetts—sure! There was tin uv thim. There was John and James and ——"

He named them all over but one as he stood there looking up at the sky.

"Haven't you forgotten one?" I said. "Wasn't there a Pat Corbett?"

His face shone.

"Sure! Pat!" And he smiled kind of shyly, the way old Irish do. "Why, whin the bhoys wud see me comin' round the corner they wud say, 'Pat'll be here in a minute,' we was that thick as bhoys."

Then he stopped and looked at me in bewilderment, and came nearer, the water from the pot pouring down his old trousers.

"But who is it askin'?" he said. "Did yuh know Pat Corbett?"

I grinned.

"My name's James Corbett," I said.

"Sure an' ye couldn't be Scientific Jim?" he inquired, putting it that way, you see, to save himself being caught in a bad guess.

"I am," I said, and honestly I was proud that day to own it; "and I've come all this way from Lynn to shake your hand."

The ice was all broken then.

"Shake the two uv them," he said, holding his two old hands out, the tears pouring down his face.

Our tour at its end, I wound up in San Francisco, and was given a wonderful welcome. I never saw so many flowers on one stage in my life. I noticed one piece decorated with the letters of the Olympic Club. It had come from my old pals at the club where I had spent some of the happiest days of my life.

There was another similar piece, too, with the letters Y. C. on it, a compliment from the Yosemite Club, where I was to fight. However, for the time being I had forgotten this fact, and as I was looking at the display after the show, asked, "What does that stand for?"

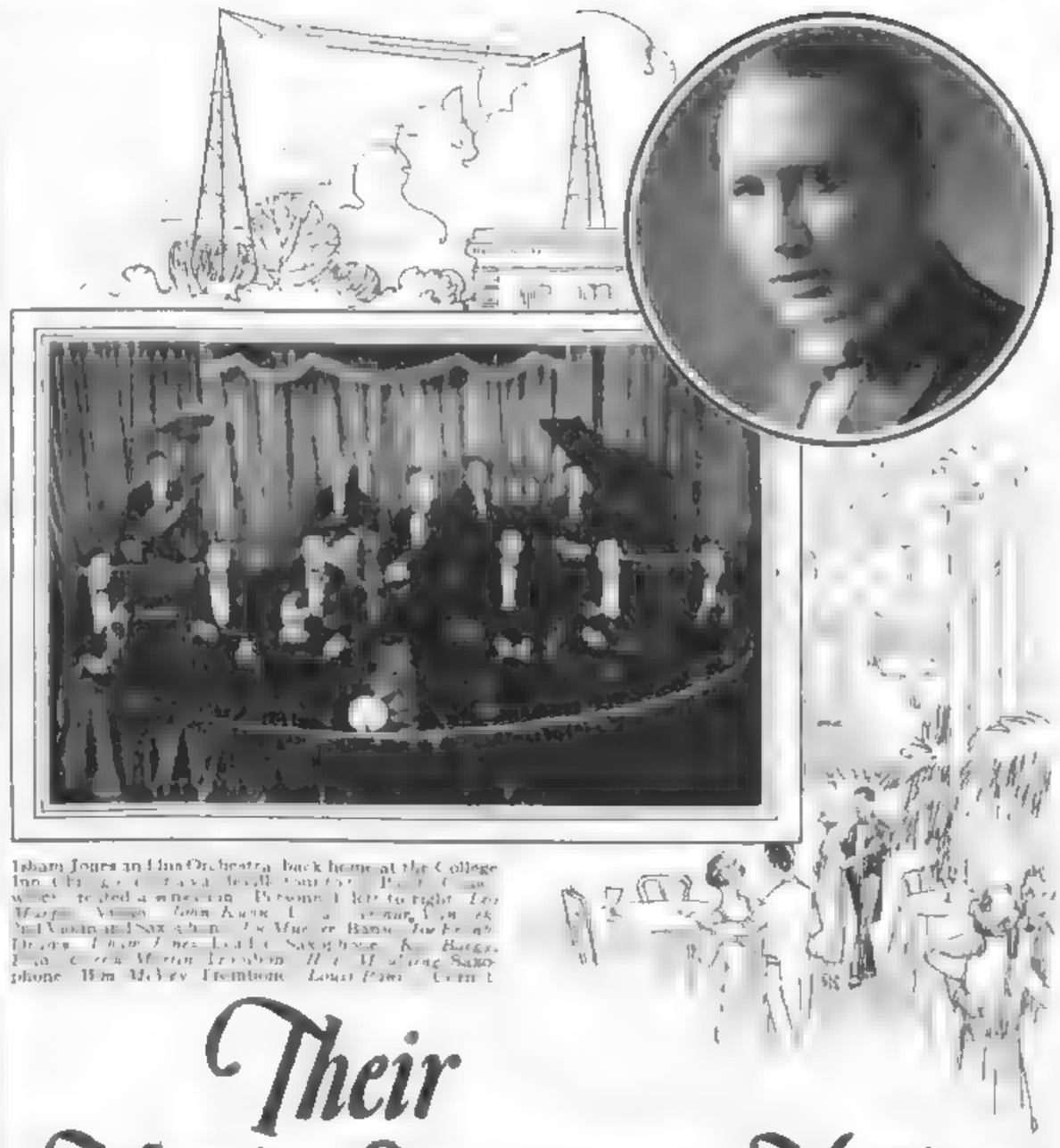
"Vot does vot stand for, Mr. Corbett?" said a stage hand standing near by. He was a Swede.

"What do those letters mean?" I repeated—"Y. C."

He gave me his answer in all seriousness.

"Vy, Yim Corbett!" he said.

Fate seemed to take a fancy to placing my old friends in the enemy's camp; not that I regarded it as ominous at all; but again Delaney was training Jeff—at Oakland this time—and he knew my ways so thoroughly! However, with me in my quarters at Croll's in Alameda, where I started hard work after closing at the Orpheum, I had two pretty good boys, Yank Kenny and a clever amateur, Sam Barger, of the Olympic Club. So I didn't worry about my handlers.

My condition was already pretty fair in spite of my thirty-seven years, as I had been in the habit of going to some gym in every city where I showed, to play handball or box, and also had done some road work each day to keep myself fit. And I had also been

Isham Jones an Hint Orchestra back home at the College Inn Chicago [illegible] Isham Jones [illegible] Left to right: Ted Morse Drums, John Kane [illegible] Sax, Joe Ku[illegible] Sax and Clarinet, Joe Mac or Banjo, Joe Ku[illegible] Drums, Isham Jones Leader Sax[illegible], Ken Bar[illegible] Sax, Carey Morton Trombone, Wm. Wadsworth Saxophone, Wm. McVey Trombone, Louis Panico Cornet

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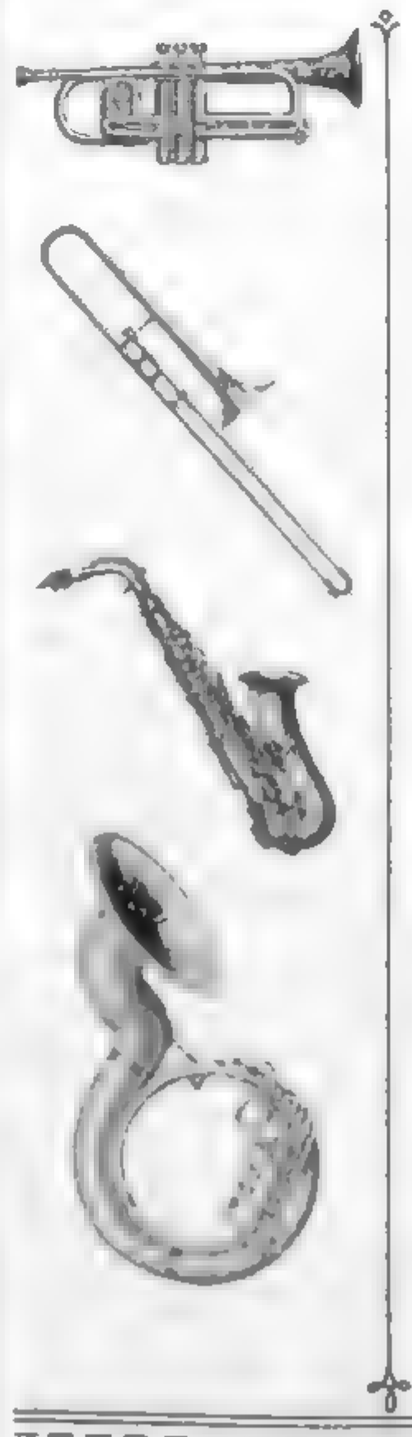

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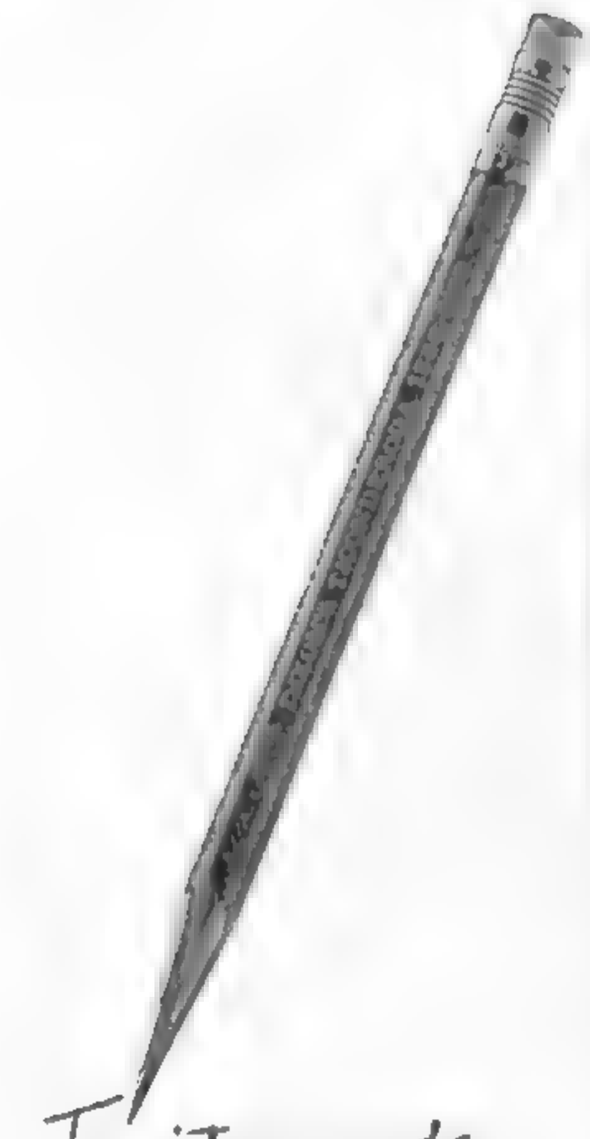
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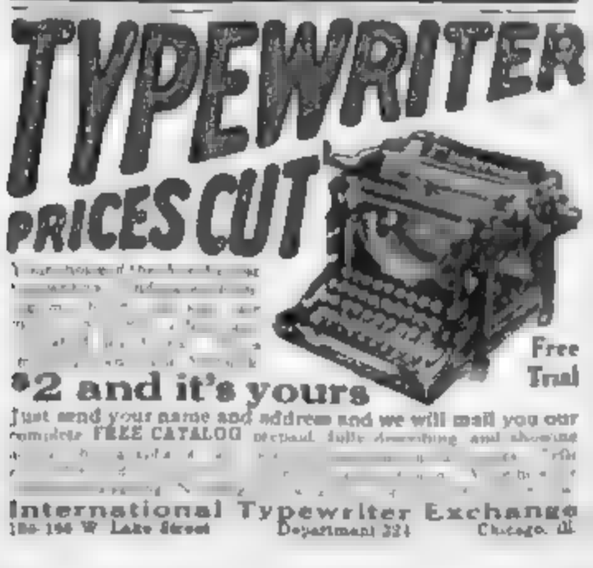
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very careful about my diet and had cut down on my smoking.

An outdoor ring was set up and here I did practically all my boxing—a new stunt in those days, although my friends Deschamps and Carpentier consider it their invention. When I was over at Manhasset, Long Island, in 1920, they took great delight in showing me their outdoor ring and asked what I thought of it.

"Very good," I replied. "I used to box that way before you were born."

The two French boys showed me another invention of which they were very proud, too—a rib in the palm of the glove to aid in clenching. But it happened to have been invented by me in 1891 when I was training for Sullivan.

Never had I trained so hard as I did for this last bout. Among other things, I shadow-boxed for a full hour without a second's pause, a demand on one's strength and will power which would prove pretty hard on present-day boxers.

One thing did puzzle me, although it did not seem any more ominous to me at first than the fact of my old friends being in Jeffries' camp. I was boxing one day with Yank Kenny, who was strong and weighed 225 pounds. He was as slow as a truck horse, and I had boxed with him hundreds of times before this period, and never had he been able to put a glove on me unless I wished it. Now, however, every day or so, slow as he was, he would hit me right in the face, and the punch had steam behind it. I couldn't understand this and put it down to sheer luck. Still, it troubled me enough to keep me figuring on it for a couple of months; and each day during that time he would land on me at least once with one of those awful punches.

Tom's Threat

One evening as I was sitting after dinner and talking with my wife, I confessed to her that Kenny was hitting me now and then in spite of my defense, and I was almost ashamed to admit it even to her.

"Dear," I added, "that fellow shouldn't be able to reach me with a horsewhip. I don't understand it."

"Maybe it's your eyes, Jim," she replied; but I couldn't agree. She persisted. "I notice, Jim," she argued, "that when you read the papers you squint. Probably you need glasses."

This gave me food for thought.

Things went along pretty well as the day approached. My brother Tom was with me most of the time, and thousands of my old friends from the city came out and watched me at my stunts. During the last few weeks, however, Tom began to grow pessimistic. Often, to take my own mind off the coming battle, I would ask him to go walking, but I found I had to cheer him up.

"You're almost thirty-eight," he would say. "Do you really think you can stand it?"

I told him that I had never felt better in my life; and, barring a little anxiety about the Kenny incident, it was true.

"If anything does happen, and it looks as if you're going to be licked," Tom finally blurted out, "I'm going to do something to stop it."

"Tom," I said, very sternly, "this is to be my last fight. If you see me getting whipped, let me take it. You'd break my heart if you tried anything to save me. I want to pass out of the picture taking my licking."

He promised not to interfere.

About a week before the fight, Tommy Ryan, the ex-middleweight champion, and one of the greatest fighters for his weight that ever lived, came over to my quarters. He had had a quarrel with Jeffries and offered his services to me, saying, "Jim, I don't want a cent for it, win or lose, but I'd like to be one of your seconds in this fight. I'd like to be in your corner when you lick this fellow."

Naturally, I accepted and considered his coming a great help; he knew so much about fighting and was on to all Jeffries' ways, having taught him many himself, among them Jeff's peculiar crouching position. We spent much time discussing Jeffries' blows, particularly that left-hand hook for the body, which was the only thing that had worried me in the first fight, and which was his worst weapon.

Incidentally, I might mention that Ryan, who had been in Jeffries' corner that night at Coney Island, told me that Jeff had been in luck to pull the fight out of the fire.

The first afternoon of Ryan's stay, we put on the gloves, and ordering everyone to leave the room, argued pro and con about Jeff's different blows and tried to devise a means of defense. I don't know that it was at all significant, but this was the first time since my younger days that I had listened to any fighter telling me how to fight. Before, I had always relied on my own judgment and intuition. Still, all he said seemed well reasoned out and scientifically correct, and I determined to consider his advice.

The blow that worried me was shot over in a deceiving way, in somewhat the manner of a clever baseball pitcher. There was a sort of hook with the left and at the same time a slight uppercut to it. Ryan showed me how, by putting my hand at a certain part of my side, I could catch this blow in my hand, as he said, every time. I tried it on Ryan and he tried it on me until we had this defense down perfectly; and I was much relieved, because this left-hander that Jeff would slip in every once in a while was the only one of his stunts I was much afraid of.

On the morning of the fight, we took the boat to Alameda, and by a strange coincidence found Jeffries among the passengers, with Delaney, Van Court and many others that I knew. It was like an Old Home Week. Jeffries, too, was a Californian, and in the main his friends were mine, as mine were his. Van Court, by the way, whose brother had originally sent Jeff to me at Carson City, often handled men in the ring, and had been asked to act in this fight; but he refused to second anyone against me.

Being older and more staid now, or because we were among friends, I didn't try any of my old ring poker and mental strategy. I just chatted pleasantly with all the boys, and we fighters shook hands and wished each other good luck. As we did this, I found Jeffries actually trembling, he was so nervous.

At nine I went to the Yosemite and at once entered my dressing room. At ten o'clock I was dressed, had been rubbed down and was ready to enter the ring, Jeffries having agreed to go in first.

Word came that he had started, and I took some valuables I had with me, and some money, and handed them to an old friend of mine named McKenzie, saying, "Jack, I'm going into this ring feeling too good."

"Feeling too good?" he repeated, in surprise.

"Yes," I answered. "I'm not nervous enough—too cool. I don't seem worried in any way, and that's the reason I'm afraid something's going to happen."

A Nervous Opponent

It was true too. I could not work up any excitement at all over the fight, and as I left him I repeated, "I'll fall down and break an ankle or something. I don't like this feeling so fine. Something is sure to break."

Then I walked up the aisle and found Jeffries in front of me. Such a big back I thought I had never seen in my life. It seemed like a man mountain or a big elephant leading a parade. He looked so big that it struck me as funny, and I began to laugh.

We went up through the ropes, and I expected him to come over and shake hands with me. It was the custom for the champion to do this, but he overlooked it and stood with his back to me talking with Delaney. I had pulled none of the old "stuff," and perhaps a little late, thought it was time to begin to work on his nerves a little.

So I walked over to him and said, "Hello, Jeff," slapping him on the back.

He replied very nervously, and shook hands, again trembling, doubtless because he was thinking of the punishment he had received in the Coney Island battle, when I had outfought him for twenty-three rounds—and this was to go only twenty.

He didn't grow any easier as we went through the preliminaries. When the photographer asked us to pose for a flashlight, and chalked a line for us to toe, he couldn't find the line. His foot was several inches over, and when one of the cameramen asked him again to toe the line, he fumbled around so groggily that I said to him, as one would to a small boy, "There, Jeff, get it back on the line." At that, he couldn't manage it, and I had to bend over and push his foot back.

For the second flash, they wanted us to pose in fighting attitude. After fixing his toes, I had to bend his arms in position.

"Now stay that way!" I ordered him, then got into the picture myself; and all the time I knew that I should have had a little of this nervousness myself.

The day before the fight, in telling Harry not to bet on the rounds, since he would get bigger results by wagering on the result, Jeff being the favorite, I had prophesied something about the fight.

"There is only one way Jeffries can fight me," I had declared, "and I know just as well as he how he will fight. If he boxes, he will be outpointed, and he can't afford to try that game. So he'll tear into me from the tap of the gong, using that left if he can, but chiefly roughing me, pushing me and bearing down on me to tire me out, taking all the advantage he can of his strength and youth."

These advantages he certainly had, as could be seen by anyone who wanted to compare us as we stood there, each six feet one and a half in height, but I weighing 180, he about 48 pounds more, and being ten years younger. Those shoulders and back and chest were convincing enough, matched against my slenderness. But I wasn't worrying. It all struck me as funny.

How the Trick Worked

Sure enough, as the gong sounded, Jeffries came from his corner running as though he were in a 100-yard race, and, as you will remember, he was good at running. At once he tore away with his feared left hook and in the clinches began to maul me and rough me around. But though he was in prime condition and very fast for a man of his size, I skipped out of the way with ease, not yet bothering to try the little defense that Ryan and I had planned; and for the greater part of the first round Jeffries just tumbled all around that ring after me.

When we came up for the second, I decided to save my legs and try our trick against the left-hand hook. One started; I saw it coming, and I put my hand down, as Ryan and I had planned, to catch the blow and muffle it in my glove. But it was not in the right place, and I took full in the side one of the most terrific body blows I had ever received since the Jackson fight. I sank to the floor, feeling as though all my ribs had been broken; and there I lay.

I knew I couldn't get up in the ten seconds, but the timekeeper was an old, old friend of mine and I thought he might have mercy. I tried to catch his eye, and if ever a man told another, without speaking, "It's all up with me if you don't give me a good long count," I did then. I guess it was really the longest and most deliberate ten ever given to a man in the ring; and Eddie Grainey, the referee, whom I had known since we were boys, and who had handled me in the old fight on the barge, ordered Jeffries to step back, not only the required ten feet, but clear to his corner. And as soon as Jeff was out of earshot, he leaned down and whispered to me between counts, "Get up, Jim, then fall down and take another ten."

At the "Nine"—about seventeen seconds must have gone by—I felt I couldn't humiliate any further these old pals who were trying so desperately to give me another chance, and I managed somehow to get up. Jeffries came at me like a lion. I grabbed hold of his arms and the gong sounded.

I got to my corner and sat there, not telling a soul how badly hurt I was or that I thought my ribs were broken. My seconds looked pretty sad as they worked away, fanning me, rubbing a damp sponge over me, and trying to freshen me up as much as they could. And things did look bad for me.

"Why didn't I stop it?" I thought to myself; then—"I guess she"—my wife—"was right. The old eye and timing aren't there any more."

I got up for the next round, but couldn't take the straight position that I usually assumed, and tried a crouch like Jeffries'. By bending over, with my stomach in, I found some relief. I also covered my ribs with my right arm, not even lifting it for sometime; and I know it both amused and puzzled the old-timers to see me, not erect and supple as I usually boxed, but locked up in that crouch. They thought it was some new dodge of mine.

I also found that I couldn't pull my head back to avoid a blow, because the motion wrenched so badly the muscles of my hurt

(Continued on Page 138)

Beau Brummel would have liked them

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Delco and Remy Electrical Equipment • Fisher Bodies • Harrison Radiators • Jacox Steering Gears AC Spark Plugs—AC Speedometers • New Departure Ball Bearings Delco-Light Electric Plants Frigidaire Electric Refrigerators Jaxon Rims • Brown-Lipe-Chapin Differentials and Bevel Drive Gears Lancaster Steel Products • Hyatt Roller Bearings • Inland Steering Wheels • Klaxon Horns.

General Motors cars, trucks and Delco-Light products may be purchased on the GMAC Payment Plan. Insurance service is furnished by General Exchange Corporation.

For a proof of this advertisement, suitable for framing, write Advertising Dept., General Motors Corporation, Detroit

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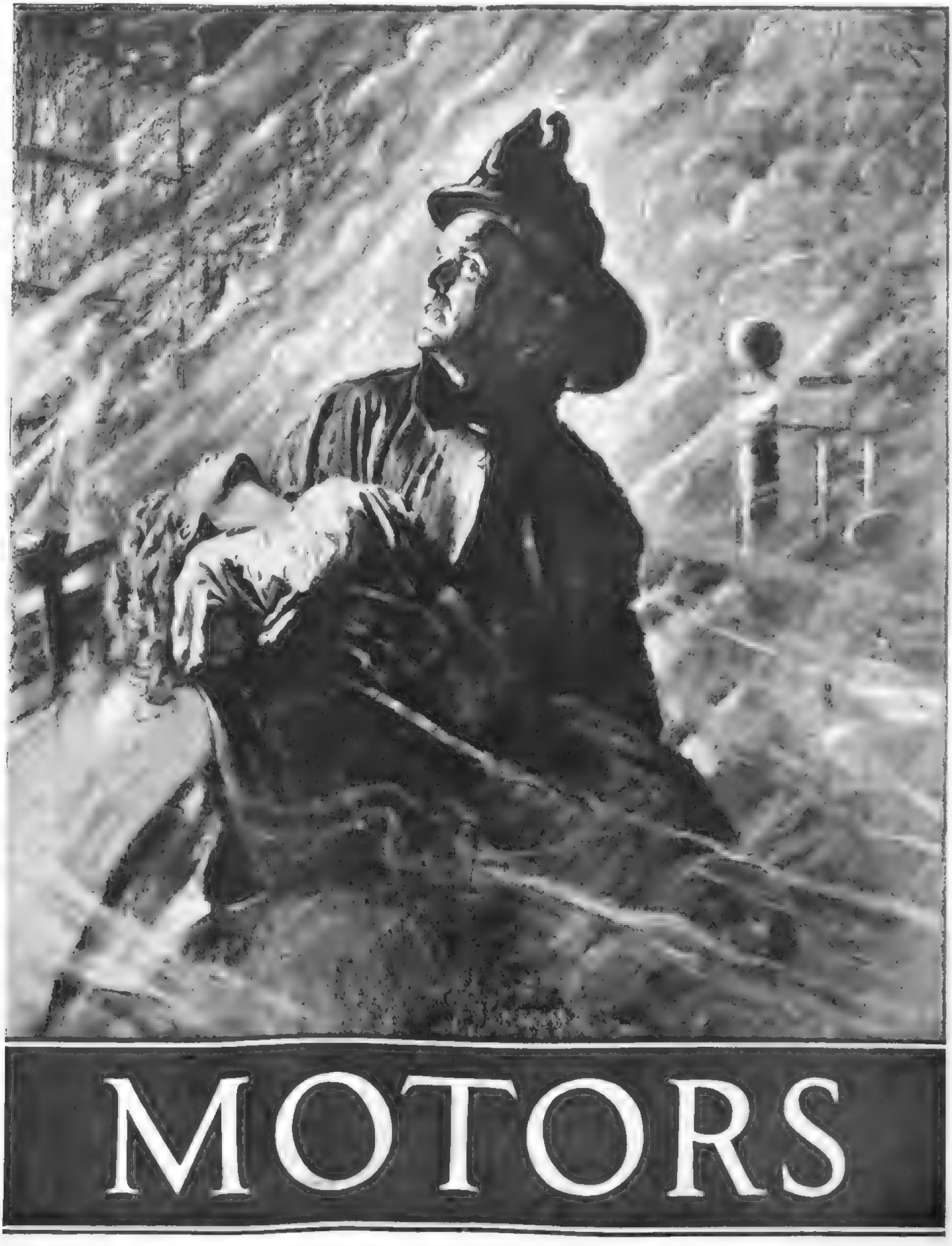
GENERAL



MOTORS

Extra Cash

DO you want more money? In your spare hours you may easily earn up to $1.50 an hour or more by caring for local new and renewal orders for *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*. You do not need previous experience or capital to succeed. Profits from the start. You assume no obligation in sending your name and address for full details.

FREE Supplies Equipment Instruction

The Curtis Publishing Company
290 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa.

Though I assume no obligation in asking, what is your cash offer?

Name

Street

City

State

43.8 Miles on Gal. of Gas Obtained in Official Test (Affidavits on File)

The FORD SAVINGS BANK
BLANCKE THERMOSTATIC CARBURETOR CONTROL
An Automatic Carburetor Control for Ford Cars and Trucks

Blanche Thermostatic Carburetor Control is for Ford Cars and Trucks. The average user saves no matter how he drives. Turns down needle valve on carburetor as engine warms, exactly as Ford Manual says do by hand.

Guaranteed Trial Offer

We will send sample control at our risk to one Ford Owner in each district in U. S. Just send ... get ...

A. C. BLANCKE & CO.
Dept. 457 608 W. Lake St., Chicago
AGENTS—DEALERS—Write for unusually liberal proposition.

ERICKSON LEGS

Warranted not to Chafe

Beginners { Get our Test Leg / Booklet Free

E. H. ERICKSON CO.
36 Washington Avenue N. Minneapolis, Minn.

The Beginning 1919

YOUR OWN BUSINESS

CHIPMAN SYSTEM, 103 Mitchell Bldg., Syracuse, N. Y.

(Continued from Page 134)

side, almost seeming to tear them out. So I was forced to bore into Jeffries. That way I didn't feel the pain quite so much.

Robbed of my footwork and not able to duck, I was knocked down about five times in the first five rounds. I was also hit on the head many times; but one thing I still had left—the old knack of riding the blows. When he hit with his right I would let my head sway with the blow; when he swung to the left, my head would go with his left, so accurately timed that instead of colliding with his fist I would rob it of half its force, and he couldn't hit me squarely, and never found my jaw.

I was in terrible agony, though, but didn't let on to my friends; just sat between rounds saying never a word and wondering if there was any way out. I couldn't seem to think of, or plan, a thing. I was hitting, of course, fighting close in, as I said, to save my side; but there was no steam behind my blows. I couldn't put my body behind them, since every time I moved at the waist the pain was overpowering.

Still Jeff kept rushing me and trying his darnedest to put me out; so I started to laugh at him and to talk him out of it. I told him what a poor fighter he was, called him an awful excuse for a champion, and told him he couldn't put me out in a thousand years, when all the time I wanted him to do it, and quickly, to end all the misery. But of course I couldn't let up and quit. Pride kept me going.

A Whispered Confidence

A strange thing happened when we came out from our corners in the seventh. Instead of making his usual bull rush, the proper thing for him to do, he stopped and looked at me. As soon as he did that I realized it could mean but one thing. No man who has his opponent almost out will stop his attack unless he is pretty well tired himself. So all at once I called on that last reserve of which I have so often spoken, and started hitting—hitting him right and left—with everything I had. I was landing at will and he was so tired that his hands were hanging at his sides. He couldn't lift them. It was no use; there was no strength in my blows. I might as well have been slapping him.

The crowd, however, did not perceive this. When I went to my corner they seemed to have gone mad and the building rocked with their cheers. They had visions of my winning the championship back. But I didn't. No, there was no way out, I said to myself. My plan of battle was all right, for, just as I had told Harry, Jeff, who, great champion as he was, was no champion because of any boxing ability, but because he was so heavy, a natural left-hander and the fastest man for his weight I ever saw, had hauled and mauled me around with his superior weight. And I had carried him along for seven or eight rounds, as I had prophesied, so that he felt the effect of those 230 pounds going so fast. To quote myself exactly, I had said, "If I don't get crippled, after the eighth I'll be just as big as Jeffries is, and I wouldn't be surprised if I beat him out." But the thing that had thrown the monkey wrench in the works was that left-hand hook or my defense against it. I cursed myself out for trying another's advice; and for the first time in my life. Listening to others was what had done it—or else my failing eyesight. But there were only a few seconds of the intermission left. I must pull myself together for the last charge.

Tommy Ryan was crying with joy as he worked over me.

"You've got him licked, Jim," he said; "you've got him licked."

So I had [illegible] too!

I pulled his ear down near me and whispered, "Tommy don't get your hopes up; I've been all through since the second. I think a couple of ribs are gone and I've no strength left just making a flash."

The gong sounded and again I managed to conceal my weariness and pain, and sore as Jeffries' arms were still hanging, useless, by his sides; but he had gotten on to the fact that I couldn't hurt him, that I had no force in my blows. This confidence kept him on his feet.

In the ninth or tenth, I don't know which, and would rather tell it as I remember it than look up the records, Jeffries came to again. He had gathered some strength as I was rushing him, and he struck out. It was another terrific blow and it landed this time in the stomach. I doubled up on the floor.

I don't know so much about what happened afterwards. I started to get up, but Ryan says that just as I was staggering to my feet Harry forgot all about his promise, and his hat sailed into the ring.

I heard the "You win!" so near and clear for the last time in my life.

But it was to Jeffries that Grainey spoke.

Like the pitcher that goes too often to the well, the boxer who goes too often to the ring is broken.

Pulling myself together, I walked over to Jeffries as he stood in his corner.

"Jeff," I told him, "this is my last fight. I'm never going to try it again. You're a wonderful man, and I've nothing but admiration for you. Good luck."

I kept my promise. I never fought again.

In my shows we always like to ring down the curtain with a laugh, and I did with a vengeance on my ring career. For the next night, though feeling pretty rocky, I didn't want to give in, and went with some friends to a restaurant, where Jeff happened to be sitting, celebrating. You should have heard the laugh as I entered. I don't blame them, for I looked so cocky. I had to crook my shoulder because of my side, and also wore a big lump on my head from Jeff's blows, so that my new derby wouldn't sit tight. Like an old Bowery tough's, it just perched on the side of my head. However, I was far from feeling so swagger. It was sad to feel out of it; but I had had my day, and was determined to go on with my other work, that on the stage, and do as well as I could to round out prosperously an honorable career.

So the champions come and go. I have seen many a one climb to the top, then fall, strive futilely to climb back, then pass out of the picture. I have heard, too, each in his day hailed as the greatest of the line, in the most foolish of arguments. It can never be decided which was really supreme, since so few of the discussed wearers of the crown can be matched at their prime, and so many now lie six feet under.

Still, I feel I can size them up fairly, though some of my newspaper friends think little of me as a prophet. This legend, I believe, is due to two causes—my backing of Jeffries in his fight with Johnson—a stand I had to take despite my doubts, as I was his second—and also to my old custom of coming out in the local papers, when on the road, and hailing the unknown local boy as a coming champion—merely a joke and a publicity trick for my shows. Dempsey, I prophesied, would knock out Carpentier in four rounds; also Firpo in four—I nearly lost that—and have so called the turn in many bouts, and trained up fighters like Gus Ruhlin, whom I taught to defeat, with a straight left, Sharkey, who had previously beaten him in one round.

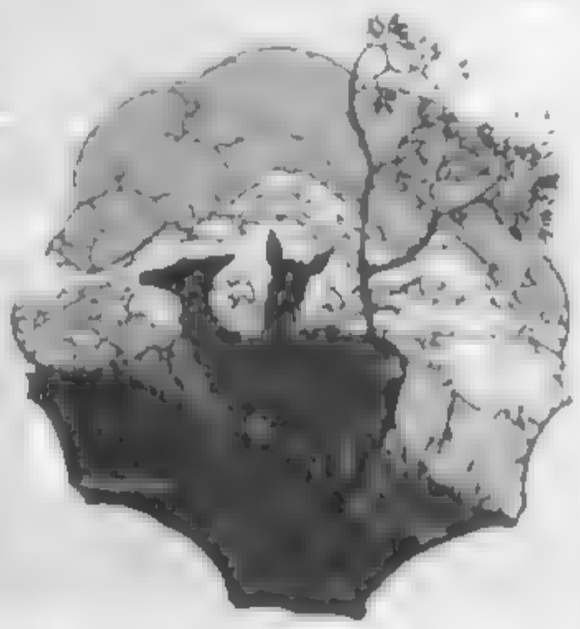
Great Fighters Appraised

However, enough of this! It is sufficient to remember that there are only three reasons for a man becoming champion—he has something that the other fellows haven't, or has it to a greater degree, or else has a better assortment than the other men of his time.

John L. Sullivan had 200 pounds in the pink, a magnificent physique, considerable speed for a slugger, ferocious fighting spirit, and a punch as terrific as any man ever uncorked.

Fitzsimmons, Herculean strength from the waist up, and the rare ability to hit with either hand, accurately, from any angle, at long range or close in.

Jeffries, 230 pounds, speed for that size, oxlike strength, a good punch in his right and a terrific one in his left—if he hadn't



been a natural left-hander he would never have been champion.

Johnson, his blocking and little short punches at close range—in short, his defense, which made up for his light hitting, and which no slugger could ever break through.

Willard, those six feet six inches and 250 poundage—that let's him out, as they say.

As for Jackson—never champion, since Sullivan wouldn't give him a chance, but great he was; perhaps the very greatest—he had range, height, reach, sufficient weight, and the most beautiful of builds. He could box with the cleverest or slug-to-toe with the heaviest hitter, as he chose; and he was equipped with the keenest intelligence.

And such success as I have had was due to boxing science, footwork, speed and the faculty of outguessing my opponents, my skill at which offset my lightness. Then, too, I had ambition, took care of myself, thought things out and had the ability to dominate the other man. That is the whole of my secret.

And Dempsey, the last? Fairly quick, with a good punch in each hand, he came up simply through natural fighting spirit, in the latter as great as any man I have seen. He is not a clever boxer, showing flashes, perhaps, in training quarters, but rarely in the ring, the weaving motion of his so often talked about being nothing but the swing of the body as he lets his punches go. Nor does he know much of footwork, nor how to cover and stall when dazed and in trouble, and his punch is not so hard as one thinks. Six times he felled Willard, and up he got; five times he floored Firpo and in the same round, only to have the latter get up and put him in turn through the ropes.

Mark Twain's Greeting

But, like all champions, he has enough. It is a hard road to the top and he stands there—now. But he will fall—like all the others; and a new man will be hailed as the greatest of them all, perhaps some boy now fighting in the back lots of one of our little towns.

It is fun while it lasts, although the strange thing about it all is that when one is actually at one's best, as I was at New Orleans, one does not realize it. When one does realize it, then starts the decline. But that there was more real genuine fun in the old days of the late 80's and 90's I thoroughly believe, because the sport was not so tainted with commercialism. Then the competition was keener, battles more frequent, and there were not such long waits between the defendings of titles, while the loser frequently got little or nothing for all his hardships and pain, fighting for sheer love of the game.

But my hat is off to anyone who reaches the top today, or in any year, for that matter. It will always be a struggle, make no mistake about that, taking ambition and courage and will power as well as clean living to win. It is for these things that the prize ring, with all the brutality and faults that go with it, still is of importance in life.

But I must not start preaching now that I've stopped fighting; and I haven't taken a real punch at anyone in many a year.

I came near it once, some time after my retirement, on the Long Island Ferry, when Fritz Williams, the actor and my old friend, had been threatened by three plug-ughes while he was escorting his wife home from the theater. Looking down the boat he spied me and waved casually as though nothing were the matter, calling out so the whole boatload could hear, "Hey, Jim Corbett! Going my way?"

The three plug-uglies faded out of the picture.

Such is reputation; it persists long after a man has gone. I think old Mark Twain, dear old Mark, another good friend of mine, put it nicely one night not long before he died. I did not know him then, but seeing him in a crowd at a benefit I introduced myself to him.

"I've always admired you, Mr. Twain," I said, "though I've never met you before. I want to shake your hand. My name's Jim Corbett."

Putting his dear old white head down on my shoulder, he held up his hand.

"Don't hit me, Jim," he said with a smile.

No, I'm not hitting anyone any more, except in my good-natured act on the stage. The roar of the crowd is no longer for me; I am just one of them.

Editor's Note—This is the last of a series of articles by Mr. Corbett

and now *the modern typewriter* ---powered by electricity!

Along about four o'clock in the afternoon would be the ideal time for this advertisement to be read.

At that hour its message would strike home with full meaning.

For at that hour the *need* for a new kind of typewriter, of greater utility and capacity, vividly stands out in many ways.

The fatigued wrists. The dull pain at the base of the neck. The mistakes due to weariness. The pile-up of unfinished work.

Yes, about four o'clock would be the ideal time; for this advertisement has to do with a typewriter that can change all that.

A *modern* typewriter. A typewriter powered by electricity!

* *

When first you sit down before the Woodstock Electrite you seem to be sitting before merely a standard machine.

It is standard in appearance. Standard in size. Standard in structure. The keyboard is standard.

Only a small, inconspicuous motor, scarcely as large as an inkwell, hints of any departure.

But, once the Woodstock Electrite is in action under nimble fingers, what a world of difference you find!

Instead of a blow to depress a key the normal inch-and-a-half needed to make a perfect impression, the barest whisper of a touch is all required.

Less than a quarter-inch drops the Woodstock key and electricity takes up the burden; almost faster than you can realize the perfect impression is made.

Power does the work—not your wrists; power furnishes the energy—not you; your fingers merely *rest* lightly over the characters, in a position you can keep all day without fatigue.

Go as fast or as slow as you like, the Woodstock Electrite is instant in response. It is always waiting for your next move, and every single character it imprints is like every other—in weight of impression, in color, in clear legibility. It does beautiful work. And it is almost incredibly simple and reliable, easy of adjustment, and permanently serviceable

It brings at last to typewriting that efficiency and labor-saving which electrical starting has brought to the motor car, electrical cleaning to the home, and electrical operation to industry of every kind

* *

The Woodstock Electrite is the logical development of the standard Woodstock typewriter, which many authorities deem the very finest typewriter in the world.

Without aggressive advertising or promotion, this standard Woodstock machine has earned an international popularity, and enjoys an enviable position as the typewriter of "Big Business" and the commercial schools.

It was recognized as a superior typewriter from the day of its beginning many years ago, and every subsequent Woodstock model has registered success.

No Woodstock has ever worn out; none has ever failed to give distinguished service—in strength, simplicity, symmetry of design, integrity of workmanship and continued usefulness, the Woodstock is unsurpassed.

You ought to know more about the standard Woodstock and the Woodstock Electrite. If you will write us we shall gladly send you any information you desire.

WOODSTOCK TYPEWRITER COMPANY
216 West Monroe Street, *CHICAGO*

WOODSTOCK *Electrite*

THE ELECTRICAL TYPEWRITER

TRADE MARK STILLSON REGISTERED U.S. PAT. OFF.

If this Diamond Mark isn't on your wrench, Walworth quality isn't in it

Between these jaws trouble *quits cold*

WHEN things around the house get out of kilter and begin to squeak or rattle or drip, they're usually either too tight or not tight enough. What they need to squelch them is the right kind of wrench,—a 10-inch Walworth Stillson, to be exact.

Settle these steel-toothed jaws on them and the job's half done. A couple of turns and they'll be fixed *right*.

The standard household size is the 10-inch, handily packed in individual boxes. Hardware and motor equipment dealers sell all the other sizes as well—from 6 to 48 inches.

WALWORTH
Stillson Wrench

"The Handy Helper in Every Home"

WALWORTH MANUFACTURING CO.
Boston, Mass.
Plants at Boston and Kewanee, Ill.
Sales Units and Distributors in Principal Cities of the World

A complete line of Valves, Fittings and Tools

23,000 items for Steam, Water, Gas, Oil and Air

AFTER LENINE—WHAT?

(Continued from Page 9)

All-Russian Union of Consumers' Societies, one of the many branches of the government. The union operates retail shops throughout the country. Practically every district organization so far has shown a deficit, but this is invariably met with a government subsidy. It follows that, as happens in all state-endowed enterprises, service is bad. The great mass of Russians have preferred to deal in the private shops. A little thing like individual preference, however, cuts no figure with the Russian steam roller.

The All-Russian Union of Consumers' Societies began a systematic procedure to force the private shops out of business. To aid it the government established a so-called Commissariat for Internal Trade, whose principal function was to capture the market held by the private shops. First of all, the Union of Cooperatives held a national convention and adopted what we should call a platform against private trade. One of the amiable instructions—I have it before me as I write—is as follows:

"With the aim of drawing the organized consumer into the struggle with private capital, it is considered as permissible that workers' organizations, such as labor unions, shop committees, cooperatives and the like, should resort to boycotting individual shopkeepers who are violating the prices fixed by the commissariat on articles of prime necessity and mass consumption and are maliciously boosting prices."

As a matter of fact—and I speak from personal observation—the prices in the private shops have almost invariably been lower than in those of the government coöperatives for reasons that I have already given. The endowed institutions had to maintain a higher price scale because of the excessive overhead that they carried.

The boycott against private shopkeepers is not confined to government instructions. Throughout Russia, in trains, street cars, on walls and in windows, you see posters aimed at the elimination of private enterprises. Here is one of the choicest injunctions:

"The coöperative store does not rob you in measure or weight. It sells without cheating."

A second reads like this:

"Buy everything in the coöperative stores and nothing in private shops."

A third, which contains the usual capitalization of propaganda opportunity, is as follows:

"The Fascisti have plundered the workers' coöperatives of Bulgaria, Italy and Germany. The Revolutionary proletariat establishes its coöperation—their weapon in the struggle with the world bourgeoisie."

Still another reads:

"All that we require while NEP rules is a coöperation which in extent and depth comprises the Russian people."

Official Blackmail

The poster demonstration is only a small detail—it is also the mildest—in the campaign. We can now get under the surface.

Through its manipulation of all administrative agencies, as well as its control of the Communist Party, the government ordered every provincial Congress of Trade Unions to pass special resolutions urging its members not to deal in private shops. These mass meetings, which are supposed to be spontaneous, but which in reality are at the dictate of the powers that be, are held to denounce private trade and bolster up the coöperatives.

One of the biggest jokes in Soviet Russia is the public demonstration. It is as much a part of government policy as the collection of taxes. Whenever a congress is held in Moscow—and some kind of international gathering seems always to be in session—the invariable by-product is a parade of workers. These unhappy individuals are civilian soldiers who get orders that must be obeyed. A well-informed observer told me that there was at least one parade a week in Moscow. It takes fully half a day to get ready and a whole day to recover. Knowing these facts, you are not surprised at the shrinkage in industrial output.

The boycott is only one of many weapons. The second is a discrimination against the children of the private shopkeepers. Here is a concrete example. One of the most successful Moscow private merchants had been sending his three boys to a certain school. One day he was informed that his children could no longer attend, although there was no overcrowding in the institution. When he inquired the reason for the exclusion he got this answer:

"We cannot educate the children of the bourgeoisie."

The third agency is a confiscatory taxation. The private shopkeeper is required to pay twice and sometimes three times the tax paid by any other individual. Let me give an illustration of how it works. I got it from the victim himself. A shopkeeper in Moscow had a monthly turnover of 5000 rubles. In spite of this he was called upon to pay a tax on exactly 8000 rubles. Upon inquiring the reason he was informed:

"The government does not tolerate private industry any more. If you do not want to pay this tax you will have to shut up your shop."

All this is damning enough, but it is trivial alongside the other persecutions. The important matter of stock renewal will show from a different angle what is going on.

Private Merchants Crushed

In Russia, imports and exports are under the control of the Foreign Trade Monopoly, which means that all imported merchandise flows through its hands. The new Commissariat for Internal Trade has a monopoly on homemade products. When the private shopkeeper seeks to replenish his shelves through the regular channels he is informed that it is impossible to serve him. He has to get his goods either by underground means, which adds to their cost, or sell out what he has and quit business. This has happened in innumerable cases. The net result is that during the first six months of 1924 the applications for shop licenses—they are called patents—in Moscow alone decreased by 8000.

A case in point: I used to buy pencils and writing materials at a certain privately owned store in the heart of Moscow. I went to it after trying in vain to get what I wanted in a government shop. At the coöperative I had to wait half an hour while the clerks drank tea, smoked cigarettes and gossiped. In the private store I not only received prompt attention but precisely the articles I desired and at reasonable prices.

The principal clerk spoke German and I usually engaged in a little talk with him At first he was extremely shy because of the fear in the heart of every Russian that he might be betrayed by an agent of the G. P. U. I made purchases every week. Each time that I called I saw that the stock was getting smaller and that the atmosphere of depression that pervaded the establishment was growing heavier.

Finally the man unbosomed himself and said, "If you are going to stay in Moscow much longer you will have to find another shop, because we are closing. The government will not allow us to get any more goods, and in addition our rent has been doubled."

With rent we reach another of the handicaps that beset the private trader. Since all buildings in Russia are under government control, it is easy to dispossess the occupant without troubling about a reason. At an industrial village not far from Moscow I found an interesting example of how this eviction works.

For two years the principal general store in the community was run by a shrewd private merchant. He knew all the peasants for miles around and through this wide acquaintance never lacked for country produce. His shelves were well stocked, he was a good salesman and he did a thriving business. Early last May he received a visit from the president of the local Soviet, who told him that his store, which was located on the main street, had been chosen as the site of the new government coöperative. When he protested he was told that another building had been provided for him and he could occupy it if he saw fit. It was half the size of his own establishment and on a side street. He had to bow to the command. So successful were his methods that in one-half the space his turnover was twice as much as that of the coöperative. You need no diagram to show you his finish.

No matter in what direction the unhappy private trader reaches out for aid, he is met with some cunning rebuff. Take the matter

(Continued on Page 143)

RACHMANINOFF PLAYS "THE TROIKA"

STEINWAY

THE INSTRUMENT OF THE IMMORTALS

It is true that Rachmaninoff, Paderewski, Hofmann—to name but a few of a long list of eminent pianists—have chosen the Steinway as the one perfect instrument It is true that in the homes of literally thousands of singers, directors and musical celebrities, the Steinway is an integral part of the household. And it is equally true that the Steinway, superlatively fine as it is, comes well within the range of the moderate income and meets all the requirements of the modest home.

This instrument, which has won the frank, unstinted praise of the masters since Wagner and Liszt, has been brought to perfection by four generations of the Steinway family.

There is a Steinway dealer in your community or near you through whom you may purchase a new Steinway piano with a small cash deposit, and the balance will be extended over a period of two years. * Used pianos accepted in partial exchange.

Prices: $875 *and up*

Plus transportation

STEINWAY & SONS, STEINWAY HALL
109 East Fourteenth Street, New York

They have consistently sold it at the lowest possible price. And they have given it to the public upon terms arranged so conveniently that the Steinway is within the reach of every true lover of music It is within *your* reach. Numerous styles and sizes have been designed to suit *your* home. Each is a perfect embodiment of all the Steinway methods, practices and ideals. And each waits only your touch upon the ivory keys to loose its matchless singing tone, to answer in glorious voice your quickening commands, to echo in lingering beauty or rushing splendor the genius of the great composers.

Age-old beauty and modern color are here united in enduring steel

Deep and growing love of color marks a new and charming trend in bedroom furnishings.

For the first time, millions of home-makers can satisfy this natural desire without the endless risks that go with painted pieces.

Simmons Steel Bedroom Furniture provides the way. Eight complete suites in period and modern designs may be had in color finishes of enduring beauty. Venetian blue, warm gray, leaf green, ivory, soft jade green and stippled parchment invite your choice. Mahogany and walnut, too, in faithful reproductions.

Baked on in super-heated ovens, all Simmons finishes come unharmed through household accidents. Live steam or scalding tea will not injure them. Spilled perfume or alcohol can be mopped up like water. A forgotten cigarette burns out to ashes and leaves no ugly scar.

Heat or cold, the dampest or driest weather has no effect whatever on either a Simmons finish or the fine, sturdy metal beneath it.

Built entirely of steel, the clinched and welded joints cannot loosen or pull apart. Drawers never shrink or swell or stick. Delicately moulded period legs will not split or break on moving days. Age-old beauty is given modern life and usefulness in lasting steel.

Your taste will approve the beauty of Simmons Steel Furniture. Your intelligence will find it both practical and economical. You can live with this bedroom furniture and use it a lifetime with neither worry nor care.

Ask your favorite merchant to show you a Simmons suite. Study it. Test it. If you fail to find what you like, write to The Simmons Company, 666 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago.

SIMMONS
Steel Bedroom Furniture

and BEDS · MATTRESSES · SPRINGS *Built for Sleep*

(Continued from Page 140)

of bank credit. Every financial institution in Russia is state-owned. If a merchant seeks a loan, regardless of his integrity or paying power, he is invariably refused. An employe of one of the Moscow banks who aided an old friend—needless to say, he was a private shopkeeper—was instantly dismissed and narrowly escaped imprisonment.

Disquieting and disorganizing as these agencies are, they pale beside the weapon of weapons that the government employs in the effort to crush capital. I mean the new terror that makes a jest of life and which has revived the fear that stalked about in the early years of Bolshevism.

The instrument is the dread G. P. U.—the first letters of the Russian words meaning State Political Police. It succeeded the no less terrible Cheka through which Lenine, Trotzky and their associates imposed their iron will in the years following the counter-revolution which hurled the Bolshevists into power. The glib Soviet propagandist is quick to tell the visitor these days that the Cheka and all it meant is gone. He does not say that the G. P. U. is precisely the same institution with another name. Its ruthless personnel, reeking prisons and iniquitous code remain the same. In short, this Soviet leopard has not changed its spots. When I say that the G. P. U. is charged with the task of rooting out private trade it means heaven help the object of its suspicions.

A Poster Issued in Russia After Lenine's Death

Doomed

So long as the new economic policy was in full swing the efforts of the G. P. U. were confined to political work almost entirely. Men and women charged with crimes against the state were given trials, and though the punishment meted out was severe, the prisoners at least had their day in court. When the ban was placed on capital the whole procedure changed. The day of railroading victims to death, exile and prison dawned again.

The principal prison of the G. P. U.—it houses a tribunal as well—is the Lubianka located in the center of Moscow on the Lubianka Square. It looks precisely like any ordinary office building. As a matter of fact, it was once the headquarters of an insurance company. In connection with it is a story not without its grim humor.

The room where sentence of death is passed was formerly the chamber in which the insurance directors met. In other and happier days some enterprising solicitor wrote on the wall: "Insure your life. It is the best policy." The inscription is still there and can be seen by everyone as he hears his doom pronounced.

So sinister are the associations of crime, torture and punishment with this building—it could tell tales that would make Nero and Alva blush—that people cross the street to avoid passing it. I never came within its shadow without a shiver. Its full mate as the sanctuary of sorrow is the Buturka, or Red Prison. I refer to these prisons because when the war on capital began they became the depositories of many of the victims.

The first objects of G. P. U. terror were the so-called Nepmen. They were the individuals who capitalized the opportunities offered by the new economic policy to the utmost. Though some were profiteers, the great majority were merely men a little more enterprising than their neighbors who committed the unpardonable crime of making money. They were immediately labeled enemies of the state and the hounding began. In the middle of the night husbands were torn from their wives and children, rushed off to the Lubianka, and sometimes within twenty-four hours were on the way to exile.

Instead of shunting these people to Siberia, a new resort was established. It is the famous monastery of Solovetski, an island in the White Sea. During the days of Holy Russia it was occupied by the most ascetic monks in the empire. When the Bolsheviks drove the religious of both sexes from their institutions, some of their houses were converted into prisons. Solovetski lends itself ideally as a place of exile, because for more than six months of the year it is ice-bound. The principal food is fish, which must be caught during the summer and salted down for winter consumption. During the first year of its new use the Bolsheviks forgot to supply the salt and hundreds of prisoners died of starvation.

So relentless was the campaign waged against the Nepmen—it is still under way—that in the first four months of the offensive, that is, up to June first, 3000 men were exiled to Solovetski without trial. The ferrets of the G. P. U. are everywhere. They go about the towns and seek to worm their way into the business and confidence of their victims. The sole idea behind the persecution is to get something on the man engaged in private trade.

The G. P. U. stops at no means to attain its ends. This applies to political as well as economic suspects. One of the favorite methods is to arrest people, especially young and delicate women of the old intelligentzia class, and compel them, under threat of death, to act as spies. Here is a story told me in Moscow which shows the G. P. U. way at its worst. In this specific instance the object was not to get the economic goods but to worm out the secrets of a certain foreign mission. The procedure, however, is common and has been employed in efforts to get private traders.

Coercion

The girl in the case was the daughter of a former wealthy merchant who lost both his life and his fortune after the Bolshevik counter-revolution. She had been educated abroad, spoke French and German fluently and was an accomplished musician. In order to support her aged mother, her sole surviving relative, she got a clerkship in the Commissariat of Agriculture. Her salary was insufficient, so she taught at a night school four times a week.

On one of her free evenings she was invited to a musicale at a foreign mission. It restored something of her old and vanished world and afforded her the first pleasure she had enjoyed since prerevolution days. Subsequently she was invited to dances at the mission.

Upon her return from these innocent pleasures one night she was arrested and taken to the Lubianka. After three days of solitary confinement, she was aroused at two o'clock in the morning and haled before a tribunal of five men, who accused her of being a conspirator against the government. When she was thoroughly terrified they proposed that she act as spy for the G. P. U. in the mission that she had been visiting. Her particular instructions were to steal documents out of the desk of the chief of the mission. In order to force compliance, her mother and her fiancé were arrested. She was given the alternative of their freedom as well as her own if she agreed, or confinement for all three if she refused. In these circumstances she acquiesced and performed the bidding of the tyrants. When she had succeeded in revealing some of the secrets of the mission she was compelled to

Continued on Page 145

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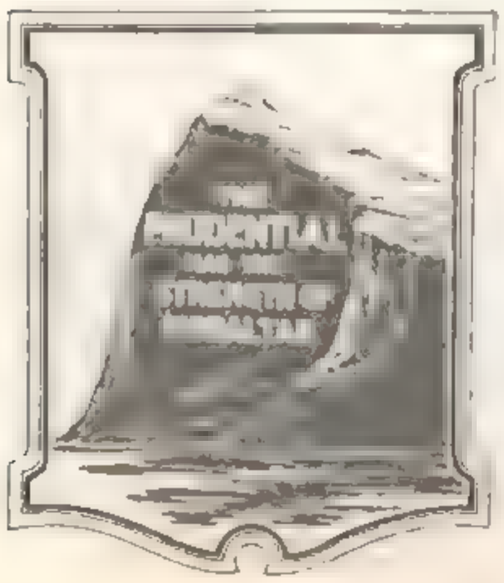

THE PRUDENTIAL
INSURANCE COMPANY OF AMERICA

EDWARD D. DUFFIELD, *President* Home Office, NEWARK, N. J.

(Continued from Page 143)

sign a document saying that she had voluntarily become a spy of the G. P. U. I have only to add that within six months the unfortunate girl died insane.

Less tragic, but illuminative of G. P. U. secret service work, is what happened to a man at the Hermitage, one of the leading restaurants of Moscow. During the heyday of the new economic policy it was the favorite resort of the profiteers and was owned by one of them. When the lid was clamped down on private trading the government took it over. By the time I reached Moscow in June it was a morgue, principally frequented by the few foreigners in the city. Except for high government officials, Russians kept away for fear of becoming suspects.

One night in July a retired shopkeeper was dining at the Hermitage with some friends. He felt a tap on his shoulder and looked around to find himself confronted by an agent of the G. P. U., who said, "You have dined here four times in the last nine days and on each occasion you had roast goose and champagne. If you come here again you will be arrested as a profiteer."

This little tale shows the check that the G. P. U. keeps on the movements of everybody. The incessant espionage has terrified the populace to the point where weary mothers who want to quiet squalling children say to them, "Watch out or the G. P. U. will get you."

By this time you will have realized that the path of the private merchant in Russia is not altogether a bed of roses. Furthermore, from the category of persecutions already enumerated you will have comprehended that devilish ingenuity has exhausted every device to harass and to destroy. But Bolshevik resource had one other trump card to play. It was the creation of a new crime called economic espionage, which made so-called counter-economic revolution possible. With the explanation of this procedure one of the most extraordinary chapters of contemporary Russian life is unfolded.

Two sections of the Bolshevik Criminal Code will show what economic espionage is. The first reads:

"Action in opposition to the normal activity of state institutions and undertakings, or in the using of them in a similar way for the purpose of damaging or destroying state industry, trade and transport, with the object foreseen by Article 57"—economic counter-revolution—"is punishable by death and confiscation of property. Where there are extenuating circumstances, punishment can be lowered to penal servitude, with strict isolation and confiscation of all property."

Shameful Treatment of Citizens

The Article 57 referred to is as follows:

"Counter-economic revolution is regarded as any action directed toward the overthrow, destruction or weakening of the power of the Workmen's and Peasants' Soviets and their government, which exists on the basis of the constitution; also acts in the direction of rendering assistance to that part of the international bourgeoisie which does not admit equal rights for the communistic system of government which is coming to replace capitalism; also endeavor to overthrow it by means of intervention, blockade, espionage, subsidizing of the press, and the like."

Reducing all this official phraseology to the simplest terms, it means that since all Russian industry is nationalized, any revelation of facts about it, not in the Soviet interest, is technically regarded as treason. Needless to say, the statutes are so construed as to give the government the widest possible latitude in invoking them. Any step, however unreasonable, is possible. The most innocent and therefore the most harmless letter or statement can immediately be interpreted as economic espionage and summarily dealt with. The private shopkeeper comprises only a small percentage of the victims.

One of the typical cases of alleged economic espionage was that of the engineer Jacobson. In April last he wrote a letter to the former British owners of the Atbassarsky Copper Mines in the Urals informing them that the output had declined and giving a general picture of conditions prevailing on the property. Like practically every other foreign-owned enterprise, this one had been taken over by the government and nationalized, which meant that it was considerably under par. In Russia there is not only a strict censorship of all telegrams and mail material sent out by journalists, but a close scrutiny is also kept on incoming and outgoing mail. Jacobson's letter fell into the hands of the G. P. U. He was promptly arrested and charged with economic espionage. After a brief trial at Omsk he was sentenced to be shot.

The prosecution was one of the first of the kind to become widely known. There was great indignation in England, where the pressure became so strong that Ramsay MacDonald made a request for clemency through the British Mission at Moscow. Despite the fact that the MacDonald government had recognized the Soviets, the request was ignored and the death penalty carried out.

Then, too, there was the instance of Professor Clair, a Swiss national who had lived in Russia for many years and who had one of the chairs of science at the University of Ekaterinburg. Before the counter-revolution which put the Bolsheviks into authority, a French syndicate exploited the platinum mines of the Urals. With the inauguration of the new economic policy, and the attendant rebirth of concessions to aliens, the original owners sought the right to resume operations in the mines. Professor Clair was known to some of the French proprietors and he wrote them a letter about the status of the Ural platinum output. This came under the notice of the G. P. U. Clair was arrested and sentenced to be shot. In consideration of his advanced age—he was seventy the sentence was commuted to ten years' imprisonment in strict isolation.

Victims of the Terror

Another case was that of two engineers, Guliakoff and Baltaitis, who were employed in the Kandievsky coal mines in the Donetz Basin. They were charged with furnishing information about the state of the Dnieper South-Russian Company to the former Polish owners through the medium of the Polish commercial attaché in the Ukraine, and receiving compensation for it. Guliakoff was further accused of sabotage and of purposely reducing the output of the mines. The extreme penalty was imposed, but "in view of the stability and strength of the Soviet Government," the sentence was commuted to ten years' solitary imprisonment. Baltaitis got seven years' imprisonment with confiscation of all his property.

The court records of Khiva reveal still another example. Two former government officials—Nurulaeff and Kanieff—were shot after a trial lasting twenty-four days. Among the "crimes" which they were alleged to have committed was the "fostering of private trade" and "favoring private traders." A third indictment charged that they had restored confiscated cotton to the rightful owners in Bokhara.

A trial which attracted wide attention throughout Russia was that of Nicholas Kalinin and Theodore Tshardyntzeff, who had been associated with the State Textile Trust—the largest in all the Soviet domain—and who were charged, among other things, with combating state capitalism through the "encouragement of private enterprise" and giving information secretly to former owners of Russian textile factories now abroad. Both were sentenced to death and the verdict of the court was carried out.

Two particularly aggravated cases were brought to my attention at Leningrad, which is the old Petrograd. The first involved a well-known German merchant named Tomleh, who had one of the largest trading concessions held by any alien in Russia. One day in May he was seized and cast into jail. The feature of his case was that no charges were preferred against him. It was only after rigorous protest by the German ambassador at Moscow that he was allowed to see the German consul. At the time of my visit to Leningrad in July the only available data about the case was that Tomleh was suspected of having sent information to Germany about the decline in the timber output.

The second was more tragic. It serves to expose another one of the flimsy reasons on which men are tried on the charge of economic espionage. Here the victim was the Russian professor Raffavolitch. He had spent much time in England and made many visits to the British consul in Leningrad. Cut off from old alien associations, these calls gave him the opportunity to converse in English and keep in touch with

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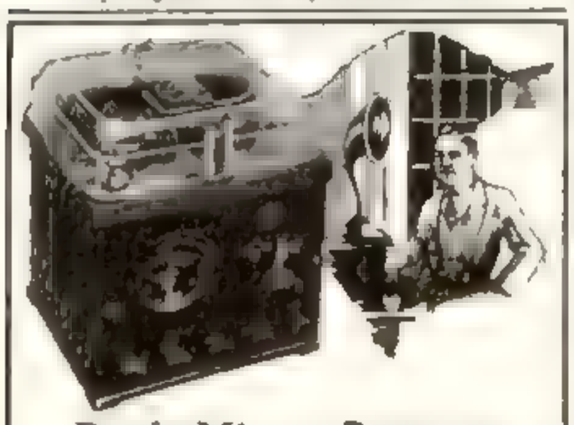

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friends overseas. A week before I arrived he was arrested without charges. Three days later he committed suicide by hanging in his cell.

From all I could gather, the only crime that this man had committed was to frequent an alien consulate. Frequently the most casual contact with a foreigner spells disaster for a Russian. He is deemed guilty of espionage before he has a chance to prove his innocence.

This leads me to an interesting state of affairs that prevails in Moscow. Every Russian who visits a foreign embassy, legation or mission immediately becomes a suspect. More than one of them has been arrested and charged with imparting information. Evidence is seldom needed to land a man behind the bars. Even foreigners who go to the missions are under surveillance. I was watched every time I went to the British Mission.

So incessant is this espionage that R. M. Hodgson, the British chargé d'affaires at Moscow, made a formal protest to the Soviet Foreign Office. His movements as well as those of his staff are closely watched. The names of all who come and go are registered with the authorities. After my departure, Hodgson's confidential diary was stolen from his bedroom. This campaign merely conforms with the weird Bolshevik mentality. Where there is no ground for suspicion a charge is trumped up.

For the concluding example of the persecution that goes on under the camouflage of economic espionage—I could greatly prolong the list—I have reserved the one which has peculiar interest for Americans. It deals with the hounding of the former Russian employes of the American Relief Administration, which, as everybody knows, literally saved millions of lives during the famine of 1921. It is just another evidence of the peculiar state of mind—I am using the most charitable phrase—which has followed our philanthropy in many parts of the world. In Soviet Russia ingratitude is linked with merciless reprisal for fancied crimes.

As the approach to this incident, let me reproduce an extract from the Izvestia of Moscow, one of the two leading Russian daily newspapers. To understand it you must know two things. One is that following the general habit of contracting the names of companies and institutions by using the first letters or syllables only, the American Relief Administration is always referred to as ARA. The other is that whenever possible the ARA employed former members of the intelligentzia on its Russian staff. They were the most capable assistants available.

The newspaper extract to which I have referred is as follows:

"The ARA in White Russia was largely engaged in charity work. It not only forwarded food parcels for which the American *émigrés* paid but also provided needy persons with free parcels. But to the needy persons the ARA applied a strict selection. It gave the free parcels mainly to the intelligentzia. Not much was demanded by the ARA for these gifts. All they wanted was letters of thanks, which they afterward published in the American press."

Famine Not Unlikely

"But sometimes the ARA demanded more. The former Rumiantsev"—she is a woman, but the prefixes Mr. and Mrs. are never used according to Bolshevik etiquette—"held a responsible post in the White Russian section of the ARA. She had charge of the distribution of parcels for a certain district. Rumiantsev, who was a former landowner, offered the scientist Katsaurov, employed in the People's Commissariat of Agriculture, a free food parcel in exchange for information on the economic situation in White Russia. Katsaurov, a decrepit old man with trembling hands, was tempted and fell. He made for his benefactor the ARA a detailed report of how much timber had been cut in White Russia, the progress of stock breeding and other valuable data. For all this work he received one free food parcel."

It followed that when American almsgiving ended, and soon after economic espionage had been written into the statute books, Rumiantsev and Katsaurov were arrested and brought before the supreme court of White Russia.

In court she declared, "Although I belong to a class which is hostile to the proletariat, I now sympathize with the Soviet Government."

In an economic espionage trial the strongest possible provocation for alleged offense avails nothing. Madame Rumiantsev was sentenced to ten years' imprisonment in strict isolation and Katsaurov to five.

This episode discloses the common Bolshevik attitude toward benevolence. Almost invariably when I mentioned the great work of the American Relief Administration to a Communist he shrugged his shoulders and said, "They got value received." When I pressed for an explanation, the usual answer was, "Most of its agents were spies for American business interests." Needless to say, every representative of Mr. Hoover's organization had specific instructions to keep hands off anything relating to trade.

In view of these facts you naturally wonder whence will come the relief during the next Russian famine, and one is not unlikely this winter because of the certain crop shortage. The only nation capable of responding to a call for help is America. It is doubtful if it will expose itself again to the rebuffs its kindness has received.

Outwitted by the Victim

The campaign waged under the economic-espionage statute rounds out the general offensive against capital. Every agency that could possibly make for enterprise and progress has been alienated or terrified. It only remains to appraise the consequences of this organized and sometimes inhuman folly.

First and foremost comes the decline in the actual number of private retail shops. The decrease of 8000 applications for store patents in the Moscow district is a hint of what is going on throughout the country. It takes a brave man to launch a private retail enterprise these days. Instead of capitalizing his initiative, skill or experience, he is compelled to get a job if he can. Why does he not leave the country and start elsewhere? For the simple reason that it is impossible for a Russian subject to get a passport to leave Russia except on a government mission. The authorities know that once a disgruntled native gets outside he becomes an open and active enemy.

Occasionally the victims get even, as this story shows. When the Bolsheviks came into power a certain well-known Russian financier was conducting a large and successful private bank at Petrograd, with branches at Moscow, Kieff and elsewhere. When the blow fell he had about 3,000,000 gold rubles in cash on hand. This was promptly seized by the government.

The banker was shrewd and farsighted. He at once declared himself an adherent of Bolshevism and became to all intents and purposes an enthusiastic Communist. He performed various difficult missions with skill and in time was attached to the propaganda section of the Foreign Office. Last year he was given in cash or the equivalent what amounted to 2,000,000 gold rubles for propaganda work in the Orient. When he got to Shanghai he sent the following message to the Foreign Office:

"The Soviet Government robbed me of 3,000,000 rubles. The 2,000,000 rubles that you gave me for propaganda is only two-thirds of the amount due me, but I will call it square."

This episode occurred before the Soviet recognition of China, when there was no comeback. The present whereabouts of the banker is not known, but it is safe to assume that he is one of the few who has the financial laugh on Moscow.

The suppression of the private merchant has been followed by one kind of retaliation that the government did not foresee. Every shopkeeper who had piled up a cash reserve has literally buried his money in the ground, where it is immune from the sleuths of the G. P. U. The result was that by last July there was an actual scarcity of currency, and especially the new paper medium of exchange which is called the chervonetz. It is worth five dollars. In consequence the government had to issue 100,000,000 new gold rubles, practically without any gold or platinum covering. If the war on capital continues and the crop shortage becomes acute, the stabilization of the ruble will be seriously affected, particularly if the grain exports are curtailed.

The campaign against capital indicates a swing back to communism and with it another attempt at the self-contained communism which marked the earlier period of rule. This, in turn, means that alien money, already shy of consorting with Soviet vagary, will stay out altogether. Regardless of Bolshevik assurance, national industry is unable to advance without foreign help, both financial and technical. What progress has been achieved must halt. In fact the retrogression has begun.

Although the agricultural output for 1924, even at best, will be considerably below normal, which means higher prices, the discrepancy—it has been called a catastrophic disparity—between agricultural and industrial prices continues. This spread forms the famous Trotzky scissors.

Appraising Russian industry as a whole, you find that on July first it was exactly 45 per cent of the prewar output. Wages are 67 per cent, while the cost of living is from four to five times what prevailed in 1913. There is a deficit of 400,000,000 gold rubles in the budget. Considerably more than 1,000,000 trained workers are out of employment. Yet the new economic policy, which would have speeded up endeavor all around, is being strangled.

In order to cover up the ravages brought about by the war on capital, as well as other destructive Soviet agencies, Moscow has been made the shop window of the country. What civic and other polishing has been done is concentrated there. Fairs and congresses are being held almost constantly, and the peasants are compelled to attend under the chaperonage of their local soviets. Such private stores as remain are pointed out as evidences of continued economic toleration. The street illumination, sidewalks, highways, parks and public buildings are all part of the exhibit.

Despite the horde of beggars and the squalor, the foreigner who only visits Moscow gets the impression that perhaps things are improving a little. Let him go to any other big city, such as Leningrad, for example, and he will find the place abandoned to its fate. Ruin vies with human misery amid the wreck of what once sheltered activity and animation. Bolshevism and blight are the same things.

Capital Fattened for Killing

In the first article of this series I pointed out that the Soviet mentality and inconsistency are synonymous. Nowhere is there stronger evidence than in the oral government attitude toward the capitalism that restored some degree of prosperity and which is now marked for death. When I asked Krassin, the People's Commissar for Foreign Trade, why war was being waged against private trade, he said:

"I distinguish between what is known as NEP and the new economic policy. NEP is the recrudescence of capitalism and we are against it. The new economic policy is an actual piece of Leninism and is the only means of introducing socialism in a country of small producers. This we favor."

When I requested him to make this more concrete he added that he had expressed his views as well as those of the government, and that they told the whole story. These fine distinctions are just so many words. The warfare that I have outlined hardly shows sympathy with the efforts made to develop private trade.

Another manifestation of this inconsistency is that Soviet orators are constantly dwelling on the value of the new economic policy as laid down by Lenine. When Rykoff, who succeeded Lenine as premier, addressed the Thirteenth Communist Congress of May twenty-ninth last he said:

"How can one speak of the end of a new economic policy when our teachers are starving; when there are only about 40 per cent of men working in the industries; when more than half of the villages have no trading stores, private or otherwise; when there are considerably more than 1,000,000 unemployed in the cities, and when we have a deficit of 400,000,000 rubles in the budget?"

In the end you find that it is not what these gentry say but what they do that counts. We can only measure undertakings by results. Fear and terror have gripped the heart of private enterprise. Unless the present warfare is halted it faces almost complete extinction.

There can be no real progress in Russia until the constructive forces of the nation are liberated; no large economic betterment, as someone has well said, "without a complete reorganization of economic life on the basis of free endeavor and initiative."

Meanwhile capital is like a goose fattened for a feast. The meal is on.

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of articles by Mr. Marcosson dealing with Russia. The next will be devoted to Soviet finance.

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The one course he couldn't pass

AND he was a brilliant fellow; good-looking; likeable personality; fine family. Yet here he had gone almost through his junior year at the university and every fraternity had passed him by.

It was the big disappointment of his college life—and a sad puzzle to him.

* * * * *

You, yourself, rarely know when you have halitosis (unpleasant breath). That's the insidious thing about it. And even your closest friends won't tell you

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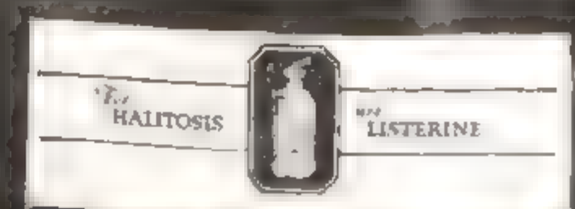


THE UNHAPPY END

(Continued from Page 17)

"She's cleverly disguised as an invited guest, Mitch, so you'd better call her Miss White two or three times and work up gradually to Nadine."

Nadine! The music of it sang in Bassett's ears. No other name could possibly have suited her. He heard himself asking her stupidly how she liked the Kartchay and listened to her assurance that it was per-fect-ly won-der-ful. He liked the way she spaced her syllables, and her voice, too, was pitched creamily low—a round, smooth voice that somehow harmonized with the soft curves of cheek and throat and shoulder. Nadine ——

Hyman Mintz had resumed a discourse interrupted by Bassett's arrival. He was relating, with beautiful irony, a speech he had helped his employer—Cal Stark, of the Greater Binchester Realty Corp.—to prepare for the Get Together Banquet of the Bigger Binchester Boosters.

"Had all I could do to keep a straight face and load in the adjectives. Kept thinking of a line I heard somewhere: 'Perhaps we're just tubercle baculli, festering in the lungs of the universe!' It'd be fun to write Cal Stark's speech that way: 'Fellow bacilli, I'm here tonight to tell you that Binchester's the garden spot of the whole left lobe, the grandest, livest, fastest-growing little old tubercle south of the bronchial tube, and all it needs is a long boost, a strong boost and a boost all together to make it the biggest as well as the best!'"

There was a shout of approving mirth. The girl at Mitchell Bassett's side addressed him under cover of the dwindling ripple:

"Do you write, Mr. Bassett?"

He perceived that she was intelligently interested in something better than Hyman Mintz's chatter.

"I try to."

Miss White had never heard of anything so perfectly thrilling. The reverential roundness of her eyes as she admitted this moved him to enlargement on the theme.

"I'm afraid it can't be done in a town like this. I thought it could. You see my people live here, and they were so keen on my coming back when I finished college that I gave in. It was a mistake, I see now. One of these days I'll have to get out."

Miss White's eyes seemed to regret this. Aware of a new distaste of his own for the prospect, he advanced reasons.

"A man can't write the truth unless he sees it. If you want to deal with the big realities—hunger and dirt and lust and disease and death, I mean—you've got to look for them away from such—such middle-class paradises as this."

Miss White's expression seemed to imply a question and, again, regret.

"I mean that nothing here is real—not in the big sense of the word. It's all pinchbeck, sham, spurious." The final adjective left a savor on his tongue and he repeated it lovingly: "There's nothing here but a cheap counterfeit of aristocracy, as silly and false as—as a Roland Arthur Simpson story in The Hemisphere. Put something over on somebody, buy a car, bigger and shinier than your neighbor's, marry Mamie in the last chapter and live happy ever after—that's Binchester! No, if I'm ever going to do anything big I'll have to get out."

He realized that he uttered this with an unmistakable note of gloom; that he was, indeed, sorry for himself in the voluntary exile he professed.

"I suppose you couldn't write about—about them, could you—the middle class, I mean?"

Miss White's voice and look held, he perceived, a timid wistfulness, which for some reason made it impossible to treat her suggestion with the amused contempt it deserved. Write about these people—about Harper G. Silsby and Cal Stark, about the Bigger Binchester Boosters! He smiled sadly, wagging his head. Miss White's eyes became meditative. He felt a sense of slow, acquiescent submersion in blue profundities, like drowning, he thought, in a clear pool of sky.

"People do write about them," she insisted. "There's a story in this month's Hemisphere ——"

"In every month's!" He waved a dismissing hand. "It's crammed with cheap lies about these mud-minded animals and the flat, dead materialism that's all their god. It glorifies them as if they were real people, really living."

"But aren't they?" He observed with æsthetic pleasure a faintly deepening color in the softness of the cheeks, the clearer revelation of a small pointed chin. "Aren't they just as real as anybody else? If it's possible to write lies about them, isn't it just as possible—easier, even—to write the truth?"

"You don't under——" The word broke in two on his lip. He straightened, stiffened, feeling his breath go deep. "You—you've let in the light!" He heard himself whispering the words reverentially. "I never saw it—never guessed what it was that made me come back here, made me put in these years in Silsby's office. It must have been there, all the time, just under the surface of my subconscious, motivating me dead against all my other complexes, but you've let me see it. The truth about these mud-heads, all of it and nothing else, as I've found it out by these years of living with them. It's—it's epic; it's a canvas as big as the planet and it's all mine. And you—you've given it to me!"

Even in the submerging flood of his gratitude something arrested the movement of his hands before they touched her. The fine contempt of the Kartchay Club toward all restraint of convention, of course, tolerated publicity in the matter of such gestures. Indeed, Mitchell Bassett had sometimes felt that they were almost necessary to a decent manifestation of spiritual freedom, and he was at this moment intuitively aware that Charlie Fish had placed one arm about the unprisoned and generous torso of Amy Schwenkfelder rather in demonstration of this defiance than in response to any imperative urge or complex. He was puzzled therefore to discover that the yearning of his hands for contact with those of Nadine White was inhibited by a stronger complex which disapproved, suddenly and violently, of the atmosphere and color of the Quartier.

"Let's get out of this—you and me," he said huskily. "I want to go somewhere and talk, where we can think. I want to breathe."

Miss White rose with a stimulating alacrity. There were protests, witticisms. Hyman Mintz's fearlessness in respect of speech gave utterance to an innuendo which mysteriously tightened the skin at the base of Mitchell Bassett's skull, so that he seemed to feel the short red hairs above his collar stiffen and stand up.

"You'll get your dirty mouth smashed shut one of these days."

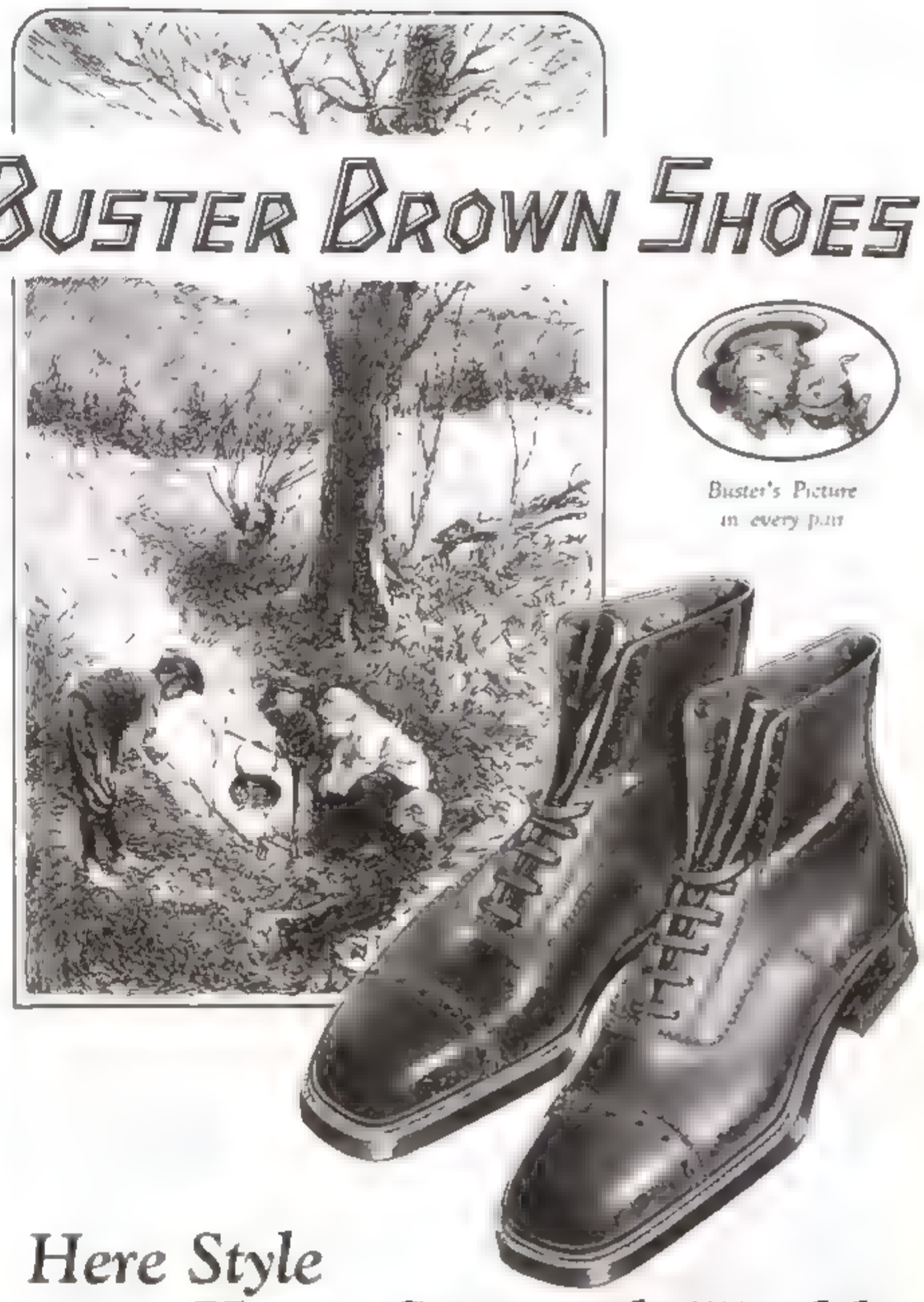
The words and the gritting voice that uttered them sounded strange in his ears as he turned away. He was dimly puzzled, too, by a sense of triumph that followed him down the stairs, as if he had found an extraordinarily happy repartee. The thickness of his arms seemed to have sensibly increased, and the width and straightness of his shoulders. His right hand had folded itself into a fist of agreeable weight.

"Let's walk," he said abruptly as they reached the sidewalk. "It's a fine night."

"Per-fect-ly lovely," agreed Miss White. "Let's."

Speech came fluently to him as they turned from the Best-Lighted Business Street This Side of Buffalo and felt the cool wet breath of the stream drifting in through the friendlier shadows of Indiana Avenue.

"It's all ready to write. I must have been working it out in my subconscious all this time. I've been living it. Listen; it's the life story of one of these go-getters—fellow like Harper G. Silsby, you know—right out of the middle of the middle class, desperately set on getting ahead in the world, with all the regular middle-class inhibitions and urges. He'll be poor to start with, of course, and he'll make money—mint his life into it. He'll marry a mate, a woman bound to all the horrible little hungers and ambitions of her kind. They'll succeed; they'll climb into the hell of success along with all the rest of their sort; they'll get old and die, wondering why they don't feel the way they thought they would, but never guessing what's the matter with them. They'll have children and wonder why they aren't little aristocrats and grumble because they aren't go-getters. That's about it—all against this Binchester background—boom and boost and brag, money and speed and noise and smoke. Do you see the beautiful simplicity of the thing? It's giving them their happy ending, full measure, running over, and letting 'em see



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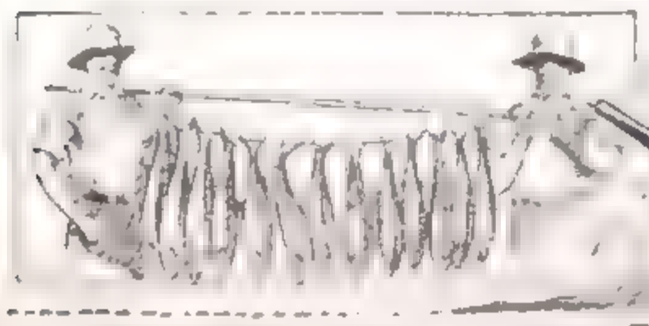

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what it's made of, banging it into their heads that it's grim, bleak tragedy. See?"

Miss White was heard to murmur affirmatively and to add in an awed whisper that it was too won-der-ful! Thus inspirited, Mitchell Bassett plunged blithely into details, only remotely conscious of deliberate progress past closed shops and along sidewalks blotted with thick shadows of horse-chestnut trees, past houses where there were lights and voices, the sounds of phonographs and pianos. He was still in mid-current, borne effortlessly on the stream of his eloquence, when they paused before one of these houses.

"Won't you come in? It's awfully early."

Hardly conscious of the interruption, Bassett nodded a careless acquiescence. Still joyously vocal, he pursued a broad walk of flagstones that traversed a lawn of smooth turf and ordered flower beds. He was distracted from his theme only when he stood under tall white columns and felt rather than saw the formidable loom of the house behind them. Tardily now, in a kind of panic, he strove to orient himself by vague memories of half-noticed turns and crossings, confronting a dismaying certainty that his first wild guess had been impossibly accurate, that this was indeed Alf White's house, that Nadine must be own daughter to the Binchester Street Railroad, the Farmers National, The Binchester Bugle.

He found himself in the wide hall, fumbling with his hat brim, nervously aware of an accusing sense of trespass. A round thick-necked man came to the arched doorway, a newspaper dangling from his hand, his face indubitably the original of the newspaper half tones, the countenance that inspired the clumsy caricatures in the opposition sheet. He shook hands with Bassett amiably enough. Nadine enlightened him excitedly.

"I've had the most thrilling time. Paula Spofford took me to the most fas-ci-nating club—all writers and artists like Mr. Bassett. He's writing a book, papa."

It seemed to Bassett that Alfred White became suddenly less rotund. The eyes that had been almost stupidly good-natured surveyed him now with a forbidding attention.

"You don't tell me," said a voice wholly unlike that in which he had been assured that Mr. White was glad to meet him. "Didn't know we had any geniuses in Binchester."

"Well, we just have!" Nadine was unshakably positive. "Mr. Bassett's writing the most per-fectly won-derful book I ever heard of in all my life! He's been telling me all about it."

"You don't say!" Mr. White extended his hand toward Bassett in a gesture identical with that in which their acquaintance had been sealed, and yet, Bassett felt, remarkably dissimilar to the casual cordiality of that earlier affair. "Much obliged to you for seeing my girl safely home, Bassett. Hope I'll see you again sometime."

Bassett retreated to the door, divided between relief and resentment. He had yearned for escape until it was thus thrust upon him, but now he felt a poignant quiver vibrate through his nerves as Nadine's hand touched his and Nadine's voice demanded his promise to be sure to come soon and tell her how the story would come out in the end. She could hardly wait for this enlightenment, she alleged. Bassett gave the promise, infusing into his tone a note of defiance that seemed to reach over Nadine's shoulder to the ear of Alfred White. His glance, too, met and engaged that of Nadine's father.

"As good as ordered me off the place!" He addressed himself between his teeth as he stumbled on the flags. "I'll show him!"

Again the creative urge possessed him, but now as he envisioned the pages of the book he seemed to see Nadine beyond them, to know that the two were intricately involved one with the other. The story unrolled before him, so that he seemed almost to read it to read it in a soft luminance that radiated from Nadine's face.

Momma had left a thrifty spark of gaslight in the sitting room, with a plate of gingerbread and a bottle of milk. These consumed, Mitchell Bassett extinguished the light and soundlessly mounted the stairs. A slant of moonlight lay on the faded carpet beside his bed. It drew him to the window and lifted his face to the pallid brilliance of its source, kindling in him an exquisitely anguished beatitude. A marvelous thought swam in upon him: Perhaps, over on the Parsway, Nadine stood at her window and gazed up, too, at this intimate moon!

He knew infallibly that it would be a big book; a voice seeming to come from within himself, and yet to hold the certitude and authority of all the world's surest opinion, assured him of this. They'd see—these go-getters, with their big cars and their new houses in Fairview Park Gardens Estates, their saturnalia at the country club! They'd find out, sooner than they dreamed, their own worth and that of Mitchell Bassett!

He lighted the gas and laid out a liberal provision of paper. The window drew him again; he spoke softly to the moon.

"Good night, Nadine. We'll show 'em!"

II

PERSISTENTLY, in spite of Nadine's rapt reiterations of applauding subdivided adjectives, Mitchell Bassett felt a mental reservation on her part. Listening to his author's reading of the opening chapters of The Tubercle unquestionably thrilled Nadine, as she repeatedly averred, but not, he was intuitively certain, per-fectly. And he was possessed, as always, by the artist's passion for perfection in all things, not only in achievement but in understanding, even in applause.

"Well," he said almost sharply, "say it! What don't you like about it? I know there's something ——"

Nadine endeavored unsuccessfully to deceive him. Driven to a corner by his ruthless interrogation, she presently made timid confession.

"Of course it's just my silly prejudice, but—but I don't like the name. I"—she found a sudden boldness—"I think it's a shame to name such a per-fect-ly love-ly story after—after a horrid disease!"

Bassett was shocked. This was to verge on blasphemy.

"But—but, Nadine, don't you see that it's the whole point of the book—all these infinitesimal human microbes swarming furiously about their microcosm?"

"I don't care. I think it's just a shame! It's such a splen-did story and the name's just—just dis-gusting!"

Mitchell Bassett stood aghast before an alternative really unthinkable. Either he had been wrong in his estimate of Nadine or else he had been wrong in his choice of a name. He forced himself to face this impasse courageously. Incredibly, he had been wrong. It remained therefore to identify the error and repair it. If he had been wrong about Nadine—he shrank from even the conditional mood. He must have been wrong after all about the name. He lifted the sheaf of typed pages. The Tubercle—yes, now that Nadine had mentioned it, there was something discordant in the suggestion it conveyed. His eyes drifted down the page. Words leaped at him, the phrase that Harper G. Silsby loved to use as a synonym for Binchester. He drew in his breath slowly, reverently.

"Why, of course! Nadine, you've kept me from making a hideous mistake. If you hadn't told me I might never have noticed it. Of course you're right! There's nothing satirical about that name. It's as downright as—as a club. It destroys all the fine, thin-edged irony of the book. And I've got the right name too. I'll call it God's Country!"

"Oh!" Nadine's eyes seemed to melt. "Oh, Mitchell! What a per-fectly wonder-ful name!"

"God's Country!" His pencil stabbed at the paper as he made the change. "That'll prick right through their horny hides. We'll show 'em, Nadine!"

"I just know it!"

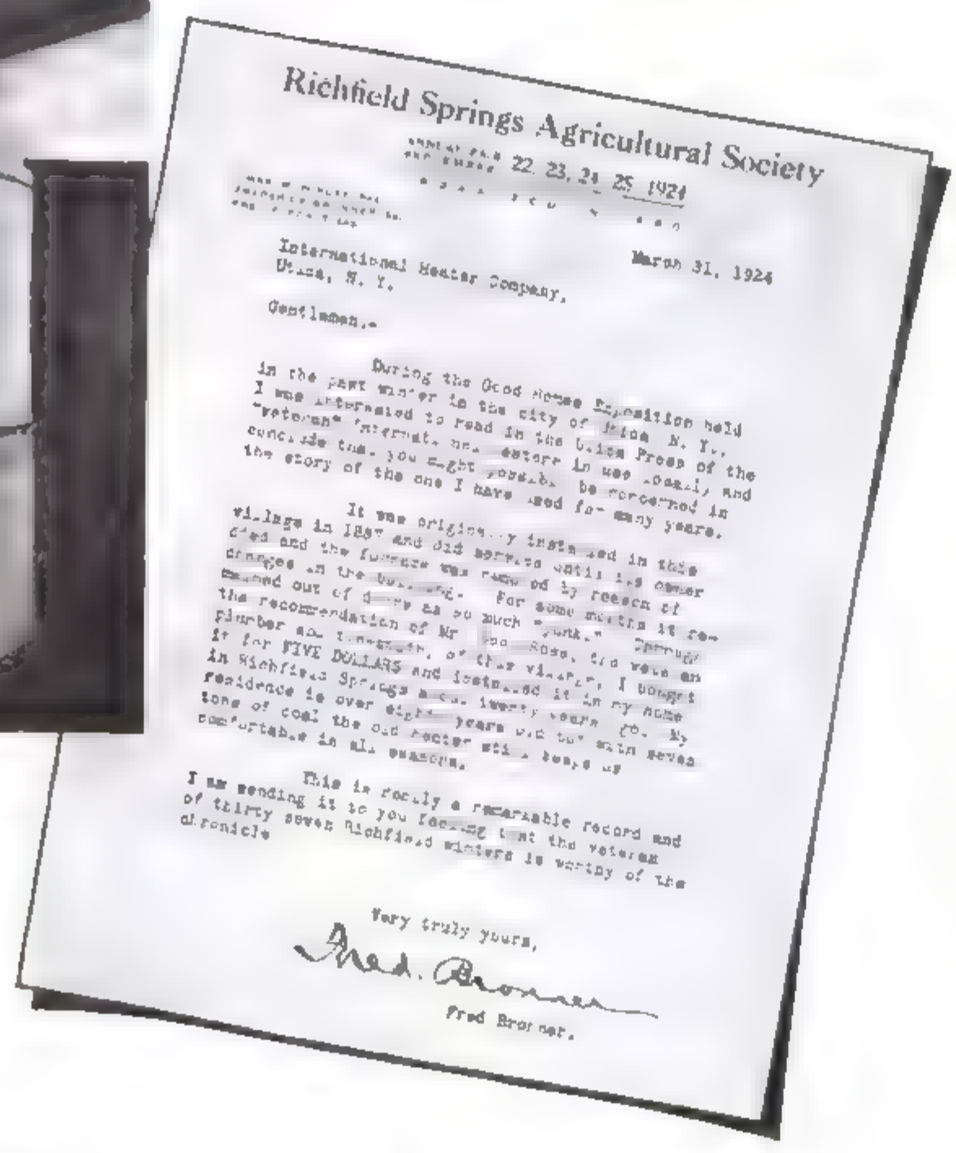
He felt, below the heat of her tone, an indignation that seemed to imply some inaudible, dissenting voice. The impression of a skeptical presence in the room was so strong that he looked up, half expecting to find unsympathetic eyes upon him. Instead, more hateful than any personal intrusion, he saw a copy of The Hemisphere, open and reversed, under the reading lamp. His face hardened.

"I could feel that thing in the air," he said bitterly. "How did it get in here, Nadine? You don't mean to tell me that you ——"

He perceived a miraculously delicate deepening of the flush in Nadine's cheek. A terrible suspicion seemed to lay a cold hand on his heart. If Nadine ——

"I got it to show papa," she whispered. "He—he's so funny. I mean, he has such silly notions sometimes. He thinks that—that writers all live in garrets and—and all

(Continued on Page 153)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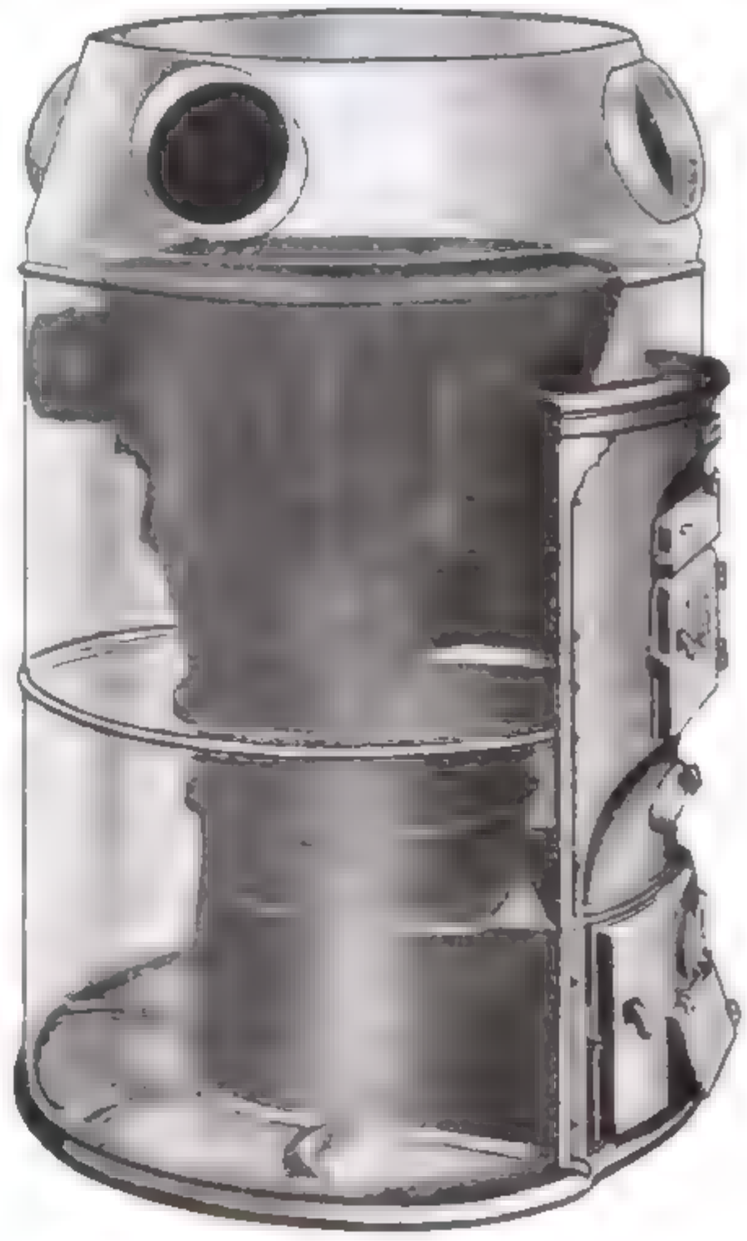

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AUTO LITE

(Continued from Page 150)

that sort of thing. So when I saw this over at Bessie Gibson's I just brought it home to prove ——"

She lifted the magazine, reversed it, exhibited a full-page half tone of an impressive house before which, in beautiful knickerbockers, a cheerfully plump gentleman stood between couchant Airedales.

"Roland Arthur Simpson," ran the legend, "caught by the camera in front of his charming country house, with the thoroughbred terriers that are his inseparable chums."

"Huh!" Mitchell Bassett wagged his head. "Airedales! Wouldn't you know he'd choose 'em? Get the beautiful appropriateness of it, Nadine. It's just poetic! A middle-class idol, with the one breed of dog that's almost as middle-class as he is! Fifty years ago there wasn't such a thing as an Airedale. It's a new-rich mongrel, a canine parvenu, the perfect symbol of everything this fellow Simpson writes and is and has and stands for."

"I've always wanted a big, noble-looking dog," said Nadine. "If I ever have a place all my very own I'm going to get ——"

"An Irish wolfhound," said Mitchell Bassett positively, "a dog with two thousand years of aristocracy behind him."

"I think it's pos-i-tively uncanny the way we always like the same things," breathed Nadine. "Just think of our wanting the very same kind of dog!"

"We've got more in common than that," said Bassett. The conversation had wandered much too far from the manuscript in in his hands. "This"—he lifted the pages—"this community of interest is what really matters, Nadine."

"I can hardly wait till it's finished." Nadine clasped her hands. "Then I guess they'll find out whether ——" She paused abruptly. For the first time Mitchell Bassett detected a resemblance to her father in the contour of her chin. "I guess they'll see, all right," she finished.

"Who?" Bassett needed no enlightenment. He knew well enough what Alfred White thought about him. He was almost sorry for Nadine's mother, to whom manifestly he threatened a social catastrophe even more dismal than the economic disaster he suggested to her husband. It was remarkable that such people should have a daughter like Nadine. He thought of farmyard fowls, aghast before the spectacle of progeny that winged in high airs, dared deep waters.

"Oh, everybody!" Nadine scowled. "I just hated Bessie Gibson today. To hear her talk about that Lew Drayton and the house he's building in Fairview Park, and the dinky little Durham Four-a-dora sedanette he's going to give her for a wedding present!"

"They can't fly very high, even in their dreams," said Bassett, with gentle compassion. "An eight-room cottage and a thousand-dollar car and Fairview Park is paradise enow! It's rather pitiful, isn't it?"

"It's just sickening," declared Nadine. "Talking as if—as if she was sorry for me. I mean, as if she was sorry for anybody that went in for real art instead of selling life insurance like Lew Drayton!"

She reminded Bassett again of the formidable Alfred White.

"You've just got to show 'em all," she said. "You've got to!"

Mitchell Bassett leaned toward her.

"You mean you want me to, Nadine? You mean that—that it matters to you?"

"Sil-ly!" Nadine's voice was like melted silver. "Of course it matters!"

He filled his lungs amply, groping for a decently forcible phrase. The battle cry of Cal Stark presented itself invitingly.

"You just watch my smoke!" said Mitchell Bassett.

III

NADINE watching, something like smoke ensued. Mitchell Bassett lived and wrote in a fine fury of creative passion, so that the words seemed sometimes to transfer themselves to paper without his volition or control; so that there were nights when he sat at his desk almost a spectator, while Binchester sprawled untidily out over the flatlands and low hills along the river, and against the noisy, restless turmoil of this background the characters moved and clashed and hungered as if they were living beings unamenable to Mitchell Bassett's will.

He knew a high ecstasy throughout those long night watches as the sentences streamed from his pencil and he found them good. The afterglow of these awe-struck, reverent moments sustained him through the sordid labor of his days, enabled him to listen to Harper Silsby's earth-witted admonition and rebuke with secret tolerant amusement, making shrewd mental note of useful phrases that presently gave life and color to the manuscript. He was upborne, too, by this same inner reassurance when he encountered other visitors at Nadine's—young men who patently enjoyed Alfred White's approval, who could discuss local investments with him, who talked in magnificent sums and seemed hardly aware of Mitchell Bassett's inconsiderable presence; other visitors of very different sort, the sons and grandsons of earlier go-getters, home from colleges, sleek haired, enviably arrayed, profoundly versed in matters theatrical and sportive.

Mitchell Bassett placidly transferred them to his pages. Whatever bitterness they engendered in him served only to refine and edge the gentle malice of his satire. He would outsit them patiently, and when they had gone, and he had read Nadine the latest chapter, would comment on them; at first with mordant brilliancy, but, as he came to know them better, with a deepening tolerance upon which at last Nadine remarked.

"You're getting to like the crowd, Mitchell, aren't you?"

He was startled, on the brink of denial, by the discovery that he didn't dislike them so definitely as at the beginning; that he did, in fact, derive an unmistakable satisfaction from his acquaintance with some of them, at least; with young Lonnie Dexter, addicted to golf and dancing and profoundly ignorant of the art of Meyer Windisch; with the substantial Bill Fraser, passionately vocal on the topic of wholesale hardware. Analyzing this baffling complex, he reached a reassuring explanation.

"In a sense, yes," he admitted. "They're so—so beautifully middle-class. They're such perfect specimens of their type that I keep feeling as if I'd written them."

The same hypothesis accounted for the pleasure he discovered in his presence, a duly invited spectator, at the ceremonies and revelry with which Bessie Gibson became Mrs. Lew Drayton. Undeniably, he provided himself on this occasion with photographically accurate background for the wedding in Chapter XII; but he was aware uneasily of a sense of achievement that was inexplicably independent of literature, of a feeling remotely similar to that with which momma regarded the invitation when he tossed it across the supper table, and with which she read aloud to poppa the list of the guests as given in the Bugle, pausing to draw breath for emphasis on that of Mitchell Bassett.

Later, when Lew and Bessie had returned from their extended trip to Washington and were intimately at home in the new house in Fairview Park Gardens Estates, Mitchell Bassett enjoyed his occasional glimpse of their bourgeois domesticity. Bessie asked him rather often to make a fourth, with Nadine, at jolly little dinners cooked principally on the electric chafing dish which had been the wedding gift of Joe Brunner, of the Binchester Electrical Supply Company. Nadine was thoughtful on their homeward walks after these occasions.

"Bessie makes me so fu-rious," she told Bassett after a party at which he had felt curiously envious of Lew and Bessie. "Acting as if it was so per-fect-ly won-der-ful to be married to that old Lew Drayton and have a tiny little house in Fairview Park!"

"It probably seems pretty wonderful to them," said Bassett indulgently. "They're having the regular middle-class happy ending. It satisfies 'em. That's the tragedy of it, Nadine—that they're happy, that they don't even know ——"

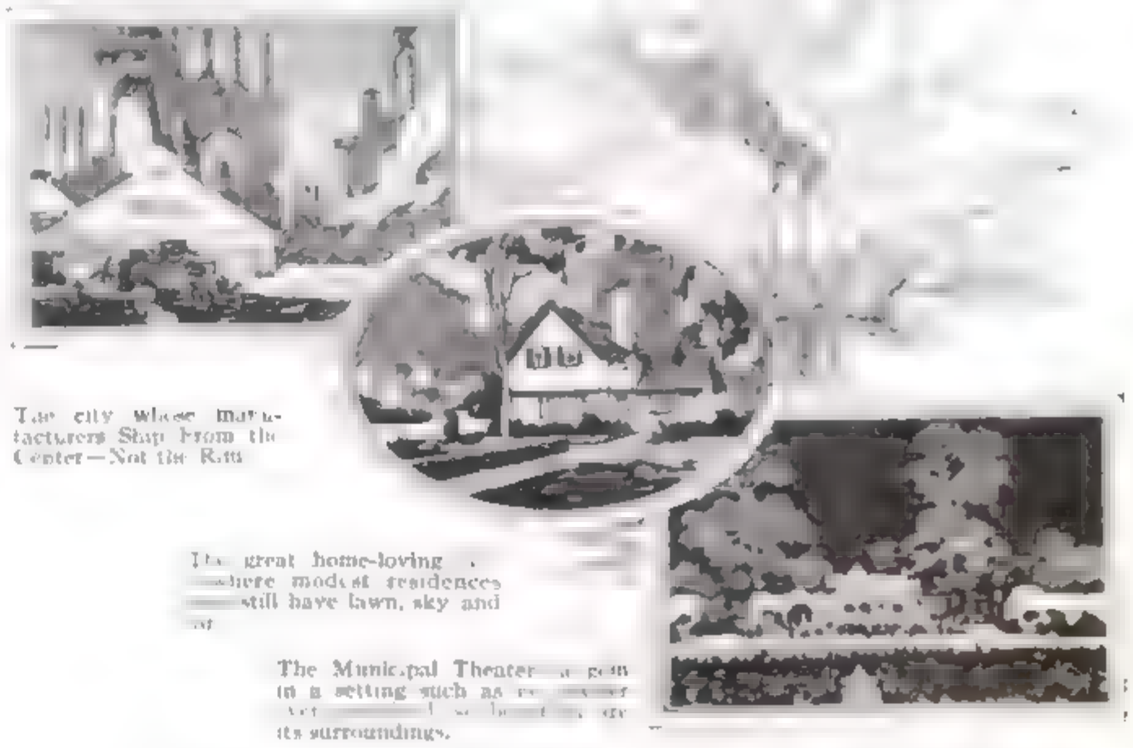
"Wouldn't you hate it, living there?" Nadine demanded. "Wouldn't you ——"

"Of course!" Mitchell Bassett waved his hand grandly. "That isn't the point. It would suffocate you and me, but it's exactly the right setting for Bessie and Lew. They don't know any better, and so they can't want anything better. The tragedy of the pseudo-happy ending, Nadine, that's all. It's the book, translated into personal terms."

"I wouldn't live there if they paid me!" declared Nadine. "If I ever have a house of my own it's going to be big enough to have more than six dining-room chairs. I'll have a pergola and a tiled terrace ——"

"Stone columns, with a wide, gracious lawn," supplemented Bassett, "A broad hall ——"

The St. Louis of Today



The city whose manufacturers Step from the Center—Not the Rim

The great home-loving ... where modest residences still have lawn, sky and ...

The Municipal Theater ... in a setting such as ... its surroundings.

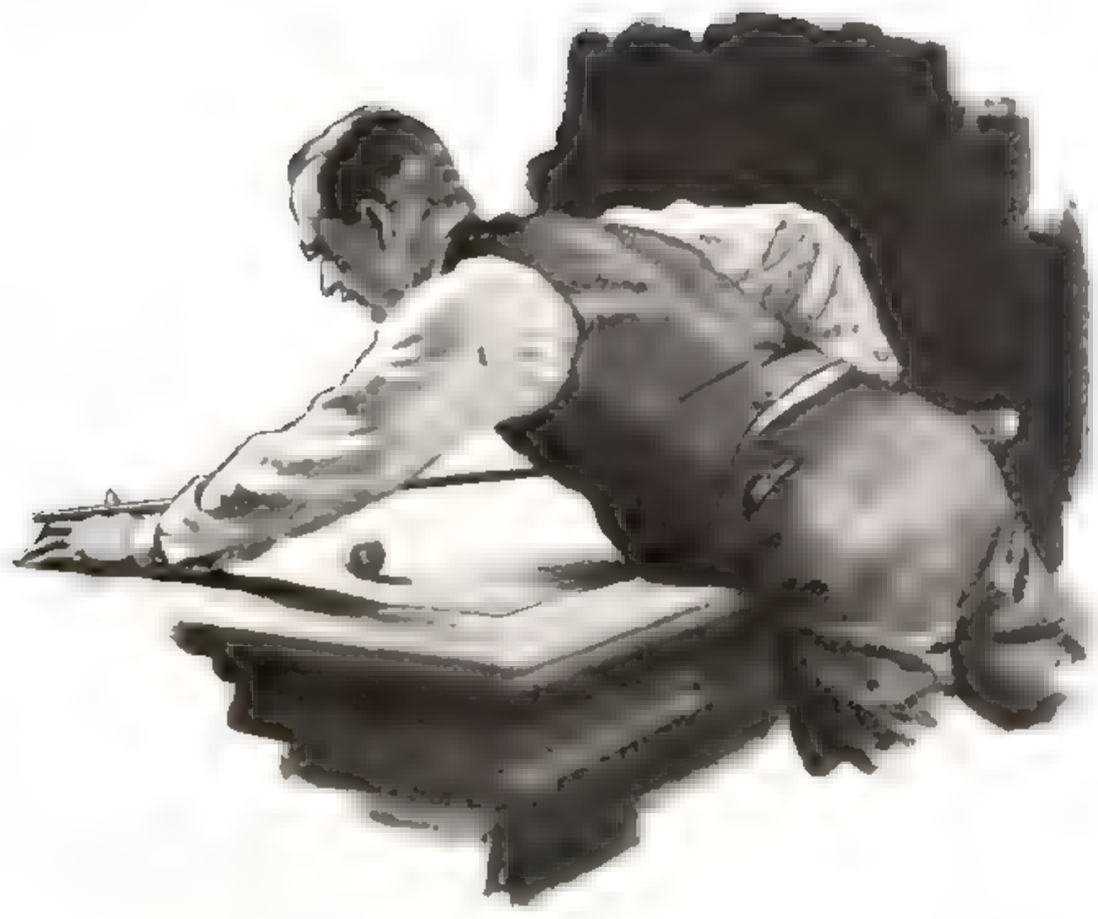
THE farmer of the Middle West thinks of St. Louis as a great grain and livestock market—the largest horse and mule center in the world. The trapper knows it as the Earth's greatest bartering place for raw furs. Leather interests study the policies of its mammoth shoe factories.

Sheep raisers see St. Louis as the greatest wool market. The metal industries hail its progress in steel making. Commerce and finance watch its mighty onward step.

But the people of St. Louis see it as a good city to live in, work in and play in. The annual season of outdoor opera in the famous Municipal Theater—the yearly Fashion Show—the Fall Festival of the Veiled Prophet—the enormous Zoo—the system of Parks, Schools, Boulevards, Amusements and Municipal Athletics and Playgrounds. These are furnishing inspiration to the citizens of St. Louis. That's why the people have invested in the city's future, by voting a bond issue for further improvements of more than Eighty-Seven Millions of dollars.

Men and women seeking a happy and prosperous future—and forward-minded business executives—who would know St. Louis of today—should write for our FREE BOOKLETS, "St. Louis—the Home City" and "St. Louis as a Manufacturing Center."

ST. LOUIS CHAMBER of COMMERCE
St. Louis, U.S.A.



The typical figure of "middle life" today

LONG before they should really begin to "slow up" hundreds of thousands of men today find themselves with the typical figure of middle age.

Leading surgeons and physical directors explain that most of the exercise we take has little effect on the vital trunk muscles—the muscles of the abdomen.

They state further that *constriction at the waist-line tends to cause these muscles to relax—gradually to weaken.*

That is why they advise not only exercise that will *keep* these muscles hard and fit, *but the wearing of suspenders.*

* * *

THE PRESIDENT SLIDING-CORD SUSPENDER, by its special self-adjusting feature, adapts itself to every movement of the body. It permits that thorough physical freedom and ease which we know today are essential.

The President Suspender line today includes not only this self-adjusting sliding cord suspender, but, for men who prefer it, a straight "cross-back" style. Also extra heavy, wide-webbed suspenders for outdoor work.

The webbing in President Suspenders comes fresh from our own looms. It not only possesses a large amount of elasticity, but it *keeps* this elasticity over a long period of time.

Every style of President Suspender carries the President label and guarantee. It means physical freedom, added comfort and longer wear.

PRESIDENT SUSPENDER COMPANY
SHIRLEY, MASS.

THE PRESIDENT SLIDING-CORD SUSPENDER

The ideal suspender for active men. Permits freedom of movement without tension. 50c, 75c and $1.00

"CROSS-BACK" STYLE

President-made and carrying the famous President label and guarantee band

REG U.S. PAT OFF.
President

President Suspenders

"A bath for every bedroom and radiators built into the walls."

"Yes, and open fireplaces."

Mitchell Bassett shut his lips, the old bitterness upon them. Those who could dream of these things, the finer, higher things that were worth having, were denied, by the very possession of that vision, the power by which earthbound souls could realize their grubby little yearnings!

He saw, as never before, the heartless, essential tragedy of life; those had meat who could not eat, and those who could eat wanted it! For an ugly moment he thought of Roland Arthur Simpson, a man who might have owned a lordly wolfhound if he had but known enough to want one, and who chose instead to be photographed between mere Airedales! He faced and thrust away a miserable temptation. If instead of writing the relentless truth he should turn his hand to the merchantable vulgarity of the happy end, that dream of Nadine's, of his, miraculously identical, might translate itself into solid reality. Yes, he told himself, Mitchell Bassett might still exchange his soul, like Roland Arthur Simpson, for a price; a price far higher than Simpson had collected, for that dream house of lordly columns and built-in radiators, of spacious lawns and magnificently plural baths, for—for Nadine!

He realized, in the same exquisitely miserable thought, the intensity of his passion for Nadine and its inevitable futility. He couldn't offer her a hope of those fine high visions in fulfillment. Always, to the very end, he would write for the pitiful few who responded, in a land of middle-class vulgarity, to the bitter savor of the true and real. Always he would earn a niggard living by some such demeaning task as writing copy for Harp Silsby's flamboyant advertising. Always, endowed with power to dream of a life overflowing with—with all the nobler, purer satisfactions, he would be denied even the trivial creature indulgences that such dull dolts as Lew Drayton could enjoy. No, he had no right to ask Nadine to share a lot like this.

He dismissed an unbidden thought of Alfred White as a potential god from the machine. He seemed to know with utter certainty that if Alf White's daughter threw herself away on a writer, a writer who couldn't even make money at it, there would be no parental largess to mitigate her sacrifice, even premising a complaisant attitude toward such benefactions on the part of the artist himself.

It came home to Mitchell Bassett with a shock that dismayed and thrilled at once that he was living sound art as well as writing it. The unhappy ending!

He left Nadine almost abruptly at her doorstep. Even with his clear realization of its hopelessness, he might conceivably be weak enough to tell her of his passion if he hung around in the favoring dimness of the porch. He hurried back to Maryland Street, to the sheaf of copy paper that waited for him under the gas jet in his bedroom, extracting a thin solace from the reflection that unhappy men were, by all accounts, greater artists than those into whose souls the iron had not entered.

Momma had left cookies and milk on his table and he dealt methodically with these as he read over the uppermost pages of his manuscript. It was beautifully bitter stuff, he conceded, but it stirred in him a new understanding of the hopelessness of the realist's ideal. Not even the greatest art, he told himself, could represent life as half so empty and cruel as it was. By comparison, he felt a dull ache of envy for his central character, sottishly contented with his fat-headed little bride in their twice-mortgaged bungalow in the suburbs of God's Country.

IV

MITCHELL BASSETT waited smilingly for the agreeable patter of applause to die away. He had learned to tolerate, even to enjoy, these periodic interruptions of his informal talks, to pause invitingly at suitable intervals so that his audience might have an opportunity to release its pent enthusiasm.

"And this brings me to a personal, specific application of the broader, underlying principle which I have endeavored to set forth this afternoon," he resumed, his smile, as practiced in strict secrecy before his shaving glass, expressing a whimsical, amused self-depreciation. "It is never pleasant, one imagines, for an artist to discuss himself; but it is unavoidable, if I am to be wholly clear, to refer briefly to my first book, God's Country."

Again he permitted the ripple of applause to recede, adjusting the set of his tie as if to cover a confusion he had learned not to feel.

"The fact that God's Country was a popular success," he continued, "has been explained in many different ways. It has been said that it found favor with the mass because its satire was too thin and fine for them to feel it; because, in effect, they mistook it for one of those stickily happy books sometimes described as glad. Another theory suggests that it found its way into the list of best sellers because it gave the lowbrow a chance to read something of which most higher brows approved, without compelling him to envision the unpleasant scenes and characters with which, naturally, most of the earlier realists concerned themselves. It is possible, of course, that either or both of these may be the explanation. For myself, I prefer to advance a third."

He overbore another little wave of hand pattings and went on more earnestly:

"The fact that more than a million people bought that first book of mine merely proved to me what I had hardly dared to hope, what I have proved again with each of my later books. It proved that there existed in this country of ours a public of millions eager for sound art, a public actually larger than that which can be lured with sticky sentiment, the cheap narcotic drug of the happy ending. It proved and proves that no artist need fear popularity as a reproach upon his art unless he seeks and gains that popularity by contemptible devices and among contemptible people. It proves that there is a public hungry for the truth, a public that has risen above the old flat, false convention of the happy end and demands that this written art of ours shall hold up a true mirror to the grim thin-edged satire of what we call life, this sardonic tragedy in which each of us moves helplessly from disillusionment to disillusionment, on and on toward the inevitable, the supremely artistic, the unhappy end."

Above the flower garden of hats he sought and found Nadine's eyes, interpreted their signal while he still acknowledged, with neatly executed hip bows, the grateful tribute of gloved palms. Experience had evolved a technic of evasion after these addresses to afternoon audiences of earnestly artistic ladies, so that he made a steady progress toward the door seemingly without intention, listening graciously to fragments of congratulatory speeches, submitting to enthusiastic handclasps, pausing now and again to autograph a volume of his works.

"You were just per-fect-ly splen-did," Nadine informed him as they emerged at last and approached the gleaming bulk of the new sports twosome. "I don't believe I ever heard you say it any better, old peaches."

She contrived deftly to encounter and squeeze his hand as she slipped past him to the driver's seat. The contact, as always, provoked a perceptible intensification in Mitchell Bassett's sense of well-being. He leaned back comfortably, resigning himself with confidence to Nadine's proved finesse at the wheel. The residence district of Bicksburgh dwindled to scattered houses, spaced by open fields with earnestly persuasive signboards along the road. In open country, Nadine stepped resolutely on the gas. Mitchell Bassett watched the speed indicator till it registered forty-five. He drew Nadine's attention gently to this.

"I know. I've got to hurry a bit. Bessie and Lew are coming in for dinner."

"Good!" Bassett was reconciled at once to the pace. "We'll play some mah-jongg afterward, eh?"

Nadine assented. The car's speed diminished abruptly as they approached a cross-road. Here in the angle a commanding signboard greeted Bassett's glance. He smiled at a violently realistic portrait of an aggressive, firm-jawed young man with brightly crimson hair. The familiar legend shouted at him:

GOD'S COUNTRY—14 MILES FROM HERE

MITCHELL BASSETT, AMERICA'S FAVORITE AUTHOR, WAS BORN AND LIVES IN BISCHESTER

BIG BUSY BEAUTIFUL

SEE CAL STARK FOR HOME SITES OR INDUSTRIAL PROPERTY

"That awful picture!" Nadine spoke with tempered indignation. "As if old peaches looked like that!"

Mitchell Bassett chuckled indulgently.

(Continued on Page 157)

Make Driving Safe-

at the first drop of rain or flake of snow-

put on

WEED CHAINS

IN THE interest of humanity—in the interest of safe and sane motoring—put on WEED CHAINS "at the first drop of rain or flake of snow."

Remember that the few moments spent in putting on WEED CHAINS may mean the difference between life-long thankfulness and never-ending sorrow.

Ask for WEED CHAINS at your garage, automobile accessory store or hardware store. There are sizes to fit all tires, Balloon, Cord or Fabric.

AMERICAN CHAIN COMPANY, INC.
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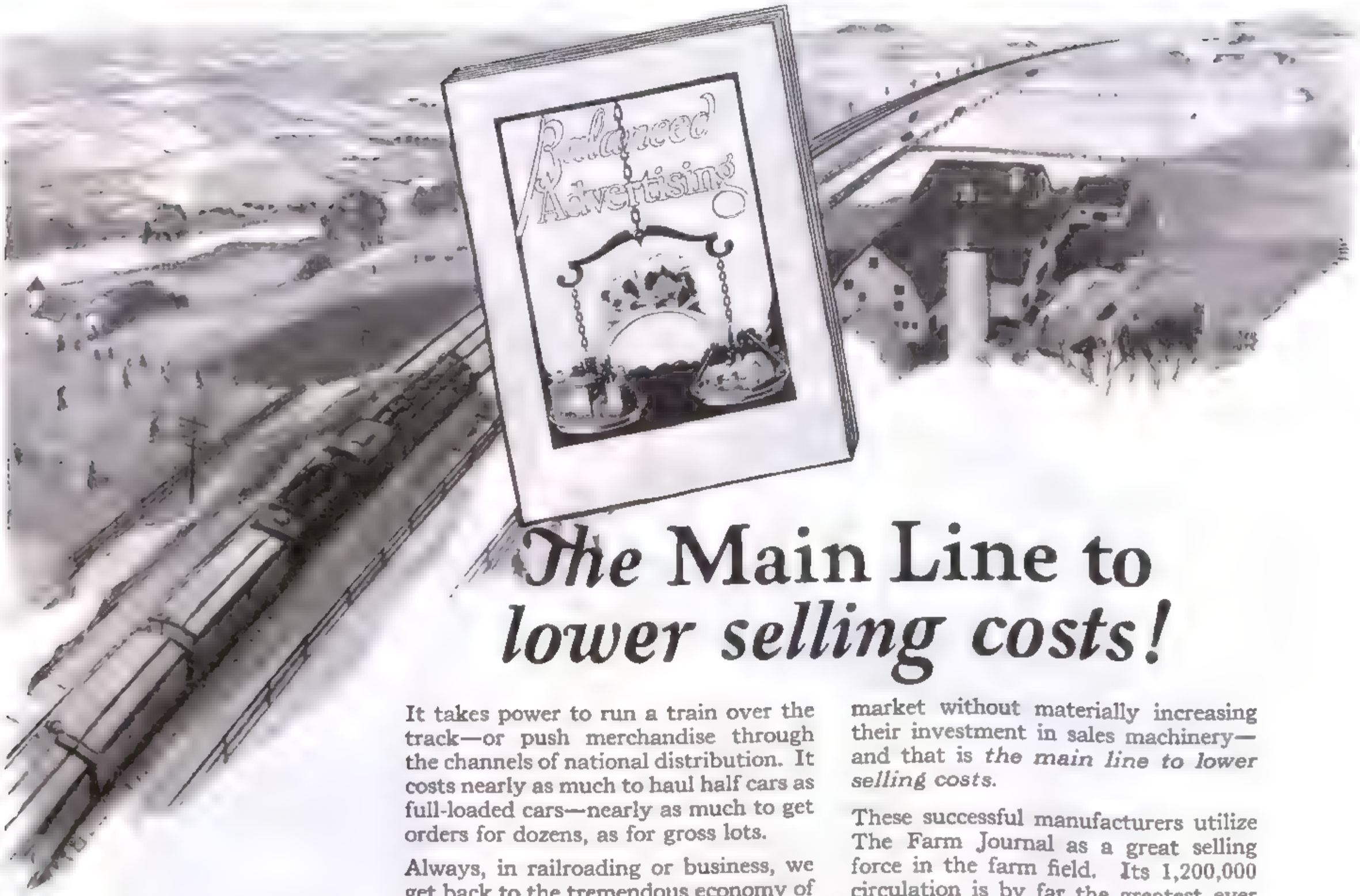
World's Largest Manufacturers of Welded and Weldless Chains for Every Purpose



The Main Line to lower selling costs!

It takes power to run a train over the track—or push merchandise through the channels of national distribution. It costs nearly as much to haul half cars as full-loaded cars—nearly as much to get orders for dozens, as for gross lots.

Always, in railroading or business, we get back to the tremendous economy of full loads. When the railroads refused to let a shipper hold a car with only one-third or half a load, they brought down their hauling costs, because they increased volume without proportionately increasing expenses.

In the same way, many manufacturers have brought down selling costs by packing a full load of their goods into the thousands of town and small city stores that formerly sold only one-third or half of "capacity" because the farm trade went to other brands.

Effective advertising to the 51,500,000 people living in rural districts has brought new customers into the stores to buy the goods of these national advertisers, who have thus doubled their market without materially increasing their investment in sales machinery—and that is *the main line to lower selling costs.*

These successful manufacturers utilize The Farm Journal as a great selling force in the farm field. Its 1,200,000 circulation is by far the greatest ever attained by any farm paper. It is as national as agriculture itself. Moreover, for forty years every advertisement in The Farm Journal has been guaranteed. Thus, the readers of this great national farm paper have full confidence in its advertising pages—and dealers selling to farm people recognize this fact.

Here is volume circulation in every state that can be made to produce volume sales. At a cost of less than ¼ of a cent per page per family, a manufacturer can present the story of his products to these 1,200,000 families who have benefited greatly in the past few months by the equalization of crop prices to merchandise costs.

Send for "Balanced Advertising," a study of national magazine and farm paper circulation. A copy sent on request of any sales or advertising executive.

The Farm Journal

first in the farm field

PHILADELPHIA NEW YORK CHICAGO BOSTON SEATTLE SAN FRANCISCO LOS ANGELES

(Continued from Page 154)

"Cal thinks it's a compliment," he said. "Guess I can stand it if he can."

Presently, as they approached the outposts of the factory district along the river bank, he spoke again.

"If we've got time I'd better stop a minute at father's—haven't been there for almost a week."

Nadine nodded and the car swerved into the worn asphalt of Chemung Avenue. Mitchell Bassett meditated comfortably on the phenomenon of Nadine's relations with momma. Immeasurably different, they seemed, by some mysterious feminine telepathy, to understand and like each other. He frowned at the shabby neighborhood of Maryland Street. It was an old grievance that poppa and momma steadfastly refused to give up the dingy cottage. Mitchell Bassett had ceased to urge this, although he suspected that, among the envious, the circumstance served as evidence of unfilial parsimony on his part.

He was alarmed at the sight of poppa in the doorway, already at home although it was barely five. He observed, too, a strange expression in poppa's faded eyes.

"What's the matter? Is momma ——"

The sight of momma herself reassured him. He obeyed poppa's gesture of invitation, troubled by that baffling look. In the sitting room poppa found a shaken voice, pointed with a wavering finger at the fat, violently covered magazine that lay on the tablecloth.

"It ain't out yet, Waldo, but I got my copy a mite early. Send 'em ahead of time and we hold 'em in the office till the fifteenth. We—we're in it, Waldo—both of us!"

He fumbled with the pages. Mitchell Bassett stared down at the department dedicated, this month, to People Who Got There—to half tones of Jay Bassett and the cottage, confronting, on the opposite page, the photograph of a cheerfully plump young man in beautiful knickers, standing between grave, gigantic wolfhounds before the stone columns of an impressive house, a young man aggressively firm of jaw. Headlines swam unsteadily before his gaze:

MEET THE BASSETTS, JAY AND MITCHELL, GO-GETTERS BOTH

Mitchell Bassett rubbed his eyes as if to banish the insane illusion that they actually saw the words that seemed to scream up from the sprawling, slovenly typography of the page:

"The true story of the Bassetts, the story of Jay F. Bassett and his famous son, of a dogged, never-say-die struggle that began forty years ago in a humble five-room cottage where a postal clerk supported a wife and baby on $300 a year, that ends in the stately stone mansion where that same baby writes novels that the whole world reads ——"

Vainly Mitchell Bassett tried to remove his fascinated, helpless stare from the horror of the crescendo peroration. The dreadful words crashed through upon a numbed intelligence:

"Here is such a story of wholesome, bracing optimism as readers of The Hemisphere rejoice to find in fact or fiction, a stirring romance of red-blooded American manhood, of American grit, of typically American success: a story that might have been written, word for word, by that master portrayer of American life, Roland Arthur Simpson!"

Somehow Mitchell Bassett's unaided subconscious guided him through the task of escape without shadowing the awed raptures of poppa and momma. Only when he was again at Nadine's side in the Sports Twosome did his bruised spirit find the poor medicine of speech.

"It's true—horribly true, Nadine. We're living a Roland Arthur Simpson novelette; actually living it, living the unspeakably bad art of a cheap, commonplace vulgar story with—with a happy end!"

Nadine avoided a ponderous truck and straightened her course up the boulevard that led straight toward the greening hillside, where, beyond the broad aisles of the golf course, the lordly stone columns stood forth against the gray background of the house, the translated house of dreams, where the radiators were cunningly built in and there was in sober fact a bath for every bed. Mitchell Bassett strove to resist the artless thrill of ownership, of achievement, that the sight engendered in him. Nadine spoke slowly.

"We are just too fright-ful-ly happy for words, aren't we, old pettums?"

"That's it—that's exactly it!"

"And we're just going to keep on being so happy it hurts, aren't we?"

"We can't help ourselves," said Mitchell Bassett. "That's just what I meant; we're trapped, caught in a—a Roland Arthur Simpson story and we can't get out."

Nadine removed her right hand from the wheel to pat the clenched left fist that lay on Mitchell Bassett's thigh.

"Old pettums! So happy his whole life's just ru-ined!"

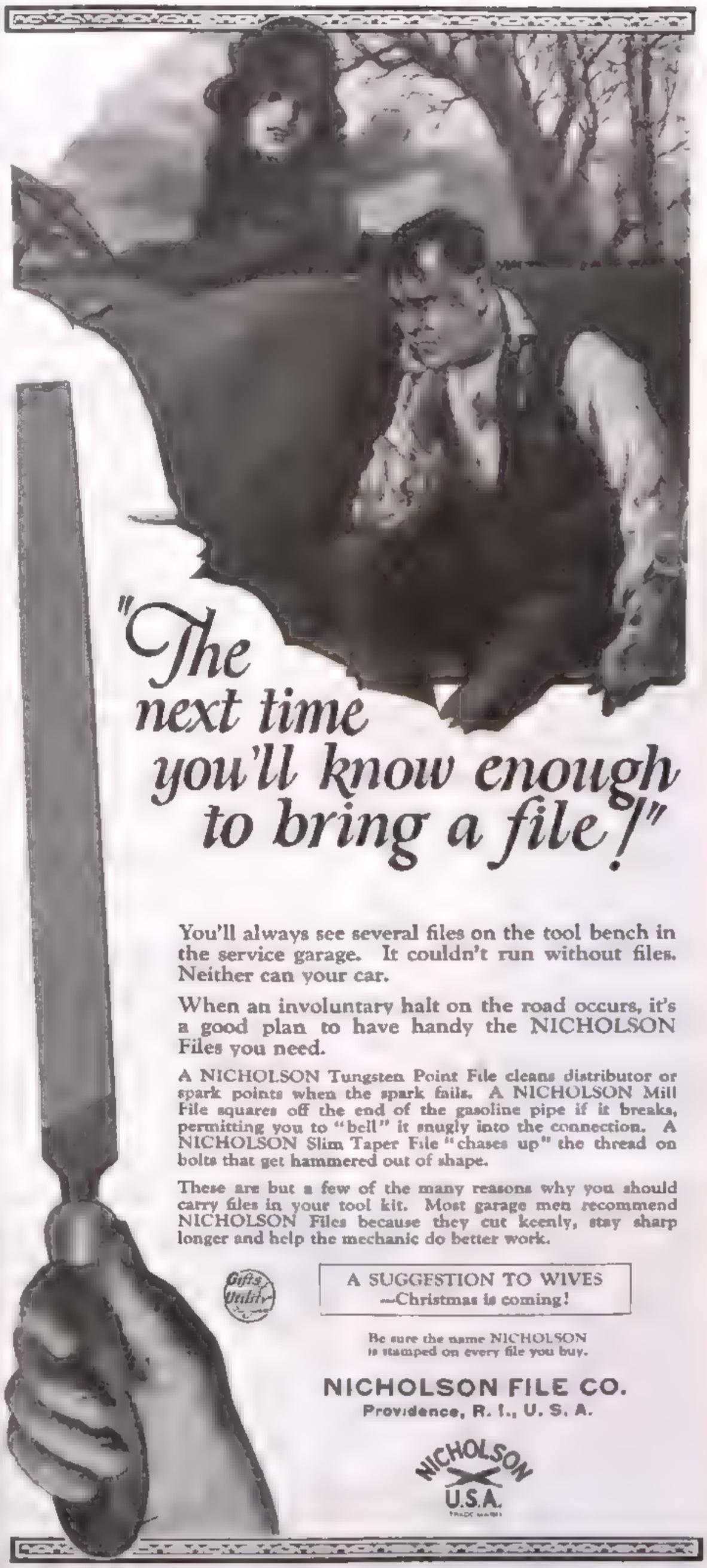
Mitchell Bassett caught in his breath. Nadine, in that uncannily clear-sighted habit of hers, had seen straight to the heart of things.

He realized now the fine mordant satire of it all, the supreme artistry that condemned him, Mitchell Bassett, to the banality of the happy end!

He amended the phrase. It wasn't a happy ending, thus considered. Thanks to that redeeming irony, it was unhappy, unhappy enough to satisfy even Mitchell Bassett.

Just enough, he decided, as his hand closed comfortably upon Nadine's, just exactly enough!

Evening, Puget Sound, Near Seattle, Washington



You'll always see several files on the tool bench in the service garage. It couldn't run without files. Neither can your car.

When an involuntary halt on the road occurs, it's a good plan to have handy the NICHOLSON Files you need.

A NICHOLSON Tungsten Point File cleans distributor or spark points when the spark fails. A NICHOLSON Mill File squares off the end of the gasoline pipe if it breaks, permitting you to "bell" it snugly into the connection. A NICHOLSON Slim Taper File "chases up" the thread on bolts that get hammered out of shape.

These are but a few of the many reasons why you should carry files in your tool kit. Most garage men recommend NICHOLSON Files because they cut keenly, stay sharp longer and help the mechanic do better work.

Gifts Unlimited

A SUGGESTION TO WIVES
—Christmas is coming!

Be sure the name NICHOLSON is stamped on every file you buy.

NICHOLSON FILE CO.
Providence, R. I., U. S. A.

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NICHOLSON FILES
~a File for Every Purpose

THE PROUD OLD NAME

(Continued from Page 5)

and he was all the time too polite—like a native; like Santiago Moreno, Junior. He was even polite to Concha, and she thought he was mad at her, and I could not tell her different. She would fuss around doing little things for him, and she would cut her old eyes at him and wait for him to make fun of her; but he never did. It made me feel worse than if he had been downright mean to her.

Well, one night I was sitting here, the rain coming down like a wall at the edge of the porch, and all of a sudden I hear horses. These days you never know what is coming; tell you the truth, I half hoped it would be trouble. I was feeling pretty sour because me and Jimmy could not get along.

So I felt to see if my gun was loose, and give them a whoop for fear they would miss the camp. You would not want even a bandit to be lost in these hills when it is raining.

But it was two white men and a *remudero* from Orendain—I bet he made them pay in advance and left the money at home—leading a pack mule loaded with suitcases. They sure was dressy; tapered pants, and belts around their coats, and shiny boots and little silver spurs; you know, like yours; the regular tenderfoot get-up. Why do tenderfeet always wear corduroy? It is hot and it soaks up water like a sponge.

One was a man about forty-five, half-drowned and completely peevish; he falls off his horse and stomps in like he is blaming me for the rain. But the other one—just a kid, fourteen or fifteen, he looks to be—acts like it is all a joke. He prances in and flops into a chair and sticks his legs up to let the water run out of his boots, grinning and wrinkling up his nose kind of cute.

"Pfuff!" says he. "I do believe it's going to rain!"

And he hops up and swings the water off his hat, and he looks younger; there is a sort of baby look about him, his black hair bushed up every way. Well, I was herding them inside when we run into Jimmy and Concha coming out to see what the commotion was; and for a minute I thought Jimmy had gone crazy. He claps his hands to his head and staggers up against the wall.

"I am seeing things!" he moans. "I've got 'em again! A flapper—a real live flapper or my name is not Francis X. Bushman!"

"Why, Francis," says this wet kid, giggling, "how you have changed!"

And it was not a boy at all; it was a girl, for all her haircut and her pants like papa's. That was the only time I ever heard Concha laugh out loud.

IV

HOW do you feel about a woman wearing pants? It sure does not seem right. She was around here all next day, because it kept on raining, and I could not get over being embarrassed about her legs. I could not stand to look at her hair, whacked off that way.

In this country that is what they do to a girl when she goes wrong.

But Concha, she thinks all Americans are crazy anyway, and it tickles her. She cackles right out. And Gene—that is her name, Eugenia Ward, only Gene fits her better, account of her looking and acting so much like a boy—she looks at Concha and laughs, which she seems to think Concha is funny too. She gets on some dry pants and follows Concha into the kitchen and Concha does not run her out. I hear the women just chattering in there, and I go to see if they are plaguing the girl; but it is Jimmy that is plaguing Concha and trying to make her talk English for Gene. Concha is flapping her hands and making out like she is mad, but you can tell she is tickled. It seems like old times to have Jimmy making fun of her again.

Yes, for a while he was more like himself. Him and Gene was all the time joshing each other. They seem to be talking English, but it did not make much sense. It was a circus to watch them.

"Hi, flapper!" says Jimmy, coming in from the mine.

"Don't be quaint," says Gene. "If you call me a flapper I will call you a cake eater or a drug-store cowboy. They went out years and years ago—two years at least."

Then Jimmy begins to limp, hitching one leg like it is wooden, and lets his hands shake and strokes where his beard could be if he had one.

"Marooned," says he in a trembly voice. "Aye, lass, well you may snicker. Poor old Ben Gunn, the world has passed him by. Go, child, and leave me with my memories!"

"Such as?" says Gene.

"You are too young to know," says he. "I can remember when they only showed them to the knee."

"Old stuff," says Gene. "Positively mid-Victorian!"

"How far is it now? But stop! I shudder to think," says Jimmy, shuddering.

"They are not showing them at all," says Gene.

"Eh, well! Old ways are best," says Jimmy, very sad.

What do they care if it rains? He wraps a slicker around her and takes her over to the mine, and she takes it off and the drillers cannot work for staring at her pants.

He takes Ward over, and they argue by the hour about our operations, which Ward thinks is plenty crude. Ward is a stockholder in Siete Minas, it seems; that is a big low-grade operation, thirty miles north of here; they are shut down because they ship bullion instead of ore, and it is just pie for the bandits. But the Siete Minas folks back in the States has got suspicious about getting nothing but assessments out of the mine, and sent Ward down here to investigate. Ward does not tell me this; he has got a jaw like a steel trap and all he asks is questions; but Gene, she tells Jimmy. Women have simply got to talk, and sooner or later they are bound to tell all they know.

That is the way with tenderfeet. They hear the revolution is over, and trains running again, and no Americans killed lately, and they expect profits to pick up and be as usual. They do not understand what the old-timers mean when they say a district is peaceable.

I told Ward he was a fool to go packing that girl around, and he was right upset about it.

"They told me in Guadalajara," he says, "there was no trouble in this district now."

"Depends on what you mean by trouble," I says. "If you ride by daylight, and mind your own business and give up your money peaceable if they get the drop on you, you are not likely to get shot. But a woman is different," I says. "If a daughter of mine got caught out on the trail," I says, "I would sure call it trouble."

The chances were that nothing would happen; but if a woman did run into trouble, out there in the hills, it would be too late to be sorry you had took the chance. Too many men have found out, the last ten-twelve years, that a man with a gun can make his own laws; and some of them are all right, but a good many of them are human.

So he asked me could she stay here till he got back, and I said we would be glad to have her. Yes, sir; they do say hell is full of good intentions. Ward, he did not have a bit of trouble, going or coming; but I let that girl walk right into the middle of the worst mess that has happened around here.

Gene, she was satisfied to stay. It was early one morning when her papa rode off with this fellow from Orendain that brought him. The sun was just coming up behind the ranges; the air fresh and keen, the wet rock sparkling like a million little diamonds, the basin fading off into blue haze and all the peaks like something painted grand against the sky. A clear morning in this altitude can make you kind of drunk.

She stood here watching till they made the dip in the trail, and all of a sudden she draws a deep breath and stretches up her arms.

"Oh, all my life," she says, "I have been hungry for the hills!"

And I remember yet her gray eyes shining. That was the first time that she looked just right to me. That was the first time that I noticed freckles on her nose, and they belonged there, though her hair was nearly black.

I can't explain. She looked like something, standing there—this short haired slim kid in her neat boots and pants, her head up and a look in her gray eyes, watching the sunrise pour across the world. Like part of it; I can't explain. Like what men think of when they hunt for gold. Boyish and brave and gay and everlasting, like what gets into men to go adventuring. It had you feeling tired and old, remembering. It had you thinking where you missed the trail when you was young.

"What is that little white place yonder?" she wants to know.

"Moreno's hacienda," says Jimmy, speaking short.

But she has read about haciendas, it seems, and she wants to know. A plantation or a ranch or something, is it? She has heard they are like ancient Spain; few—yes, feudal; that is the word she says. Barons, and so forth. Well, I have never been to Spain, but I reckon they do not have Indians for servants over there.

"Old and romantic, is it?" she wants to know.

"Old," says Jimmy, "yes. As to the romance, I am prejudiced. I am going to marry the owner's daughter."

Smiling he says it, but very sharp and clear. Gene turns to look at him and laughs. "Hot dog!" she says. "A real Spanish señorita?"

"Mexican," says Jimmy, but does not explain the difference.

"Tell me about her! Black-eyed and beautiful?"

"Brown-eyed and beautiful," says Jimmy.

"Does she speak English?"

"No."

"I should say it is romantic! Do you sing softly at midnight under her window, and did you have to fight her father and her brothers and her other lovers, like they do in books?"

She was half curious and half making fun; I reckon she did not more than half believe him; but Jimmy, he has lost his taste for joshing completely. He looks at her like he can be pushed just so far.

"Sorry to disappoint you," he says very dry and quiet; "I do not sing, softly or otherwise, at midnight or any other time. She has no brothers and her father is a very good friend of mine. I am going to take his name."

"Take his —— Oh!" says Gene, looking queer. "You mean—turn Mexican? I don't believe you!"

"Son," I says, "say that over again—slow!"

But he has turned his back and marched off to the mine. By the time I caught up with him he was sitting on a wheelbarrow watching the drillers in Number 3 Drift. I kind of put my hand on his shoulder, but he looked up at me so savage I thought he did not like it.

"Son," I says, "did you say you was going to change your name?"

"I did," says he, like he is not interested.

I could not get it through my head. Oh, it has been done; more than one man has took his wife's name when she is rich and his folks are nobody much. Natives, I mean; they set great store by family and name. And one way of looking at it, I reckon a girl has got as much right to her name as a man has. And yet—a man is a man. A white man is a white man, and you cannot get around it.

"Why not?" says he, listless. "Moreno is a good name. It was a proud old name in Spain before Mexico was heard of—before there was any United States. It has been a great name here for a hundred years, and Don Santiago has no son to carry it on. I know how they feel about it."

But I remember how he sat there staring at that gang of drillers. They could have stood on their heads and he would not have noticed. I remember how his hands kept opening and shutting, hard, like he was feeling whether they belonged to him or Santiago Moreno, Junior. He had a fine pair of hands, husky and lean and kind of freckled on the back.

"Yes, but son," I says—"how about the way you feel?"

He makes a motion with his hands, listless; like letting go; like the natives when they mean it makes no difference.

"What is the difference?" he says. "A name—what is a name? A habit. I feel like Jim Brown; well, I shall learn to feel like Santiago Moreno."

"A habit," I says, "that you got from your pa and your grandpa and his father before him."

"It didn't mean much to them," he says, listless. "A family named Brown. Which Brown? Nobody know."

And he tells me a little about his folks. There was not much to tell. And when you come to think of it, that is the way with most of us. Do you know who your grandpa was? Well, then, your great-grandpa? We do not bank so much on family; with us a man is more himself; and we seldom live in one place a hundred years, because we light out hunting our chance to get ahead.

Jimmy's folks had not got ahead much. His pa sold groceries and died when Jimmy was knee high to a duck, and his ma had to make dresses for a living, and she died just when he was getting big enough to be some help to her. He worked his way through school by waiting table and gathering up laundry, which it seems is no disgrace in mining school; but it is sure nothing to boast of to the Morenos.

He did not know of any near kinfolks but his grandpa, and not much about him.

"He was a carpenter," says the kid—like that.

"An honest trade enough," I says, "for Jesus Christ."

"Oh," he says, "honest," and makes that motion with his hands again, like the natives when they mean it does not amount to much. I don't know why it made me kind of mad.

"Ashamed of him, are you," I says—"Santiago?"

But it was me that was ashamed. He just looked at me.

"You asked me," he says, "and I am telling you. Elena's name means something to her; mine—is a way to know when I am spoken to."

I reckon they had been talking ancestors at him; he kept coming back to his grandpa—the only one of his he knew about.

"I don't even know what his first name was," he says. "Nobody thought it was important, not even he. A humble man; no education, never at ease in his own house; I remember he always went outdoors to smoke when my mother was there. I think he was afraid of her because she had been a school-teacher. A tired, stoop-shouldered old man with rusty shoes and a pipe, named—grandpa."

That is not much in the way of ancestors, is it? Not much to stack up against a proud old family and a girl that is in your blood like liquor. I was not blaming him; a young fellow cannot think straight when he is lonesome. And yet—what if your grandpa did not get ahead? How do you know what held him back? You still have got a right to make a start and be somebody's grandpa to be proud of. You still have got a right to be yourself.

We are not proud, but we are sure as good as any Spaniard.

"Son," I says, "look here! How far has this thing gone?"

"How do you mean," he says, "how far? I have given my word. The legal end of it takes time, that's all. Time," he says, "my God! You'd think a man was going to live forever!"

And he makes a motion like throwing something away and goes charging out and gets on his horse and pours the quirt to him. That is what gets you. Time. You see it coming on, day after day and every day the same, and you feel like you could not stand it. And you let yourself go to keep from thinking; do something—do anything to keep from thinking. You can do it—for a while. But you cannot keep time from coming on. You get old before you learn it is no use; before you learn to sit and let the days go by. A young fellow can just eat his heart out, thinking.

I knew where he had gone. I could have guessed it, anyway, by the look in his eyes when he came in that night. Like walking in a trance; he did not even think to take his spurs off, but came in dragging them. He stops by Gene's chair—we was just eating supper—and makes her a little bow, polite and absent-minded.

"You were interested in haciendas," he says. "Don Santiago asks me to say he will be honored to have you visit his."

And he makes another little bow to Concha and says, "With permission," like a native, and sits down to eat; but he was not paying attention to anything; he was remembering. Gene, she had never seen him act like that before. You could just see her gray eyes cooling off.

(Continued on Page 163)

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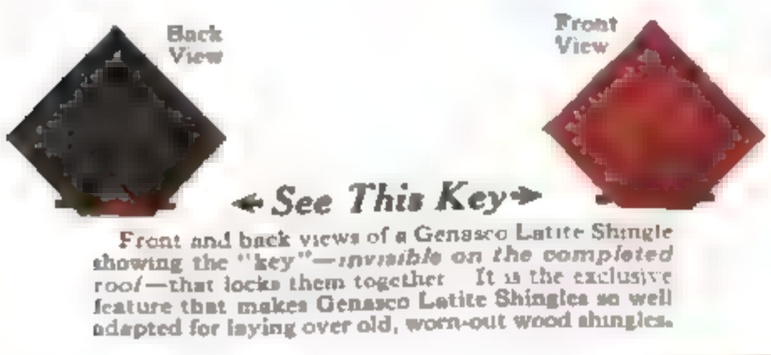

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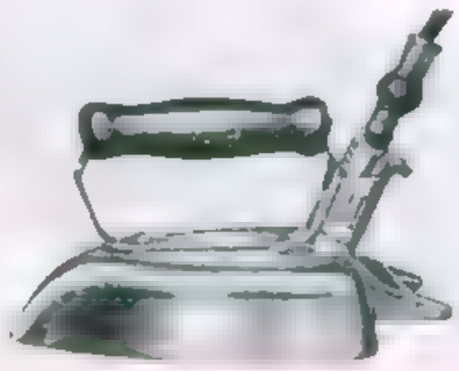

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(Continued from Page 158)

"Thank you," she says, "but I'm not so interested as I was."

"As you wish," says Jimmy, too polite and vague for any use.

He did not say a word about any trouble at Moreno's. Maybe he did not know; I never got a chance to ask him, afterward. Maybe he did not talk to anybody but the family, and they are too polite to talk about the servants stealing and getting shot for it.

He just ate and went into his room and shut the door. Gene sat out here with me awhile, but it was lonesome for her. I remember she tried to talk about how peaceable it was. Peaceable! Look at this basin now. These million stars that keep on shining whether you live or die; these hills that look so soft and purple-dark—they looked that way when the first Toltecs came from God knows where. They looked that way when the last Toltec died on a Nahuatl altar, God knows how long ago. They looked that way when Aztec kings ruled over the empire of the Nahuatlecas; greater than Spain, it was; and they looked that way when a hundred thousand Nahuatl fighting men went up against the Spaniards' guns and died. Peaceable, yes. What difference does it make to them?

I did not blame her when she went to bed. I sure was no fit company for her—old as I am and sour as I felt. What is the matter with young fellows when they get women on the brain?

v

THAT very day Moreno had an Indian shot for stealing corn. Oh, nothing new about it; he has shot plenty of them in his time. No, he is not any kind of an officer. He does not need to be. He owns most of the land around here.

That is what all the trouble is about today. It is not revolution exactly; revolutions come and go, but this thing gets more so all the time. More like it is in Russia. Yes, bolshevism; that is the word I mean. Francisco Madero, he started it here with his talk about giving the land back to the Indians. That was how he won the first revolution against Diaz. And that was what finished him, too, when the Indians found out he could not do what he said.

It has been more or less the same with every revolution since, the Indians getting bolder and bolder against the rich folks. Time was when the inside walk around the plaza at Hosto was left open for a dozen fine families, but now the big hats and sandal feet and dirty blankets have crowded them out completely. They do not even dare get out of their carriages at the Sunday night concerts; they just drive around a few laps listening to the band and looking rich and proud, and then drive home complaining how the lower classes have gone crazy.

I do not know what it is coming to. It does not look possible to put things back where they was four hundred years ago. For one thing, where are you going to draw the line, when half of them have got some Spanish blood?

They have scared out a good many fine families, that is a sure thing; murdered them or run them back to Spain or to some city for protection. Moreno, though, he did not scare worth a cent. He just got prouder and prouder. He went ahead and had this Indian shot for stealing corn, and the very next day he had a woman ——

Huh? Well, not exactly. They just catch a man stealing and start off to jail with him and shoot him trying to escape—you know. The law of flight, they call it. I am not saying it is wrong. A rich man has to protect his property, and he cannot be riding around to trials all the time. It sounds kind of rough, but it does discourage stealing, that is a sure thing.

Anyway, it is the way this country has been run four hundred years. But the rich men are mostly Spanish and the thieves are mostly Indian, and you cannot blame the Indians for getting tired of it.

We did not know a thing about it here. I was sitting here next morning when Jimmy came out, and I reckon he did not sleep much; his eyes looked like burnt holes in a blanket, and he did not say good morning or be durned to you; he just sat down. Then Gene came out and he got up stiff as a ramrod.

Gene, she went right up to him and put her hand on his arm.

"Jimmy," she says, "I didn't mean to be impertinent. I guess it didn't seem quite real to me. It's—it's all so wide and new," she says, "out here, I don't feel so darned real myself."

"It's quite all right," says Jimmy—polite if it kills him.

"It's not all right," says Gene. "I mean well, but there's simply nobody home. I feel like an oil can," she says, "making wise cracks about things I don't know anything about. Broad A me," she says. "It's just what I deserve."

I know it does not make sense. But it would take a wooden man to be mad at her when she looks like that, her gray eyes looking up at him so honest—sober and sorry, like a kid. Jimmy, he kind of gulps and pats her hand.

"You're all right," he says. "I'm the oil can. Go on," he says, "ask me. Ask me anything; ask me about any of the fourteen men I have killed—or is it sixteen?" And he hauls his gun out of the holster and pretends to be counting the notches in the butt, which there is not any. "Seventeen," he tells her, solemn.

"That is the boy!" says Gene, and I will be eternally dad-gummed if she did not stand up on her tiptoes and offer to kiss him. I never saw such a girl.

Jimmy, he did not do it. He was so embarrassed he turned kind of pale, which he did not feel good that morning anyway.

"Get away from me, woman! You are shocking the assembled multitude," he says, which I did feel kind of like a multitude, at that—kissing and going on; though you could tell she did not mean a bit of harm. "Necking and hitting in the clinches is barred," he says, whatever that means; I never did find out, because Concha came and said breakfast was ready.

But it was more cheerful to see them joshing each other. It was a real pretty morning, and first thing I knew they were talking about riding over to Moreno's after all.

Well, sir, I did not have the heart to interfere. I did not think they would run into any trouble; it's only nine kilometers and the trail is wide open all the way. But I knew what they wanted with her over there. They would not be easy till they got a look at her. These women think every woman in the world is trying to steal their man.

Well, it would not hurt them to be shocked a little, and Gene was plumb tickled about going exploring. Jimmy, he tells her about their medi—medi—old-fashioned; yes, medieval hospitality.

"The man at the gate will kiss your hand," he says; "ancient-retainer stuff, you know; and Don Santiago will tell you his house is yours, and make you believe it too."

"Hot dog!" says Gene. "I'm crazy about ancient retainers. We had a butler once that stayed with us six months."

That is the way she talks. Hot dog or the bee's hips or the snake's elbows means she is tickled. When she says she is crazy she does not mean she is crazy, she means she likes a thing.

"I can rake up a sidesaddle," says Jimmy. "Our storekeeper's wife has got one somewhere. Have you got a female skirt?"

"Of course," says Gene, "but what's the big idea? I can't ride sidesaddle. I saw a picture of one once; prehistoric, you know. Everybody rides cross-saddle now."

"Not here!" says Jimmy, very dry and final.

Short hair was scandalous enough, without bringing in a woman in pants and straddle of a horse. The Morenos would have fell dead.

I knew what they would think, anyway, about a girl riding nine kilometers with a young fellow, and nobody else along. They would think it was not decent. Besides, I felt responsible for Gene. Not that Jimmy couldn't take care of her; he is a nervy kid and handy with a gun; but there is no use talking, two men is twice as good as one in case of trouble.

So I said I was about due to ride over and see Moreno myself. Gene came dancing out with a dress on, pretty but not a riding habit by any means, and a blue hat like something wrapped around her head. Well, sir, you would be surprised. She looked real grown up. But she sure did not act it. She was like a monkey about that sidesaddle, which she had on silk stockings and her dress was pretty but not long.

Dresses do make a woman look different and you cannot get around it. More precious somehow. I remember thinking I could not stand to look her papa in the eye if anything was to happen to that girl.

It felt peaceable enough—a pretty morning, the basin spread out like a bright green checkerboard, the horses clipping along and these two kids joshing each other. Jimmy, he was lying when he told her he did not sing. He can sing fine. You can hear him half a mile when he feels good. Riding along, he busts out, and pretty soon Gene joins in. It did not make much sense—about yes, we have not got any bananas, and throwing the dishes away instead of washing them; but it made you feel right gay, at that.

Gene, she could sing rings around him. Her voice goes weaving in and out through his; not like the *segundo* that the native women sing; *segundo* sounds wild and sad, but this was more like joking with the tune.

"Hot dog!" says Jimmy. "The barber-shop kid!"

Gene, she just laughed. She was not a bit touchy about her hair being cut.

They get to singing softer and slower, riding along. Jimmy rides up close and puts his head down by hers, and sings with his eyes half shut like he was listening; and it was worth listening to. It kind of gave you a feeling up the back, the way her voice slid over his like a bow on soft deep fiddle strings.

"That is the boy!" says Jimmy, and he turns around and asks me, "How's that for close harmony, huh?"

"It's right harmonious," I says, "but maybe you could get closer if you was to climb onto the same horse," I says, sarcastic, which Gene did not look much like a boy that day—her face pink with the wind, and this blue hat kind of cute around it, and her eyes bright with singing. I remember how pretty her mouth looked, changing to let her voice float high and clear or settle to a whisper like the far-off hum of bees.

"Here's an old one," she says, and croons a piece of a tune to him and asks him if he knows it, "but full of dirty swipes."

That was what she said—dirty swipes; but there was nothing dirty about it. It is a real sweet song. I have heard Jimmy sing it many a time.

Oh, come my love, and walk with me ——

That is the way it starts, all on one note, only her voice chunes different on every word. Then it drifts into singing gentle and slow. I edged my horse off onto the grass to keep his hoofs from rattling. Their voices melting in together; gentle and sad and sweet, like a slow wind and rain on the roof and thinking of old times when you lie awake at night. I don't remember all of it, only at the end it is something about

—— never,
Say you will leave me never,
Say you'll be mine—forever,
For I ——

I can't explain. I used to sing pretty good, but it has been a long time since I tried it. His voice goes fading up and fading down and hers comes melting into it, golden-soft: "I love . . . but you."

I did not know the boy could sing so sweet. But I reckon he noticed he was riding too close to her and felt kind of embarrassed about it. He let go her arm and rode along not saying anything. He hardly said another word all the way to the hacienda.

Maybe you noticed before it got dark, there is a kind of a crack out there across the basin? It does not look like much from here, but it is deep and there is quite a river in it. The ford is just outside the hacienda. Riding down to it I see four-five old men sitting there; not doing anything; just sitting there. Yes, everything seemed to be quiet. Too quiet; I can see it now. I remember my left elbow kind of aching where I was shot once, and I thought it was going to rain. But I reckon it was the feel of trouble in my bones.

And I remember how quick old Tolo jumped up from his chair by the big gate where he has been sitting thirty or forty years. Like he was looking for somebody or something; I did not think of it at the time. It looked peaceable enough, the dogs running out to bark and the little naked kids sidling up to stare at Gene, which they had never seen a woman with a hat on.

Tolo unbuckles our spurs and says we are welcome to our house; that is the custom; it does not mean a thing.

"Ancient retainer?" says Gene.

"As advertised," says Jimmy, speaking short. It does beat all how a young fellow can go from sour to gay and back again.

Of course Tolo is not a butler or anything; just a *portero*, a wrinkled old peon with dusty sandals and baggy cotton

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clothes; but he is plenty ancient. And there is something about a place like that. There is a feeling, and you cannot get around it. Out there in the middle of the basin, green fields and cattle ranges stretching off to these blue hills; these long white walls from the days when every hacienda was a fort; these cobbled courtyards worn by horses riding in and out a hundred years—you cannot realize that it will ever change. It feels solid, settled, the stones and the houses and the people; and what they do seems right because they have been doing it so long. You could see how it had crept into Jimmy. You could see it creeping into Gene. Tolo bows down and kisses the back of her riding glove, and she was all fixed to laugh, but all of a sudden a queer look comes in her eyes.

"Quick, Jimmy," she whispers, "tell me what I do! I thought it would be funny, but it isn't. It's—dignified!"

Yes, it is kind of touching—these faithful old servants being so humble to you, and all. But it is no more natural for them to be servants than it is for you or me. Once they was proud, too, and made slaves out of people they had beat in fighting.

No, sir, white men do not know it all. Concha can tell you things that happened when the white race was a pup. She did not read it in a book; the Nahuatlecas do not have books nowadays; the Spaniards burned them all. But you cannot keep people from telling their children. It is like looking down a long, dim, splendid hall into the centuries. You get a hazy glimpse of what they used to be—what they are yet, inside, and always will be. Splendid and pitiful; I can't explain. Patient and pitiful, waiting for the stars to tell them when their day will come again.

Maybe it will. Who knows? They are sure getting bolder. It seems Guatamo had sent word to Moreno about mistreating Indians, but you can imagine how much attention Moreno paid to it.

Guatamo is the one that claims to be their king. Myself, I always thought he was just a yarn the mothers told their children. Concha got it from her mother when she was a baby, and she is forty or fifty now. Huh? Yes, I know she looks older than that. These women are grown at fourteen and start getting old at twenty-five.

That was why Elena is kind of touchy about her age; I was going to tell you. Elena is nineteen, which is pretty old not to be married yet.

Guatamo, he claims to be descended from Guatamotzin—the *tzin* Guatamo, that that killed his own uncle Moctezuma because the Spaniards was getting him all fuddled with Christianity. It may be so; I do not claim to know. I reckon he is kind of cracked. He can sit still so long you would not swear he is alive, only his eyes—black and alive with hate that never changes. Pitiful too. He does not understand the white man's world. Gold is no good to him. Time does not mean a thing to him. How long do you think it takes to catch a thousand humming birds? Not just the common gray ones, either; the colored ones, like little jewels dancing in air; *huitzin*, they call them, because they are sacred to their god Huitzil'. Many a Spaniard has been sacri——

Eh?

Oh! *Eres tu*, Concha?

'Sta bien. Ahorita samos. She says our chocolate is ready.

I wonder how long she has been listening there. Did I say anything about Jimmy's grandpa? It is a kind of a joke, but you could never make her see it. I will have to tell you afterward. You cannot get her to talk English, but she listens and you never know how much she gets.

VI

YOU noticed, Concha would not sit down with with us at supper? She is afraid you would not think she is good enough. That is the way the Spaniards have made them feel. Lower classes, that is what they call the Indians. *Peladas;* peeled ones; that is why upper-class Mexicans wear all the whiskers they can raise, to prove they have not got much Indian blood. Moreno, he is as proud of his beard as he is of his old Spanish name. He is high class; I was going to tell you. He knows better than to get haughty with me, but he would think Concha was a servant even if she had a million dollars.

Where did I leave off? Oh, yes; about Guatamo—this crippled old Aztec that claims to be their king.

Well, while Jimmy was having this quarrel with Moreno I hear people running in the patio, and I —— Huh? I thought I told you. It was about this servant spilling a plate of *mole* in Gene's lap. Huh? Why, *mole* is turkey cooked in a black gravy of ground-up peppers. It is real tasty, but nothing for a tenderfoot to tackle. It will knock your head off if you are not used to it.

Where did I leave off anyway?

No, sir, Gene did not feel like laughing any more. There is no use talking, there is something about a place where the same people have lived for generations. These echoing courtyards and these solemn brown women peeping out of doors, quiet—I remember how loud a *vaquero's* spurs sounded, leading our horses away. The dark *zaguan* of Moreno's house, the iron-barred *cancel* grinding open to let us into the patio—quiet; so quiet that it scared up the pigeons around the fountain. And the servant says will we have the goodness to be seated while he tells the master, and Gene sat there looking at these thick old arches and the heavy purple clouds of bougainvillea and the cedars all trimmed into shapes. Lost, that was how she looked; little and quiet and young.

Moreno, he did not make her feel at home. He looks kind of fierce when he is not jolly. He is real dark-complected and his eyes make her nervous about her legs, which her dress was modest enough when you got used to it, but certainly not long. Oh, he was polite; they always are; he smiles—that is, he shows his teeth through his beard—and bows very low; too low; there was something sarcastic about it—and says he is her servant; just introducing himself; not that Santiago Moreno is anybody's servant. Not so, Bolivia!

Why are customs stricter about women? When Jimmy used to be ignorant he could just laugh it off; but they sure did not make any allowances for Gene. They looked cross-eyed about her hat until she got nervous about it and took it off to see what was the matter with it, and you ought to have seen them lift their eyebrows about her hair being cut. In this country it means a girl has been disgraced.

Moreno takes us into the *sala*, stiff like a funeral with heavy curtains and pictures of saints and ancestors and about twenty chairs set straight around the wall, and there we sat. Myself, I do not like to sit in *salas*. Out in the *corredor* is good enough for me, where you can get some air and watch the pigeons in the patio. But Gene was a stranger and they had to treat her dignified. Polite, that is the way they are; even if they feel like poisoning you.

It got on Gene's nerves too. She jumped when Moreno clapped his hands to tell a servant to bring wine.

Jimmy, he was no help to her. He translates what she says, polite—like a native; like Santiago Moreno, Junior. I could not help thinking how he had changed since the first time I saw him in this house. He was not jolly with Moreno any more; he was respectful; that is the way native young bucks are raised to treat their father, like he was the Almighty or something. It made you kind of sick. Of course it was none of my business. I was only his partner and he was going to be Moreno's son.

You ought to have seen Gene's face when they hugged each other. Myself, I never give the *abrazo* if I can help it. I cannot see any sense to hugging a full-grown man.

Well, old lady Moreno comes in—she is short and fat and powdered heavy because they like to look as white as they can—and she does not talk because she does not know anything to say. She just sits. And Gene gets more nervous trying not to notice the powder and perfume, and the señora is plumb flabbergasted about Gene's hat and legs. These women do not wear hats; they will wear a mantilla worth five hundred dollars, but they think hats are sinful vanity. You never see them outside of cities. And you would think they did not have any legs, they wear so many petticoats. They think legs are not modest.

Elena sails in, and she sure had her war paint on. I do not mean paint or powder; she did not need much because she is fairly white anyway, and mad. She floats up to Gene and bows and says, "Elena Moreno, your servant, señorita," very polite, but her big brown eyes look more like "What is this the cat dragged in?"

Gene did not know enough to say her own name; Jimmy had to do it for her. She was so flustered that she stood up to shake hands, and it makes Elena madder because it means Gene is younger.

I reckon women are natural enemies about men. They do not trust any man with any woman under forty; they seem to think a man is plumb helpless if a woman gets after him. Yes, sir, Elena was going to show Jimmy that no shameless American girl could be prettier than she was. She sits down by her mama and folds her hands and lets her pretty head droop graceful and sorrowful, and starts talking to him out of the corner of her eyes; and I have got to admit that she did throw Gene in the shade. Elena is sure a pretty girl—these silk skirts sweeping out from her little waist, and this high graceful comb in her hair, her pretty mouth peeping out from behind her fan and her shoulders so round and smooth; they think it is all right to show the upper part of them.

Gene does not talk with her eyes; they are too straight and honest. They only show how she feels, which is that she has lost her taste for haciendas. She leans over and asks me if it is about time to beat it—meaning go home. That is the way she talks.

But of course we could not do that. You cannot ride in and out of an hacienda after riding nine kilometers to get there. They would have thought we was *informal*, which is a whole lot worse than informal in English. In Spanish it means you do not care for anybody's feelings, or keep your word, or know how to act proper.

"Gene," I says, "you play the piano, don't you? Anybody that can sing like you can must play the piano. Play us a piece."

"Piano?" she says, looking around for it. She did not know it was a piano, which it is an old one, little and squarish. She got real excited about it, asking how old it was and cooing to it and touching the keys like she was afraid it would fall to pieces.

But they did not know how old it was. I reckon it had always belonged to the Morenos.

"The señorita likes it?" says Moreno, and Jimmy translates.

"I'm crazy about it!" says Gene.

"She likes it very much," says Jimmy.

"Then it is hers," says Moreno.

Polite, that is the way they are; they will offer you anything you admire; and they may think you are crazy, but they will not back out if you have got the nerve to take it. Gene, she joked a little about carrying it home under her arm, but Jimmy did not think it was funny to make fun of customs. No, sir, he was a different boy.

It had a queer tone, thin but fairly sweet. She played something real soft and solemn, like being respectful to it; and the Morenos clapped their hands, polite.

Jimmy, he did not hardly hear it. Elena, she was sure talking with her eyes. These girls can talk to a man by the hour and never say a word; yes, sir, I am not so old but what I can remember. It is enough to make a young fellow dizzy.

But all of a sudden he looks round at Gene. She was playing something different; I bet that old piano never made a noise like that before. Not loud, but kind of sly and cute; it tickled you; I can't explain. It kind of made your feet jiggle. Jimmy, he fidgets for a minute and then goes over by her and starts singing to himself.

"*I'll be round to get you in the taxes, honey* ——"

Something like that; whatever it means, getting you in the taxes. And about dancing the two-step, and something about jolly roll blues. I ask you now!

Well, that was all right, though the Morenos did not like him to be singing English because they do not know what it is about. But all of a sudden he kind of holds out his elbows and wiggles his shoulders—you know. I pretty near fell dead. It is a motion you cannot make before a lady, let alone three of them.

"Santiago!" says Moreno, roaring at him. "Hast thou no shame?"

Gene was so surprised that she stopped playing. She was not shocked or anything; I reckon she did not see him do it.

"What's all the shootin' for?" she says. "Are we in wrong?"

She did not mean shooting; at least I did not hear any. Not then.

"I pulled a little shimmy," says the kid, sheepish.

"Why not?" says Gene.

I ask you now! Of course he had not pulled anybody's shimmy; but it is not

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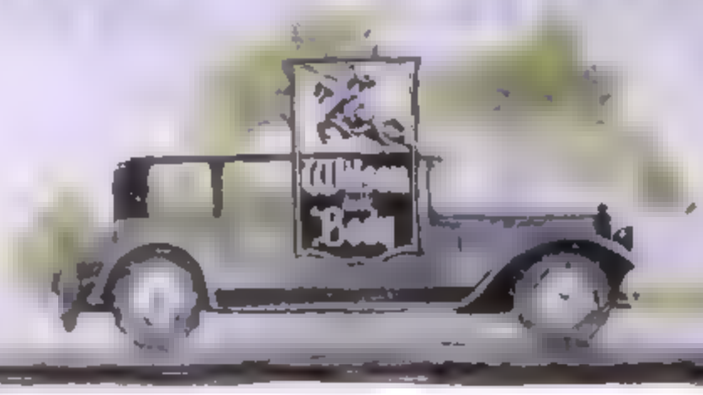

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(Continued from Page 164)

even polite to talk about. She looks around, innocent, and she sees the way the Morenos are looking. Well, sir, I did not know what to do. I was not brought up in a parlor with three ladies, all mad.

"Don Santiago," I says, "the señorita has never seen an hacienda. Have you the goodness to escort her that she may view the gardens and the stables?"

That is the way with Spanish; you talk polite, no matter how sour you feel. It would have been ridiculous if it had not been so miserable—this fool kid acting polite half the time and natural the other half. It was no pleasure being there. But they have got certain ways of doing, and that is all there is to it. They would have thought we was rude to go home before dinner. They got into the habit of feeding visitors in the days when settlements was few and far between, and they will do it yet or die.

I did not see any sign of trouble. Maybe the peons and *vaqueros* was extra quiet when we came around; I was feeling pretty sour and I did not notice. Maybe Moreno was extra proud with them; he would be; that is the way he is. You cannot scare him. He has been a big man here too long.

Nobody told us about this peon being shot the day before for stealing corn. I would not have thought a thing about it anyway. You have to have servants to work a place like that, and you have to be boss or get out. I am not blaming Moreno; he treated them the only way he knew. That is the way the Spaniards have always treated them, making them build churches and be Christians, and flogging them for the good of their souls. Nobody told us about him being warned.

Gene, she thought the gardens were beautiful, which they are, and she liked the horses, which Moreno has certainly got some fine ones. She talked baby talk to Moreno's prize bull for being so old and fat and sulky; she wanted to go in his stall and pet him. She would not believe us when we told her that bull had killed four men. She thought we was joshing her, like Jimmy did about the notches in his gun. That is the way with girls; they are raised peaceable and they do not realize. The wonder is that they are so spunky when hell begins to pop.

VII

WELL, sir, I know it is not polite to talk English and then laugh; but what is the use of being miserable when you can find some little thing that is funny? I am not blaming Elena for being mad. It must have been a strain to sit by Gene and be polite to her when she felt like choking her; high-strung, that is the way she is; and Jimmy, he hardly noticed Elena all during dinner. Him and me got tickled about Gene.

Gene, she did not know the name of anything she ate, but she was going to be polite or bust. She was a wonder, that kid. She is not very big and you know how native dinners are; thin soup and then thick soup and then *fideo;* venison and then beef and then turkey *mole,* all with more vegetables than you can shake a stick at, topped off with beans and dessert and coffee and wine. And every time she stops eating, Moreno, he says, polite, that he is afraid she does not like it, and Jimmy translates and she eats it to be polite.

She did not know you are supposed to say it is delicious but you have not got any appetite. And we did not tell her. It was a low-down trick; but we got tickled, watching her.

"Five dollars she makes it and lives!" I says to Jimmy, nudging him in the ribs and whispering, which of course we was sitting on one side of the table and the girls on the other.

He took the bet. I admit it did not look possible, but I still believe I would have won if it had not been for the turkey *mole.* She took a good big bite of it to get it over with, which very likely she could not taste anything by that time anyway. But *mole* is something else again for a tenderfoot. It is not just peppery; it is like eating dynamite if you are not used to it.

"I am afraid the señorita does not like the *mole,*" says Moreno, being polite, and Jimmy kicks my shin and translates as solemn as a judge. Not that he is cruel by nature; he was more used to pepper and he did not realize.

"Tell him I'm crazy about it," says Gene, gasping for breath and drinking water and clapping her napkin to her mouth and trying manful not to cry. "Tell him anything, but give me air!"

"Don't you eat it, kid!" I says. "You have made a good game try and it is worth the money."

But Jimmy, he sees the tears running down her face and feels like a low-down pup because he has let her suffer.

"I ought to be hung!" he says, and starts to explain it to Moreno. "She is crazy—that is, she loves—that is, I mean ——"

You cannot think in English and talk Spanish. It does not come out right. He used the wrong word for loves; he even used the wrong word for hot; he meant peppery, *picante;* but he was so sorry for Gene that he did not hardly know what he was saying.

"I mean," he says, stuttering, "she is not crazy, she only says she is crazy—I mean she says she is not crazy ——"

I reckon the Morenos thought we was all crazy. The *mole* did not taste hot to them.

"Papa," says Elena, "with permission—I cannot ——"

She was plumb white and her voice was trembling. She makes a motion with both hands and jumps up to leave the table, and she bumped right into the servant just as the woman was reaching for Gene's plate; and flop goes turkey and black gravy and all into Gene's lap.

That finished Gene. Elena, she was plumb paralyzed. A thing like that is just terrible to a native; they are so proud, they know how mortified they would feel if it was to happen to them when they was company, and they are just speechless to have such a thing happen in their house. But Gene, she had been polite all she could stand. She went limp in her chair and fairly whooped and laughed.

"Tell them it doesn't matter," she gasps, waving her hands like she could not get her breath. "Tell them it's all right. I'm all right. Everything's all right. Jimmy, for the love of Mike, get me out of here before I go into hysterics!"

But she was already in them. It sure did not help matters any. The Morenos, they do not laugh when they are mortified; all they could figure was that she was laughing at them or their dinner or their servant being clumsy. No, sir, it was not dignified—Jimmy running around and shaking her and begging her is she burnt or anything, and Moreno and his wife standing up to apologize, and the servant down on her knees trying to scrape the stuff out of Gene's lap. Poor Gene just laughed harder than ever.

No, sir, they do not laugh things off. They just get fighting mad; and all they know to do is blame the servant. Of course the woman was scared to talk back. She just stood and took it all like a dumb animal caught out in a storm.

So I touched Elena on the shoulder and told her to tell them it was her fault, bumping into the woman that way. Well, sir, she whirled on me like a tiger.

"You!" she says. "Who are you that you should come into this house and laugh? Who are you that you should accuse me in defense of a miserable *india?* You—the husband of one! But naturally!"

She read my funeral proper. I am not blaming her; high-strung, that is the way she is; and she was upset plenty. Jimmy paying attention to another girl and petting her and trying to make her stop laughing. Besides, what is the use of getting mad at a woman? All you can do is talk, and they can outtalk you every time. And it is so that Concha is an Indian. What is the use of getting mad about it?

"Gene," I says, "if you think you can walk now, let's get going. I reckon our company can be spared."

But Jimmy, he turns around and catches Elena by the arm.

"Be quiet!" he says, speaking quiet himself.

She tries to jerk loose, but is not strong enough. And you can tell she is glad she is not. It is a relief to her to turn loose and fight; she is Indian enough herself to want to be treated rough.

"You!" she screams at him—not calling him thou. "Who are you to reproach me? You, who have brought this shameless woman into my house!"

But of course fighting is not dignified. Jimmy, he was not hurting her; only trying to make her listen to him; but Moreno bawls at him.

(Continued on Page 169)

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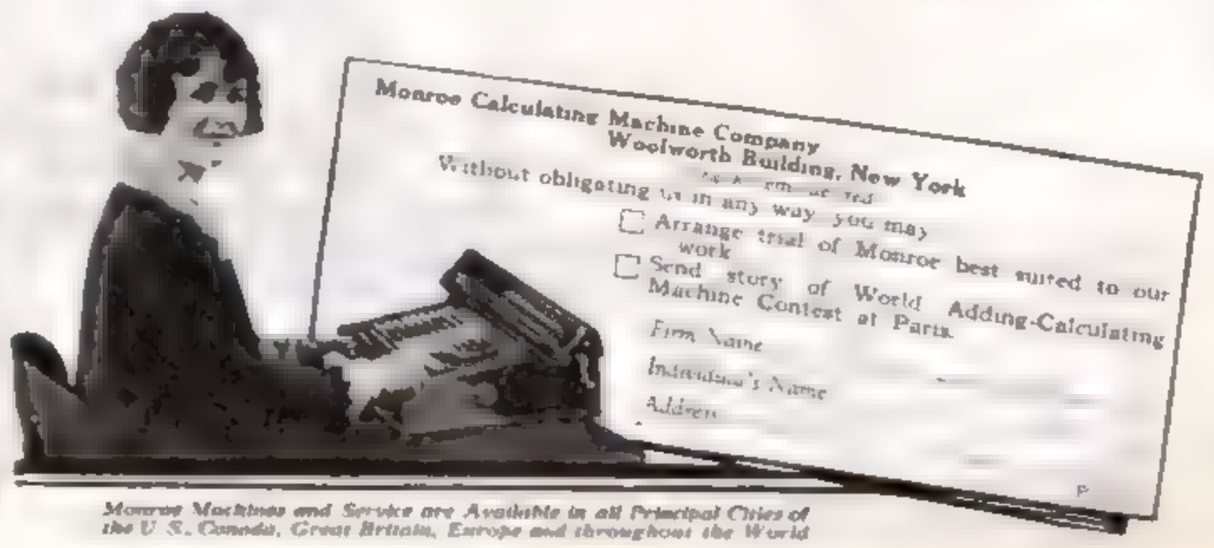
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(Continued from Page 167)

"Santiago! Blockhead boy! Art thou crazy?"

Then Jimmy forgot himself. He give that girl a shake she would remember. Her head pretty near bobbed off and her comb went spinning across the floor. It was the surprise of her young life. He turned her loose and she stood there like a lamb.

"Almost!" he says, breathing hard but speaking quiet. "Am I to tolerate that my friends shall be insulted in this house? You knew the señorita was a foreigner when you asked me to bring her here, yet you have dared to look her from above to below because her customs are not the customs of the country. You dare ——"

"Silence!" bawls Moreno. I reckon he could not believe his ears. "Is it thus that a son shall address a father? Is it that I shall teach thee?"

There was a minute when he looked like murder. By gum, I wish you had been there. This half-freckled, blue-eyed young son-of-a-gun standing up to Santiago Moreno and calling him down in his own house; speaking quiet but looking that fellow square in the eye.

"I am not your son," he says. "I keep my word; but I was born a foreigner and I cannot remake myself in a day. I am not a child that you should humiliate me. Lay hand on me and you will see. I keep my word," he says, "but I do not tolerate that my friends shall be treated so. Elena has dared to reproach Don Luis with his wife that is an Indian. Is it that she feels shame for the Indian blood in her own veins?"

"And who are you," Elena blazes at him, "that you should dare to tell me what I dare?"

She was just aching to be treated rough—her eyes just blazing at him, daring him, her head up and her hair half down; right wild and beautiful; I can't explain. But Jimmy, he did not touch her. There was a minute when you could hear them breathing. That was when I heard people running in the patio. I remembered it afterward; I remember kind of wondering what their hurry was.

Jimmy, he makes a motion with his hands like letting go.

"Say I am nobody," he says, quiet. "Call it that. Nevertheless he is my friend. You shall unblame yourself to him."

"And if I do not?" says Elena, panting.

"I go," he says, "with God."

That is a way of saying go and not come back—never, *jamas*, not any more forever! I grabbed him by the arm.

"Well, come on, son!" I says. "Let's go!"

But you do not know that kid. Not so, Bolivia! He had give his word and he was giving them a chance to hold him to it if they wanted.

A mule is wishy-washy compared to him when he gets it into his head a thing is right. And I won't deny there had been talk about him courting Elena right in the house that way—going to see her, American fashion. She would have a hard time finding another husband around here.

I am not saying Moreno thought of that. Maybe he did; or maybe it hit his Spanish pride just right.

"*Eso!*" he roars. "That is the way, my Santiaguito! Thou art indeed my son! A Moreno is loyal. A Moreno does not tolerate!"

And he throws his arms around the kid, patting him on the back and calling him his little Santiago and making a fuss over him. It was enough to make you sick, which Jimmy is as big as Moreno ever thought of being. And he roars to Elena, jovial, that she has got to apologize to me and Gene, and she does it. That is, she says she is sorry and I said it was all right; not that she cared; she did not hardly look at me; she was looking at Jimmy. That is the way with proud folks, they get tame awful quick if you are prouder.

"Thou art not angry with me any more?" she whispers to him.

And he smiles to her; but he was kind of quiet and pale; listless; I can't explain.

"No," he says, "I am not angry with thee, Elena. I know it was because thou didst not understand."

Nor never would. I did not have the heart to hang around any more, and Gene's dress being ruined was a good excuse. I says with permission I will take her home. Jimmy, he says with permission he will accompany us, and the señora says we have permission, and we shook hands all round and said much pleasure, all very quiet and polite. And Moreno clapped his hands to tell the servant to tell the *corralero* to have our horses saddled.

The servant did not come. Nobody came. Moreno steps out into the patio and roars for somebody to send somebody quick. The pigeons flew up and settled down and that was all. The house was silent as the grave.

That was when I remembered people running in the patio. I says maybe something has happened; but we went outside and could not see a soul. We got clear round the chapel before we see the *administrador* coming from the outer gate. He looks at Moreno and jerks a thumb over his shoulder, half sarcastic and half joshing and half upset about it too.

"Our friend the king," he says, "in his own person."

Moreno swears and grabs a machete off a saddled horse and goes stomping out the gate. King or no king, he would not stand for any foolishness from any Indian.

VIII

THIS was the only time I ever saw Guatamo. Mighty few white men have. He does not get around much; he cannot walk much and he will not ride a horse because the Spaniards brought them. That was what those old men had been doing down there by the ford all morning—waiting for him. Don't ask me how they knew that he was coming. How do Indians know anything? Don't ask me what he thought he was going to do about Moreno treating peons the way he did. I reckon the poor old gump did not have any more idea than a goat. Myself, I think he is kind of cracked; but it is bad business fooling with anything that a million mothers tell their children.

Myself, I do not swear he is a king. He has got gold ornaments that was never made in these days—plenty of them; they say it is the gold of Moctezuma; but he may be just a crazy old fellow that has stumbled on it and has fooled himself into believing he is descended from Guatamotzin by thinking about it fifty or a hundred years. That is how he got crippled, trying to make him tell where the gold is. The fellows that done it, they never lived to brag about it, though. These Indians are used to being kicked around themselves, but Guatamo is like Jesus Christ to them.

I would not let Jimmy and Gene go down. It was none of our business to be mixing in.

Outside the gate the ground falls away sharp down to the river. It was like a high seat at a bull ring—looking down on this crowd of peons and women and children, the big straw hats of *saqueros* tossing here and there like chips on a pond—surging back out of Moreno's way. No, sir, Moreno was not afraid of any quantity of Indians. I remember the dust spurting under his feet, tramping down solid and savage. I remember the whacks he gave them with the flat of the machete when they did not move fast enough.

"Like slaves!" says Jimmy, breathing through his nose.

They are not slaves, of course. They are supposed to get wages; the way it works, though, is that they get credit for clothes and food, and so forth, and the master takes it out of the wages and the wages never catch up and so they cannot quit. That is the old system; they are trying to do away with it, but as long as there is rich men in this country there will be peonage. They get along pretty good, at that. Only when something like this comes up you feel right sorry for them.

There was twenty or thirty little naked kids down there on their little naked knees getting Guatamo's blessing. You ought to have heard them yell when Moreno whacked their little naked behinds. Likely it was the first time he had ever noticed them, and it scared them half to death.

One of the old men holds up his right hand, solemn, and says something. It was too far to hear; but I heard Moreno bellowing all right.

"What king nor what nothing! *Hola!* Sebastian! Gonzalo! Pepe! Drive me these cattle to their stalls! I finish with this foolishness. I show them that in this *barrio* there is no king but me!"

Roaring to his *sobrestantes*, his overseers, you know; proud men themselves and used to making peons step.

"Oh! Oh!" says Gene. "What is the matter? What are they fighting for?"

You could not call it fighting. Cattle he called them, and cattle they acted like. That is the difference between hacienda

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peons and drillers or muckers in a mine. They are not free labor, used to going where they can get the best wages. They was born working for Moreno; it is a habit with them to be afraid of him and the *sobrestantes*. When they are hit they move. The *sobrestantes* yelling and kicking them right and left; Moreno roaring and laying on with the machete. I reckon he did not care much whether he hit them with the flat or the edge. Some of them was bleeding pretty bad, stampeding past us up the hill. Naked kids crying and stumbling around like scared rabbits, and scared mothers screaming at them to run faster.

It was not pretty to watch; but we did not run. There was nowhere to run to but where the stampede was going. I just pulled Gene to one side out of the dust and waited.

Moreno comes up to us, puffing and blowing but very polite.

"Señorita," he says, "most deeply I regret if this impertinence has distressed your grace. Forgive one more moment of delay and I send your horses to you."

Then he grins and points with the machete.

"Behold," he says, "the king and all his court!"

He had not hit Guatamo or the old men; maybe it came to him that he had better not. Guatamo sitting down there by the river, only these three or four worn-out old peons left to do him honor. Only these two ignorant, half-naked young hill Indians squatting there like statues with their paddles in their hands; only the water rippling past his painted canoe like it has rippled for ten thousand years, not caring. Gene had to go down and get a look at him. But he did not give any sign of seeing us—this poor old king of slaves; this shriveled relic of a forgotten empire, sitting there, so still you could not swear he was alive, his crazy black eyes staring straight at Gene Ward and never flickering. Maybe he did not see. Maybe the white man's world goes on around him like a dream.

"Oh, lovely! Lovely!" says Gene. "But what is it? Velvet?"

She meant the cape that covered his old bones. Color—a million colors melted into one; color that shimmered and flowed when you moved, like silk that changes every way you look at it. But not glossy like silk; soft, just drinking in light and giving it back to you melted into color. I had heard of that cape, but I had never seen it. I reckon it is the only one in the world today. Made of the skins of humming birds—the tiny jeweled ones; thousands and thousands of them; they are no bigger than the tip end of your little finger. *Huitzin*, they call them, because they are sacred to their god Huitzilopochtli. It means you belong to the family of the king.

But even the *huitzin* cape, even the gold, could not make him look like anything but a poor old mummy; not much bigger than a ten-year-old boy; all shriveled down to nothing. Old, old as the hills he looked—the hills out yonder, never caring, as blue for white men as they had ever been for Aztec kings.

I told Gene what little I knew about him, and her eyes got big and solemn.

"Oh!" she says, whispering. "Is this the vale of Anahuac?"

I was surprised. But it seems she had only read about it in a book—about Moctezuma. Montezuma she calls him and Guatamotzin and the *noche triste*; the sad night, the Spaniards call it, when Cortez thought the Nahuatlecas was going to run them out in spite of all they could do.

"No," I says. "The valley of Anahuac is near a thousand miles from here. But even a cripple could travel that far in four hundred years."

That is the feeling that you get—like it was old Guatamotzin himself, alive. We kind of talked in whispers, watching him. Then our horses came. The peon that brought them sort of looks at Jimmy like he wanted to say something, but instead of saying it he goes over and kneels down in front of Guatamo. One of the old men translates what he says, and he talks loud because Guatamo is kind of deaf, it seems. And Guatamo moved for the first time since we had been watching him. He raised his head and looked up the hill with those hot, crazy black eyes of his, and made like he was going to stand up. Then he let his head drop and pulled the *huitzin* cape across his face.

"What is it?" says Jimmy, asking me.

"I don't know," I says, lying to him, which I do understand a few words of Nahua from Concha. No, she is not an Aztec; she is a Chichimec; but all the main tribes of the Nahuatlecas used to talk the same. That is what Nahuatleca means—talkers of Nahua. But they have mostly forgotten it. That is why this poor old Guatamo had to have an interpreter to talk to his own people.

"I don't know," I says, lying to the kid. "Come on," I says, "let's go!"

But he called the peon and asked him.

"Excuse, excellency," says the man, "excuse that she spoke of you—but the *mesera*—she who had the misfortune to spill the *mole* on the dress of the señorita—she was telling us how valiantly your grace defied Don Santiago in the dining room. And Don Santiago came upon us and heard, and he is going to have that rash woman flogged."

"Come on, kid," I says. "There ain't a thing you can do about it."

That was the difference between me and him. I hated it as much as he did, but I knew it was no use interfering and he did not care whether it was any use or not. He just showed his teeth and whirled his horse and went back up that hill like a bat out of thunder.

Well, sir, I did not know what to do. Like as not that fool kid would go bulging in there and get himself shot, the humor Moreno was in; yet here I had Gene on my hands. I looked at her. I thought she would be kind of scared and sick, but she was plain mad at me.

"Well?" she says. "Aren't you going to help him?"

"Come on!" I says. "We might as well get hung for a sheep as a lamb."

We could not go as fast as Jimmy did, because Gene would have fell off. Come to think of it, a sidesaddle is a fool thing anyway. What is the sense of pretending that women have not got legs? What did the good Lord give them legs for if not to use?

I took her by Moreno's house and yelled to her to go in there and stay there. Did you ever see a human whipped? I hope you never do. It is no way to treat a dumb brute, let alone a man or a woman born to walk upright on two legs. They do not do it much these days; only when they want to put the fear of God into them. I reckon Moreno was just crazy mad that day.

I did not see the start of it. I see this crowd of peons in this corral, and this woman with her hands tied up to a post, and Jimmy's horse dancing loose and Jimmy and this *sobrestante* rolling on the ground. I lit running with my gun in my hand. I was not going to interfere if the fight was fair, but these people do not know how to fight fair. A knife or a gun is all they know.

Wham! goes Jimmy's fist on the *sobrestante's* jaw. The rest of it happened quick as a gun flash; quicker than that, because I did not have time to shoot. Moreno and three or four *sobrestantes* was standing there with guns to keep the peons in order while they got their lesson. But one of the *sobrestantes* whirls to take a crack at Jimmy's head with his gun barrel. A man jumps between us and then there is men all over them.

I kept yanking men by the back of the neck, hauling them off and yelling to Jimmy to come out of that mess. I see a knife sticking out of the back of a khaki coat, and I felt pretty sick because I thought it was him; but it was only the *sobrestante*. Then I hear the kid yelling somewhere.

"Gene! Gene! For God's sake, beat it out of here!"

I might have known that girl would not stay put. She was right there, hopping up and down and shaking Jimmy by the arm.

"Are you hurt? Jimmy! Are you hurt? Are you hurt?"

"Not yet!" says Jimmy, and fairly snatched her feet off the ground.

Moreno went by us; I did not have any idea that fellow could run so fast; but that corral was no place for bosses now. He had nothing to depend on but his *sobrestantes*, and he was losing them rapid. The air was full of machetes, which a machete is something you can lay your hand on any time around an hacienda; it is a tool and a first-class thing to fight with, heavy and sharp and long.

It was no place for me either. My skin is fairly white and they are not taking time to ask me was my grandpa American or Spanish. I know I did not ask who it was when a machete knocked my hat off; I just turned around and shot him and kept going. I remember the whow! whow! of two shots echoing hollow in the *zaguan* of Moreno's house, and Jimmy shoving out a fellow that toppled right on my heels. Then the big wooden doors boomed shut and we were inside, Jimmy and Gene and me and Moreno coughing with powder smoke and asking each other if we were hurt or anything; Elena and the *administrador* and old lady Moreno screeching at us through the bars of the *cancel*.

"Santiago! Santiaguito! *Por dios*, what happens?"

IX

REACH me that bottle over there, will you? I have not talked so much since old Heck was a pup. Usually there is some white man by here every day or so; but it is just my luck that nobody has happened along since this thing broke; and it is pretty lonesome sitting here by myself and thinking. And it is no use talking about it to Concha. All she sees is that Jimmy is gone, and the Morenos are gone, and she cannot see anything funny about getting shot behind the ear. She thinks I am drunk because I keep feeling the place and grinning to myself; but I am just thinking how those Indians could not have got into the house if they had not plugged me. I am not kicking. It serves me right for getting old and careless and forgetting that a man can climb a tree.

Drink hearty! Where did I leave off?

Well, there we were. They could not burn the house down because it was adobe. They could have busted the outer *zaguan* doors with a log or something, but the inner door would stop them and we could shoot them through the bars. They could not pull the bars off the windows without getting in front of them. They did try to come at us over the roof—you know how these houses are, a hollow square around the patio—but we heard the ladder going up and me and Jimmy climbed up on the roof and shot the first head that showed, and reached over and threw the ladder down, and got nothing but a few chips of tile in our faces. They are not very good at shooting quick.

But there we were. They could not get in and we could not get out.

"We must get word to the *rurales*," says Moreno, down in the patio watching for somebody to try to bust in a window or a door.

I had to laugh. Up there on the roof I could see the basin spread out empty to the rim of hills; only a few trails of dust where the *vaqueros* had galloped in to help smoke us out, and a few specks of peons hoofing it home; it was as good as a holiday to them.

The nearest *rurales* was at Hosto, fifteen kilometers the other side of there. And their *comandante* was no mind reader. Not so, Bolivia! He is a fat fellow named Nuñez, and all he thinks about is eating and politics, which he had got his job out of the last revolution.

All that we could hope for was that word of the trouble would reach Hosto somehow. All we could do was hold out as long as we could. By daylight it was easy; or ought to have been. All we had to do was keep them from climbing onto the roof or sniping us from other roofs; they tried that, but we discouraged them. The other roofs was lower and we could see them easier than they could see us.

But it got awful dull. You can talk about your terrible fixes, but a thing like that is tedious. I reckon it was duller down in the patio. First thing I knew, Gene came scrambling up the vine trellis like a monkey, and I did not have the heart to send her down.

"How come you are not scared?" I says to her.

"I am," says she.

"You sure don't look it," I says, which she has lost her hat, and her short hair is flying up cute, and her gray eyes steady, and her face—I can't explain. Young. That is it. She sits there on the coping and looks a long time off to the hills before she answers.

"I am afraid," she says. "Men—the hates of men ——" And she looks at me. "But there is something," she says, "out here. Maybe it is the hills. I'm city bred. I never felt the earth so wide. So big and strong and real. Eternal and infinitely calm. It—it makes panic—an impertinence. It makes a life seem little, and life seem infinitely more. Does that mean anything to you?"

You think it over. She could talk sense as plain as anybody when she tried.

(Continued on Page 173

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(Continued from Page 170)

Well, I got careless, sitting there talking, and listening to her and Jimmy. I kept an eye on the roofs, of course; but nothing happened, only the sun went down; and I got careless. I never thought about that big bushy tree sticking up behind the stables, not fifty yards away. And finally a man crawls up into it with a rifle that must have been made in the spring of '73, and gets a good rest and takes his time and spatters about half a pound of lead on my thick skull.

It seems I rolled off into the patio and fell on the *administrador* and pretty near broke his back. Gene, she comes flying down to see if I am killed or anything, and Jimmy lies down on the roof and starts shooting up that tree; but a young fellow cannot think of two things at once. They got a ladder up and jumped on him from behind. They could have knifed him right then; but Indians have got their own way of figuring.

Well, sir, Moreno and the *administrador* gave up. I am not blaming them; they was caught. They would only have got themselves killed fighting, and the women too. They thought I was dead. I thought so, too, till finally my head started to ache something terrible.

The patio was full of Indians. I thought I had gone half blind; I did not realize that I had been unconscious and it was nearly dark. I hear old Guatamo talking, his voice thin and slow, and I see him perched on the edge of the fountain, a few pigeons flapping around and scolding him. King or no king, they did not like him to be sitting there. I did not know enough Nahua to follow what he said; but pretty soon one of the old men starts translating. He was reading Moreno's funeral all the way from Cortez clear down to Porfirio Diaz, blaming him for all that the Spaniards have ever done to them.

I could not see very well for legs and the dusk and my head aching, and I thought I had better keep still till I could figure what to do. This old man is standing right by me. Then I see Moreno all trussed up like a turkey to be roasted, but I could not see Jimmy or Gene anywhere. And I felt pretty sick. I could not help thinking what on earth would I tell Gene's papa when he got back.

"Make ready!" says the old man, solemn.

And they lay Moreno back over a stone bench and tear his shirt open; you know, to cut his heart out. Well, sir, the white man does not live that can stand it. I reached out and grabbed that old hellion's legs from under him. At the same time I hear Jimmy yelling; and I am telling you they could not hold me down. I hit the floor all right, but I came bucking up with Indians all over me. I did not know there was that many Indians in the world.

"How are you getting along?" I yells. "Where's Gene?"

"Right here!" yells Jimmy, bumping up and down like me. But they did not seem to want to knife us. I wondered why.

And then somebody roars, "Hands up!" and there is a commotion right.

The *rurales* had came at last. This fellow Nuñez—this fat *comandante*—his voice is kind of rough and loud, but it was not half rough enough or loud enough to suit me.

I yells, "Hands up! The *rurales!* The *rurales!*" for fear they might not notice it. And I put my hands up, and the Indians that was wrastling with me put theirs up, and pretty soon everybody had them up but Moreno and Jimmy and the ladies, which theirs was tied behind them. Yes, sir, it looked like we was saved. Moreno rolls off the bench and gets up and hops—did you ever see a man try to walk with his feet tied?—and falls down and puts his face on the *comandante's* foot, half crying, he was so grateful.

Nuñez, he just looked down at him and laughed. These *rurales* are a tough bunch and trouble is what they live on. They are good fighters, but it is sure no use expecting them to be sorry for anybody.

"Hoh-hoh-ho!" he roars. "The fine Señor Don Santiago Moreno, he has changed from what his custom is. He does not seem so *orgulloso*, so proud as I have seen him other times. How does it seem to you, boys?" he says, and the *rurales* crowded around and laughed at Moreno squirming on the floor.

But I was busy untying Jimmy and did not pay much attention till I heard Nuñez roar out an order, very military.

"Stand him up! Santiago Moreno," he says, trying to make it sound legal, "in the name of the revolution and the President of the Republic of Mexico I confiscate your estates! Squad Number One! Bring lanterns, torches, anything. Squad Number Two! Take me this *cientifico* out and shoot him!"

Cientificos, that is what they call the men that sided with Porfirio Diaz in the old days—mostly rich men and mostly Spanish. Most of them are dead or chased out of the country now—like the Terrazas family that used to own pretty near the whole state of Chihuahua; young Terrazas murdered and old Terrazas in Spain and the politicians dividing up his land. But this is an out-of-the-way place. The big politicians never paid much attention to it and the little politicians had never had the nerve to tackle Santiago Moreno.

It hits this Nuñez like an inspiration. Nuñez, he is not a Spaniard and he is not an Indian; he is a revolutionary and a politician, and all he thinks about is eating and playing both ends against the middle. He does not care a thing about Guatamo or the Nahuatlecas, but he is right tickled to realize that they have got Moreno treed for him. It comes to him that he is a made man.

x

IT HITS Moreno different. I felt right sorry for him; I turned around and grabbed Nuñez by the arm.

"Captain," I says, "don't shoot him. Tell him he has got to get out of the country or something. He has had enough trouble without getting shot."

"Squad Number Three!" says Nuñez. "Shoot this gringo too!"

Well, sir, you cannot realize that you are going to be shot. Some other fellow, yes; you have seen other fellows dead; but you have always been alive, far as you know, and you have not got much to go by. But I did not make a fuss because I did not want Jimmy and Gene to get messed up in it. I started to walk out; but Jimmy had heard. He could not believe it any more than I did.

"*Señor comandante!*" he says. "Are you crazy? You can't do this!"

"Who says I can't?" says Nuñez, haughty.

"I do!" says Jimmy. What else could he say? "Don Luis is an American!"

"I have shot a hundred Americans," says Nuñez. "Who are you that I should hesitate to shoot you too?"

That is not so, of course. There has not been much more than two hundred Americans killed altogether, and of course he did not kill half of them himself. But there has been plenty of them killed, and durn little ever done about it. Jimmy and me and Gene would only be two or three more.

"Who, me?" says Jimmy. That was not bluff; he was surprised.

"You," says Nuñez. "And why not? Who are you?"

Jimmy, he looks at him a minute. By gum, I wish you could have seen that boy! Smiling and yet not smiling; proud; I can't explain. He was plumb tired of being asked who he was in that tone of voice.

"If you must know," he says, "I am the grandson of old man Brown."

"Brah-oon?" says Nuñez.

"Himself," says Jimmy.

"Exactly!" I answers. "That's who he is. The grandson of old man Brown himself. You mean to tell me you did not know?"

Well, sir, this Nuñez scratched his head. In this country you do not brag about your grandpa unless he is somebody. In Spanish the same as in English, "old man" can mean old man or it can mean the boss. For as he knew, old man Brown could be the President of the United States; or the Secretary of War; or anybody. And he did not like the quiet way the kid said it, like it was a joke on somebody; Nuñez sure did not want it to be on him.

"Who is the old man Brah-oon?"

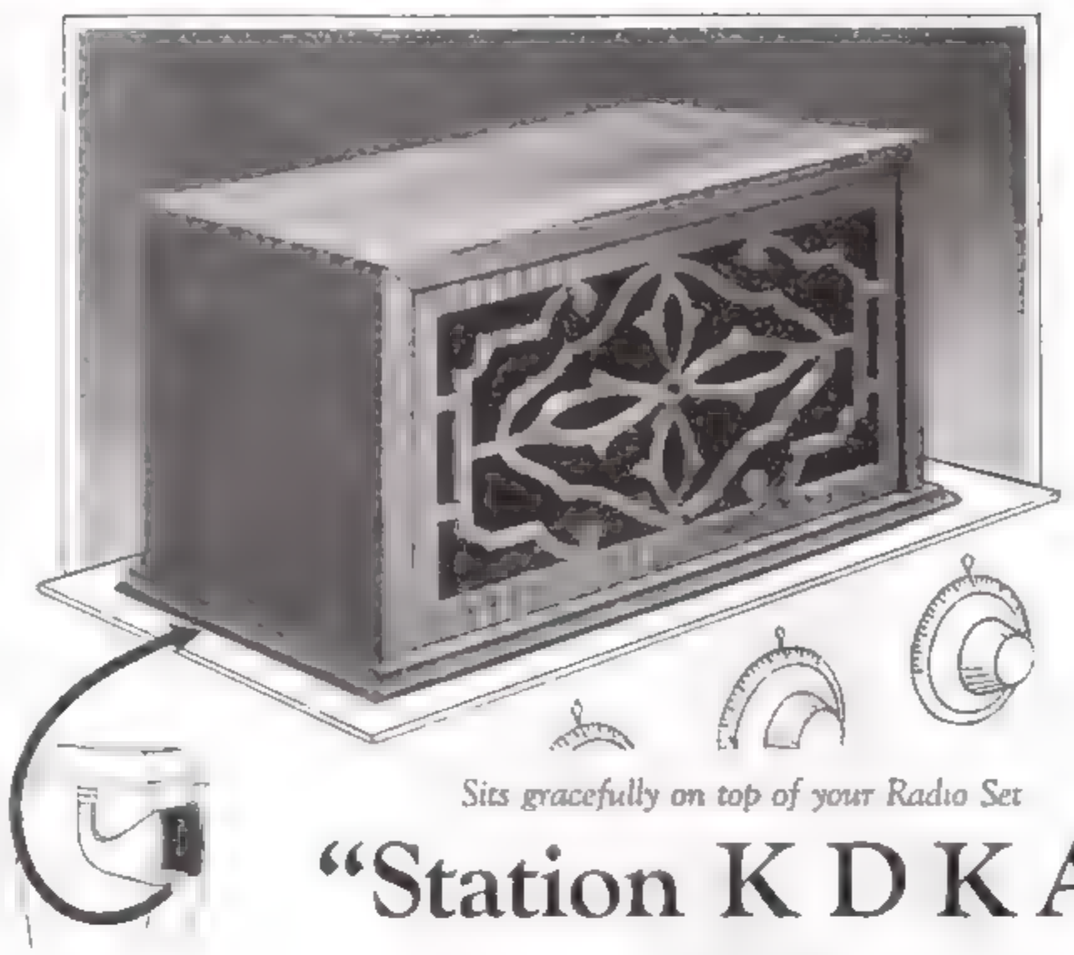
"Why," says Jimmy, "my grandfather."

"And Don Santiago is to be the young Señor Brown's father-in-law!" I says. "You had better order him brought back here quick. Do you want the responsibility of shooting the father-in-law of the grandson of old man Brown?"

I wish you had been there. Jimmy, he sees he has got Nuñez going; he just looks him in the eye.

"Quick!" I says. "The young señor does not care about the estate; you can have it. If you wish, he will engage that Don Santiago shall leave the country. But his execution is a thing he will not forgive."

"Quick!" says Jimmy.



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That is what the famous Sonora tone chamber—the heart of our phonographs and the result of eleven years' devotion to tone reproduction only—brings you in the new Radio Speaker. It is *all wood*, but not *solid* wood, for, like solid metal, thick or thin, solid wood will add vibrations of its own.

Instead, ply upon ply of thin, seasoned wood is moulded around a form as perfect as the science of acoustics can make it. Each wafer-thin layer is set at cross-grain to the next. Between each pair of plies are spread sheer films of gum which function like the quicksilver coating on a mirror—neutralizing vibration and reflecting every faintest sound. Not a single tone is added—none taken away. Thus is every unnatural vibration shorn from the crystal-clear stream of sound which pours from the Sonora tone chamber.

Now this Radio Speaker is in the hands of radio and phonograph dealers all over the country. Whenever broadcasting is in progress, these dealers are prepared and eager to make a comparative demonstration for you. Of the thousands who have already purchased this instrument, hardly one has failed to comment on its marked superiority in tone and volume.

Stop by this evening and merely listen for a minute. Or if the dealers in your town are not yet supplied with Sonora Radio Speakers, send us this coupon and make a thorough test in your own home.

SONORA PHONOGRAPH CO. Dept. B
279 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Gentlemen.

Please send me one Sonora Radio Speaker, price $30, carriage prepaid.

☐ Check or cash enclosed, or. ☐ Send C.O.D

Name

Address

Shipped to any foreign country parcel post prepaid on receipt of price. Reliable dealers wanted.

Sonora
CLEAR AS A BELL
Radio Speaker

Can be plugged into any Radio Set—No extra batteries required

New York Sun scores a scoop

The extraordinary clearness of tone reproduced by the Sonora Radio Speaker was strikingly demonstrated when, during the Democratic Convention, the typesetters of the New York Sun set type directly from the official announcer's voice, as amplified by the Sonora instrument. "The Sun" scooped every other paper in New York by at least one ballot.

Radio Engineer for WCX has purchased two Sonora Radio Speakers

"Gentlemen:

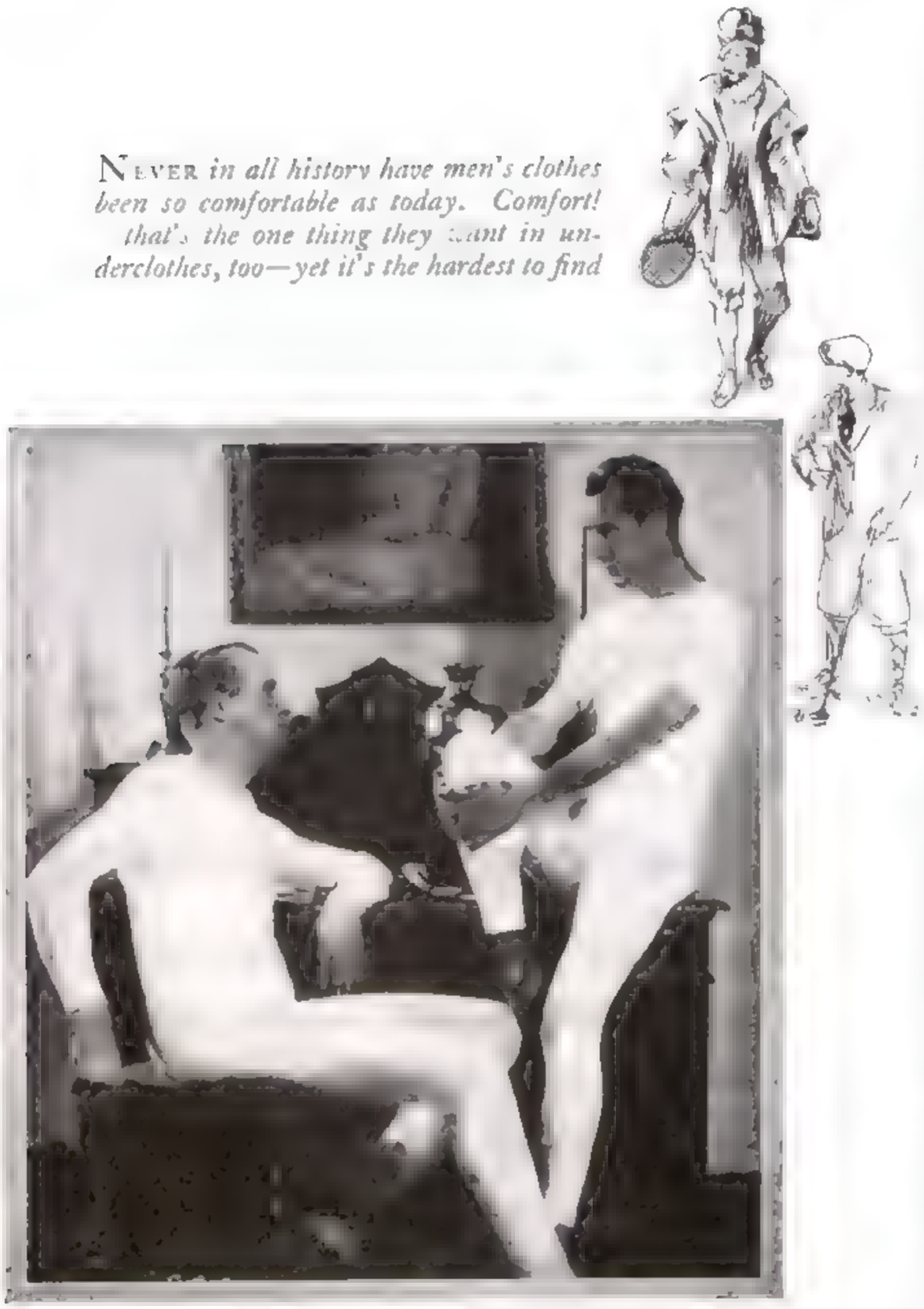
In the exacting test that I have given the Sonora Radio Speaker, I have found that it is superior to any that I have so far listened to. I recommend the Sonora Radio Speaker to anyone who is contemplating the purchase of a device of this kind for his receiving set for three reasons: tone quality, clearness and beauty. Yours very truly

(Signed) Merrill R. Mitchell, WCX"

An order for 5,000 Sonora Speakers!

An initial order for five thousand is typical of the enthusiasm which the Sonora Radio Speaker has aroused among the people whose [illegible] friends are buying phonographs because people will [illegible] immediately. The New York department store which placed this order [illegible] these speakers to the same radio set, where they [illegible] perfect unison and harmony of tone.

NEVER in all history have men's clothes been so comfortable as today. Comfort! that's the one thing they want in underclothes, too—yet it's the hardest to find



When men buy underwear

the one thing they want seems the hardest to find · · ·

MODERN, *comfortable, from head to foot—except for his underwear—*

Why are so many men like that?

Why can't a union suit be as comfortable as a business suit—the same careful shaping, the same lasting fit?

We believe that it can be.

Carter's Underwear is built to fit the living body. It is tailored on active, human models—tailored to fit in every position, to provide for every strain. The process is precision itself. That is why Carter's *has* to be comfortable.

And it *stays* comfortable. The comfort that is built into it is supplemented by the comfort in the supple, indulgent fabric.

For Carter fabric is so expertly knit, of such carefully-chosen material, that it never pulls out of shape. Wear it hard—wash it often—it is sure to keep the pleasant resilience that rejoices you when you first put it on.

Here you can find what you have been looking for in underwear. Millions of men have proved it.

Try Carter's yourself—this fall.

The William Carter Company, 609 Highland Avenue, Needham Heights, Mass.

Carter's Union Suits *for Men*

Nuñez did not know what to do. Exile sounds pretty legal to him, and shooting is a thing he knows all about. But when a man is dead and you wish he was not, there is mighty little you can do about it.

"Can your grace promise that he will go?"

"Bring him here," says Jimmy, "and you will see."

Quiet and confident he says it, looking that fellow in the eye. That is a thing the natives never will understand about a bluff. They know the word from the boys playing poker around here, but they never will know what it means. They think it is just a smart trick; just wind. No, sir, a good bluff is more than just fooling the other fellow about the cards in your hand. It is playing what is in you against what is in him. If Jimmy had not felt the way he did he could not have made it stick. He was the grandson of old man Brown and he was not ashamed of it if he was going to be shot the next minute. And when he saw he had this *comandante* going, he had the nerve to play the hand out without batting an eye.

Drink hearty! The way I look at it, if the stuff is in you, it does not matter where you got it. If not, all the grandpas in the world will not make you different. How do you feel about it?

Huh? Did Moreno promise? You try it sometime. Stand up against a wall and look a few rifles in the eye and listen for the word to fire. You will be in the humor to promise anything.

It did not strike me so funny at the time, but riding home that night I had to laugh. The *rurales* camped right there in the patio, which they was not going to let Moreno out of their sight until he was gone; and we went into the *comedor* for a cup of chocolate, because we needed a little something to calm us down. And you ought to have seen them act respectful to that kid.

"Where do you go?" I says, polite. "To Spain?"

"Say yes, papa!" Elena begs him. "To Spain, papa! To Spain!"

She has been raised to think it is the greatest country in the world. Well, maybe it is—for them. Their kinfolks live there. A good many of their friends have been chased there. And in Spain you can find proud names behind every bush.

"Perhaps," says Moreno, and speaks to Jimmy in a low voice for fear the *rurales* will hear. "Why hast thou not told us, Santiago, that thy grandfather is of importance in the United States?"

Jimmy was looking kind of listless and worn out.

"He was not of importance," he says, quiet. "He was a carpenter."

"A—carpenter!" says old lady Moreno. "An architect, perhaps?"

"A carpenter. A worker with his hands. Nor more nor less."

"But thou hast said to this creature Nuñez ——"

"That he was my grandfather."

"But the manner of thy saying it!" says Elena. "So *orgulloso!* Proud!"

"A joke," says Jimmy. "A jest."

But it was no joke to them. They was plumb cross-eyed for fear the *rurales* would find it out; and how could the grandson of a carpenter protect them?

Jimmy, he sits and looks at them. All of a sudden he kind of kicks me under the table. There is a kind of a look in his face; solemn; I can't explain.

"I am ashamed that I have not told you all," he says. "It is your right to know. My grandfather was a carpenter; my father was a vender of groceries ——"

"Groceries!" says Elena, which in this country a grocer is not much.

"—— and I myself have served at menial tasks. I have served table, I have been an assistant to a laundry ——"

I could have yelled out loud. That durn kid looking down like he was ashamed!

"And my mother," he says, "was a sewing woman. My fortunes go with yours if it is your wish—even to Spain; even to the ends of the ——"

"Your fortunes!" says Moreno. "It is perhaps your fortune that you seek! Bloff," he says, which bluff is a word they know—"you *Yanquis* and your bloff! Very nearly it has obtained you fortune and an honorable name!"

"But I confess it now," says Jimmy, humble. "And in Spain there would be few to know, to cast dishonor on your name; only the chance that some man whom I have served—it shall be for Elena to say."

"You forget," says Moreno, "that it is I who order in this house!"

He was afraid to trust Elena; but he need not have been. Gene, she could not figure what was happening until then. She looks at me, and I had to look away for fear I would laugh out loud.

"The gate, Jimmy?" she says.

"The gate," says Jimmy. "Through with your chocolate? Let's go."

"Amen!" says she. That was the way they talked—no sense to it; but they both seemed to know what they meant.

I kept my face straight until I got outside; but riding home I had to laugh. I laughed so loud that Jimmy and Gene thought I was getting feverish with my head. But not so, Bolivia! I was just thinking. Spaniards and Americans and Indians and Chinamen—every one of them thinks he is better than the others; but the fact is, they are just different. Not only their skins but clear to the backbone. You can change your habits and you can change your name, but you cannot change what is in you. What is the use of arguing which is better?

Yes, Jimmy he was right worried about my head. Next day Ward came back from Siete Minas, and Jimmy asked me, anxious, if I could get along all right while he took Ward and Gene to the railroad at Orendain. And then I reckon he decided the railroad was dangerous, too, because a couple of days after that a fellow rode over with a telegram Jimmy had sent from Guadalajara, asking me if my head was all right and saying he was going to run up to the States to buy that machinery I had been trying to get him to buy. But he did not tell me where I could send him a telegram not to go.

That was two-three weeks ago. Then today I get another telegram. Wait till I strike a match. I have pretty near wore it out reading it.

"Have been too busy to buy machinery. Married today. Will buy machinery on wedding trip. Prepare to extend operations. Ward financing purchase of machinery for one-third interest. Wire your approval care of Hotel Windsor, New York. Look for us home when you see us coming. Grade place for building house. Gene says tell Concha she is a sweet old thing. Love to you both from Mr. and Mrs. James T. Brown."

I do not care what he does with the mine; he can give it to Ward if he wants to; all I want is to hear him joshing people around here. It is pretty lonesome when you get used to having a young fellow around. And if he has simply got to get married it might as well be Gene. She is not much like a woman anyway. There is some sense to a girl like that. She has got backbone. And the biggest thing is something I bet you will think is a little thing. They like the same kind of jokes. They will not get lonesome because they are good friends with each other. Jimmy, he will not have to be telling her she is more beautiful than the stars in the heavens, and she will not have to be telling him he is the bravest, handsomest man in the world. Not so, Bolivia! He will just say to her, "You are the barber-shop kid," and she will say to him, "That is the boy!" And when they have troubles they can josh each other out of them. Yes, and their kids will be husky young Gringos and have blue eyes and more freckles than a guinea egg, and they will call me grandpa or I will tan their bright young hides for them. It is as good a name as any man could want.

That telegram was a day and a half getting here. So today I have been trying to make up for lost time, celebrating. But it is kind of lonesome celebrating by yourself; I am sure glad you came along. Drink hearty to the grandson and granddaughter-in-law of old man Brown!

Huh? Oh, Concha feels good about it all right. I showed her the words where Gene said she was a sweet old thing, and she was so tickled she bust right out crying. But it is no use explaining to her about Jimmy's grandpa. She would say that Jimmy is all right even if his grandpa was a carpenter and I am afraid to try to explain that it is a joke. I am afraid that she might think it is on her.

The New SUPER ZENITH RADIO

TRADE MARK

They Cost More- But They Do More

Proof *from* Zenith Users

MacMillan Tunes in Honolulu

"Am very thankful Arctic Exploring Ship Bowdoin is equipped with complete Zenith radio apparatus. Here at top of world, in darkness of great Arctic night, we have already listened to stations practically all over United States, from Europe, and even from far-away Honolulu. Music, speeches, sermons, prayers, are penetrating auroral belt and reaching little Bowdoin, fast frozen in ice eleven and half degrees from North Pole. Zenith has united the ends of the earth."
—(Signed) MacMillan.

Tunes Out Powerful Stations

"The night my Zenith was installed I was able to hear clearly and distinctly broadcasting programs from stations in all parts of the United States, and while listening in to the distant stations I shut out entirely very large ones located a short distance from my home, namely, Westinghouse KYW, and WDAP, the Drake Hotel. Not only have I been able to accomplish this, but my two children, both under 12 years, do the same every night in the week."
—(Signed) Irving Herriott, Chicago, Ill.

Nashville Listens to London

"On March 13th I listened in on the London program for over twenty minutes, and would have listened longer if I had but known in time. So far as I know, I am the only person in Tennessee who caught the English station (2 LO). I attribute my success to the fact that my set is a Zenith. A baby can tune in with it."
—(Signed) A. J. Horberry, Nashville, Tenn.

The Berengaria Test

For five successive days, on outward voyage of Steamship Berengaria, Miss Florence MacDonald, a passenger, tuned in WDAP, Chicago, the musical selections and the voice messages coming through distinctly. The set installed in her stateroom was a Zenith model 2R (one of the early models). It had three tubes only. The distance from Chicago on the fifth night—as the Berengaria was nearing the coast of France—was 3,465 miles.

Bridges the Pacific—6,300 Miles

"The writer last evening landed KGO, Oakland, Cal., between 6:45 and 7:30 p.m. Heard his call four or five times distinctly, and jazz music. * * * As San Francisco is 6,300 miles from New Zealand, we think this a very fair performance."
—(Signed) H. C. Collier, New Plymouth, N. Z.

THE selection of the right radio is a difficult task . . . so many makes—so many types—so many prices.

Go to the Zenith dealer—tell him what you want. He will give you honest advice.

It costs us more to make the Zenith—consequently you pay a *little* more—but you get a *lot* more—in permanent results.

Every Zenith—irrespective of price—is a thoroughly tried, tested and proven scientific instrument, yet so simple that a child can operate it.

The New 6-Tube Super-Zenith
(Non-regenerative)

Made in four models—tunes right through the most powerful locals—brings in distant stations. One point on the dial brings in the same station always. It never varies. Two hands—*not three*—required for operation. Clarity, volume and selectivity unequalled. Direct comparisons invited.

Super-Zenith X

Contains two new features superseding all receivers. 1st—Built-in, patented, Super-Zenith Duo-Loud Speakers, reproducing both high and low pitch tones otherwise impossible with single unit-speakers. 2nd—Zenith Battery Eliminator. Requires no A or B batteries or charger. Price (exclusive of tubes) $550

Price (without battery eliminator) $450

Sold by good dealers everywhere—terms if desired. Write for literature.

Zenith Radio Corporation
334 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago

From $95 to $550

Model 4R A three-circuit regenerative receiver combined with audion detector and three-stage audio-frequency amplifier—all in one cabinet . . $95

Licensed under Armstrong U. S. Patent No. 1,113,149

Model 3R A distortionless three-stage amplifier in combination with the new Zenith three-circuit regenerative tuner—all in one cabinet, 25½ inches long, 10½ inches wide, 9¾ inches high. Slanting panel. Extreme selectivity. Satisfactory reception, 2,000 to 3,000 miles, often accomplished, using any ordinary loud speaker . . $160

Super-Zenith VII (Not regenerative)—6 tubes—2 stages tuned frequency amplification—detector and 3 stages audio frequency amplification. Installed in a beautifully finished cabinet of solid mahogany—44¾ inches long, 16¾ inches wide, 10¾ inches high. Door panels inlaid. Slanting panel of sheet bronze, [illegible] with scales and indicators in metalic relief. Gold plated panels to prevent tarnish. Compartments at either end for dry batteries. Can be operated on either wet or dry batteries. Either inside or outside antenna. Price (exclusive of tubes and batteries) $230

Super-Zenith VIII Same as VII except built with mahogany legs, converting model into console type. Price (exclusive of tubes and batteries) $250

Super-Zenith IX Console model with built-in Zenith loud speaker and generous storage battery space. Price (exclusive of tubes and batteries) . . $350

Zenith Super-Portable—A six tube radio set entirely self-contained—tubes, "A" batteries, "B" batteries, loud speaker and loop antenna complete. Highly selective. *Does not need to be opened to operate.* Packed into a small, beautifully finished traveling case—much smaller than the average suitcase—this new Zenith is the most compact set ever made, giving clarity, quality, volume and distance. Price (complete) . $224

For a Lifetime's Use

The efficiency of the PREMIER DUPLEX lies in the thoroughness of its double action: *powerful* suction plus a motor-driven brush. In years of steady use, the motor never loses its speed nor the suction its power. For in the PREMIER DUPLEX, the motor is built ball-bearing and built to endure. It needs *no oiling*—escapes all the motor troubles that come from over-oiling or under-oiling — and lasts a lifetime.

Premier Duplex

ELECTRIC VACUUM CLEANER

ELECTRIC VACUUM CLEANER CO., Inc.
CLEVELAND, OHIO DEPT. 911
[Distributed in Canada by the Premier Vacuum Cleaner Company, Ltd., Toronto]
Please send me free booklet telling why the PREMIER DUPLEX
Name
Street Address
R F D State

RUSTY AS A RUNNER-UP

(Continued from Page 21

marble seat near l. u. e. He says that's a bully idea and offers her a fifty-fifty split if she'll go in and help him finish the thing. And of course that gets 'em off to a flyin' start.

It ain't until they've spent all their spare time together for several weeks and got real chummy that she discovers who he really is and why he shouldn't be wastin' his time huntin' morgue items and writin' a sour play. Turns out that his dad's a big corporation lawyer who's always planned on havin' his only son step into the firm as soon as he's passed the bar exams. But sonny hasn't even made the grade at law school, and instead of peggin' away at his books for another try he's chucked Blackstone into the discards and taken up this newspaper game with druma on the side. That comes near bustin' the old man's heart and he gets a final jolt when he hears that son is runnin' around with a lady reporter.

"Which was when he told him never to darken the front door again, eh?" says I.

"Oh, nothing so tragic," says Lillabell. "He merely shrugged his shoulders and told his secretary to send in the next client. But he felt the disappointment keenly. It affected his health and he talked of retiring. So there was only one thing left for me to do. I told Buddy he was making a big mistake and probably missing a splendid career as a lawyer. He said he didn't care a hoot. He hated the law and he was no good at it anyway. Besides, he wanted to write and he wanted to be with me."

"And then?" says I.

"I had to use him rough," says Lillabell. "I told him he couldn't write a little bit and that unless he showed some sense and went back to studying law I shouldn't care to see him very often. Well, we talked it over all one evening and finally he agreed to go back into his father's office and tackle his books once more. Then I didn't hear a word from him for over a week, and at last I wrote a note saying I would meet him at Tortoni's and hear what he had to report. That was the night you found me waiting there. I—I suppose he's forgotten me."

"If he has," says I, "he's an easy forgetter—and a poor prune."

"He's a nice boy," says Lillabell. "He has the dearest eyes and the sweetest smile."

"Huh!" says I. "Could you sidetrack him long enough to try this fox trot?"

You bet she could. Any girl that can let herself go like she can to a jazz tune ain't gonna sit still and think about some nonresident guy with expensive eyes. Inside of thirty ticks of the clock he was wiped off the slate and the only party present that counted was Rusty Gillan. She has one round arm draped about my neck and her cunnin' little head parked on my right coat lapel. And she's such a dainty, perfect finished little thing. Even her hair has got kind of a sweet scent to it, and where the bob ends in the back is a curly point that sort of fades into her white neck. Yes, she's easy to look at from any angle, but it's when she throws her head back and smiles up at me after we've pulled some fancy stunt that I get that tingly feelin' all over. For the smile starts in the rosebud lips and then creeps into the solemn gray eyes, and sometimes she adds a little pat on my shoulder. Say! Or, as a Frenchy would put it, Oo-oo-làlà! And I ain't any dead wire, you know.

It was one night up at Primrose Inn, after we'd had a lobster dinner and about a dozen fox trots, that I knew for sure how hard I'd fallen for her.

We'd gone out on the back veranda to cool off, and she'd towed me to a dark corner so she could see the moonlight makin' a path across the Sound. Anyway, that's what she said she wanted. But generally that's just settin' the act. I've had some experience too

Well, there we was, sort of snuggled up cozy, with no gallery nor nothin' to bother, and her cute little face turned up like a flower and them ripe lips all puckered for action. I ask you. So I slips an arm round her waist, tilts her chin up with the other hand, and takes what's bein' offered.

"Oh!" says she, lettin' out a little squeal after it's all over. "You mustn't do that, Rusty."

"But I have," says I.

"Not again though. Ever!" says she.

"Why not?" says I. "It ain't poisonous, you know."

"But you mustn't," she insists, wrigglin' loose. "Come, let's go home."

"I'll go anywhere with you," says I, "or for you."

"I know," says she. "And you're a dear boy, Rusty. But I'm afraid you have misunderstood. Perhaps we've been foolish."

"If we have," says I, "I hope I never get wise. I guess I don't have to tell you, Lillabell, that you're aces full for me."

"There, there!" says she. "You do that sort of thing very well, Rusty, and if I were someone else and conditions were different—oh, there's no telling. But as it is, you must forget what happened just now, and then perhaps we can go on being just good pals. Come! Shall we?"

"I'm lettin' you write my ticket," says I. "Anything from a doormat up. Back to town? All right, I'll call the car."

We didn't talk much on the way in, but I was satisfied just to have her sittin' there by me, where I could feel her arm against mine and get glimpses of her little mouth and her solemn gray eyes. I'd got to that stage. Uh-huh. I was plumb overboard and didn't care if I was or not. Reg'lar mushy. And while I've liked others—a lot of others—this is the first time I ever felt such symptoms. And I'm tellin' you there's no sensation like it. I wasn't stoppin' to dope anything out or ask where I was headed or how I'd be apt to finish. What was the use? For about then there was one word that could answer any question I could dig up. Lillabell. She was the best and only, she was words and music, the blue sky and the stars in it. She was the whole show. Lillabell! I reached over and gave her hand a little squeeze. She squeezed back and then pulled it away. Oh, well! We was swingin' down through Fordham, but we might have been rollin' along the Milky Way. Me and Lillabell.

Down near Columbus Circle I notices a chop-suey joint all lit up and asks if she couldn't do with a bite to eat. She's agreeable, so I lets the car go and we squares away to a couple of plates of chow mein. You might think my bein' in love so deep would spoil my appetite, but it don't seem to. Say, you can wake me up out of a sound sleep any time and I can kill a dish of that Chink hash without stoppin' to rub my eyes.

While we was at it a boy comes through with a pink five-star night sportin' extra and I gets one to see if my mind play on a long shot at Latonia was a winner. It wasn't. And I was readin' the dope for next day when I hears this gasp from Lillabell. She spotted some front-page headline that gets her interested.

"Eh?" says I, lookin' over the top of the paper.

There's a tight look about her little mouth and an odd flicker in her eyes. "I—I must call up Mr. Brennan on the city desk," says she.

With that she makes for the phone booth and is gone about five minutes while I'm tryin' to guess which item it was that got her so stirred up. I couldn't place it. The Robins had split even on a doubleheader with the Phillies, Young Stribling had signed up for his big go, Mr. La Follette had taken another nasty rap at Wall Street, a tornado had hit somewhere in Indiana, and the suitcase murder mystery was still mysterious.

"Which is the big news?" I asks as she comes back to the table.

"This," says she, pointin' halfway down the front page to a headline I'd skimmed over.

"Huh!" says I, readin'. "'Oil Trust Dissolution Suit in Muddle. Defense Fails to Produce Documents as Ordered and Federal Judge Threatens Attorney With Contempt Proceedings. Young Law Clerk Disappeared With Papers is Lame Excuse of Oil Counsel.' Don't sound so thrillin' to me."

"Perhaps not," says Lillabell, "but it is just the same. I must go to police headquarters at once."

"All right," says I. "I'll get a taxi and we'll shoot down there."

"You needn't go, Rusty," says she. "I shall be all right—and very busy."

"Oh, I won't bother any," says I. "Besides, I'd like to see you in action once when you're trailin' sob stuff."

"Very well," says she. "And I assure you there's likely to be a sob in this story.

You'll want more than one of these new

Emery French Cords

EVER see a shirt so sensible; so practical; so good-looking that you bought a half-dozen on the spot?

That is the way men are buying Emery French Cords . . . in liberal numbers to span their winter needs. For French Cords are appropriate for winter wear and adaptable for all occasions.

Feel their fine texture. Notice their stripes of dimity cord are woven . . . not printed. Observe the careful cut, the fine finish, the quality tailoring. Pre-shrunk neckband. Different sleeve lengths. Full cut to avoid binding.

They give practically the same appearance and service as a custom shirt of imported French Cord fabric, at a lower price.

You can select either the separate laundered collar-to-match style with double cuffs, or with soft, attached collar and single cuffs. Either style, $3.50.

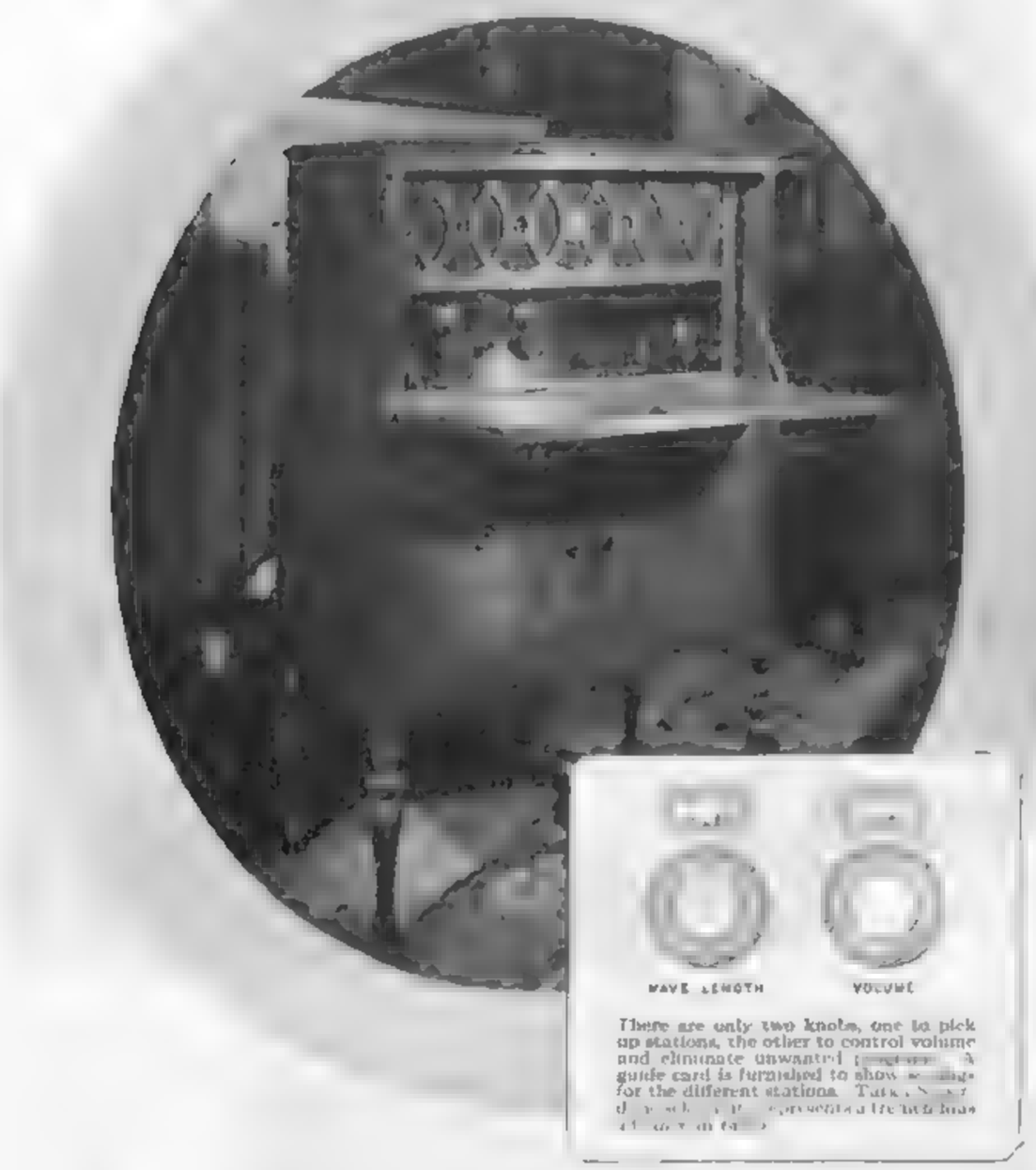
Other Emery shirts in silks, broadcloths, checks, and other fabrics—$2.00, $2.50, $3.00, $3.50 and up, notable for their good taste, fit and finish.

Ask for the new French Cords at better shops where they may be had in many color combinations. Or we will have you served promptly, on receipt of money order and your dealer's name. State neckband size and sleeve length.

W. M. Steppacher & Bro., Inc., Makers of Emery Shirts, Philadelphia.

Emery Shirts

TUSKA RADIO


WAVE LENGTH
VOLUME
There are only two knobs, one to pick up stations, the other to control volume and eliminate unwanted
guide card is furnished to show
for the different stations. Tuning

For Radio de luxe

LOOK over the radio programs for to-night and choose your entertainers. Turn to the two dials of the Tuska Superdyne—a quick adjustment and lo! clear through the loud speaker comes the voice or music you have selected. Only natural conditions over which we have no control can prevent reception of the stations you want if you own the Tuska Superdyne.

Built by craftsmen, tested, retested, tried and proved under the personal direction of C. D. Tuska himself, each Tuska Superdyne gives the best results of which radio is capable. Tuska built receivers thirteen years ago and you buy in Tuska receivers to-day the priceless heritage of this long experience.

And handsome! Walnut finish, hand rubbed, gold mountings and an array of smartly aristocratic designs are yours to select. All batteries may be concealed within the cabinet and only two external wires need be attached, for antenna and ground.

To get distant stations, fidelity in reproduction, easy operation, all in a radio set of de luxe design, buy the Tuska Superdyne.

THE C. D. TUSKA CO., Hartford, Conn.

Superdyne Extremely Selective

"I have found the new Superdyne to be extremely selective. On Saturday evening I tuned in the following stations at will using a [illegible] aerial:
WJZ WHAM WNYC WGN WTAM WABC WOR KDKA WHN WNAC WRC WIP
Very truly yours,
(Signed) C. J. BECKER
Hartford, Conn."

TUSKA RADIO

The Superdyne
Radio Frequency Receiver

[illegible] illustrated above is [illegible] great for loud speaker reception of distant stations. Pure, natural tone. Licensed under Armstrong Circuit Patent No. 1,113,149. Other Tuska receivers [illegible] $135 to $350.

Write for beautifully illustrated 36-page Catalog No. 21-L

I shall know more about it when I've talked with Whitey Weeks, who is covering it for the daily."

It took her half an hour to locate Whitey and lure him away from the game of Kelly pool, and it seems he couldn't tell her just what she wanted to know, at that

"I must try to find Mr. Searles," says she.

"Who's he?" I asks.

"He is the attorney they are threatening to put in jail for contempt," says she.

"Oh, yes," says I. "I expect he'll be tickled to death to see you."

"He must see me," says she, "whether he likes it or not. There's his address, Madison Avenue."

So off we starts in the taxi again, with five-fifty already rolled up on the clock.

It didn't look like she stood much chance of raisin' anybody at this old brownstone front either, for not a light showed anywhere; but after she'd pushed the bell button for a couple of minutes steady a grouchy butler shows up and finally, followin' a long argument and a five-minute wait, she's towed in. Her session with this Searles guy must have been short and snappy, for it ain't long before she gets the door slammed behind her, and as I helps her into the bus I notices her upper lip is trembly.

"He was surly, eh?" says I. "Didn't curse you out, did he?"

She shakes her head and then for a minute she sniffles on my shoulder. "Of course," says she, "he wasn't at all pleased to see me. He wasn't rude, but he said some things which—which hurt. I suppose I couldn't expect anything different. It is his son, you see, who has disappeared."

"You don't say?" says I. "That does make it kinda complicated, don't it? But I wouldn't take it so hard if I was you. They won't tie the can to you even if you don't get the story, will they?"

"It—it isn't that," says Lillabell. "But Mr. Searles was so bitter against the young fellow. He—he actually told me he believed his son was doing this out of spite, if he hadn't sold out to some interests who were behind this suit. Think of that! Suspecting his own son of such a thing! Well, I told him what I thought of him—flat! And I said I was sure it wasn't true. I know it isn't. And oh, Rusty, I must find him! I must!"

Which was where I begun to get a glimmer. "Say, who is this guy you gotta find?" I asks. "Not that Mr. Holdout party?"

She nods. "Yes," says she. "Buddy."

"Huh!" says I, straightenin' up in my corner of the cab. "That gets me a whole lot excited—I don't think."

"But you will help me, Rusty," she pleads. "Please! For I've got to do something quickly and I don't know which way to turn. I simply must find him tonight and get him to straighten things out."

"After the way he let you down, and all?" says I.

"Perhaps he didn't mean to do that, either," says she. "Really, he is a dear, Rusty, and I'm certain he couldn't do anything mean or crooked."

"Ain't that just like a woman?" says I.

"But if you only knew him as I do," she insists. "Why, he's just a great big boy, with dreamy ways and ——"

"I know," says I. "And he's got the sweetest smile. We've been over that."

"Now, Rusty!" she protests. "You know you're a nice boy too. And you remember what you said, only a few hours ago, about letting me write your ticket. Well, now I'm asking you to help me and I'm sure you're not going back on me. You're not that kind; are you, Rusty?"

Them gray eyes are lookin' at me eager and there's a bit of a droop in the rosebud mouth corners, and she looks so little and kinda helpless that —— Well, as I was tellin' you, I ain't hard boiled any longer. No more'n a cup custard.

"You win, Lillabell," says I. "From a doormat up, I said, and I'll stick to it. If I can do anything to help trail down your Buddy boy I'm gonna do it. Now let's have all the dope on the case. When was he last seen at the law office?"

It had been ten days or so since he'd walked out on the firm, and accordin' to the tale his old gent had fed the police he'd done his fade-away just after he'd been sent to get them papers out of a safety-deposit vault. He hadn't been seen at home, but at his college club the doorman thought he'd collected a kit bag and charged up a carton of cigarettes. Mr. Searles had kept the thing quiet for near a week, not carin' to spread the news on account of private as well as business reasons, but at last he'd told the police and asked them to send out sonny's description. 'Course, when headquarters got the oil-suit slant they didn't take much stock in the disappearance tale. Their idea, as Whitey had it, was that this was just a smooth trick to keep the papers out of court and that probably young Searles was in Canada by this time, or maybe in Europe, layin' low.

"Sounds reasonable," says I.

"No," says Lillabell. "Mr. Searles wasn't pretending. I'm sure of that. And I'm sure of Peter, too. Even if his father had asked him to do such a thing he wouldn't, nor would he knowingly make so much trouble. Either something has happened to him or else he's gone off somewhere on a sudden whim."

"Where'd he be likely to go?" I asks.

Lillabell shrugs her shoulders. "I am trying to think," says she.

"Yachtin'?" I suggests.

"I don't believe so," says she.

"On a huntin' trip, then?" says I.

She says he's no hunter.

"Maybe he's got a camp up in the Adirondacks or somewhere?" I goes on.

"I never heard him mention having one," says she, "but it is possible that —— Oh, Rusty! He does own a little place up in Connecticut, one his father gave him for a birthday present a few years ago. Peter told me about it once; just an old farmhouse on a hillside up near Ridgefield. He had planned to have it fixed up so that it would be livable if we—that is, if he should ever want to stay there for a while. He may be there. Rusty, I'm almost certain he is there this minute. I feel it."

And you know how a woman will play a hunch of that kind just as strong as if somebody had told 'em it was so. It sounds kinda fishy to me, but inside of two minutes Lillabell has convinced herself that she's on the right track.

"I must go up and find him at once—tonight," says she.

So we drove to Grand Central and got a time-table.

"Nothing doing on that branch until 9:17 tomorrow morning," says I.

"That would be too late," says she. "Mr. Searles has been ordered to report to the judge at ten and if he hasn't the documents with him he may be —— Rusty, we must start now. It can't be more than sixty or seventy miles. If we had a car we could do it. Couldn't you manage to get a car?"

I scratches my ear a minute. "I might," says I. "They know me at that place where I sold Ma Gowdy's coupé. Depends on who the night man is. We'll have a look."

And it happens that the guy in charge is the very one I'd made the deal with. I gave him a good spiel, too, about the young lady who'd heard that her brother was sick at their country place up in Connecticut and might pass out unless she got there to take care of him. And didn't he have some secondhand tourin' car that he'd rent me for a few hours.

No, he didn't have a thing of the kind that he'd dare let out without security or an O.K. from the boss. There was an old chain-drive racer, though, that he might take a chance on.

"Show it to me," says I.

It was a track veteran, all right, with the chassis stripped to two bucket seats and a motor that looked like a young freight engine.

"She's done ninety an hour in her day," says he.

"But that wasn't yesterday," says I. "Can them exhaust pipes be cut in?"

We found they could, and after half an hour's tinkerin' we got her goin' spluttery.

"Do you mind sittin' on your backbone and ridin' without any windshield?" I asks Lillabell.

"I don't care how I go if we can get there," says she, climbin' in.

Well, we must have sounded like an army tank or a stray farm tractor as we groaned and wheezed up Fifth Avenue about midnight, and it's a wonder some traffic cop didn't run me in for disturbin' the peace, but by the time we'd passed New Rochelle the gummy old valves had warmed up some, the piston rings had expanded so she had at least half compression, and she was hittin' on six part of the time. Half an hour later I'd jockeyed the old bus into something like her stride and we was reelin' off the miles at quite a clip. Lucky we had

(Continued on Page 181)

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Famous Scientists of Sound who gave Acousticon to the deaf, Dictograph to the law, and Loud Speaking Telephones to business—now offer an amazing loud speaker

HERE is a loud speaker so acute and powerful that it will pick out and define the most delicate instrument in an orchestra of many pieces.

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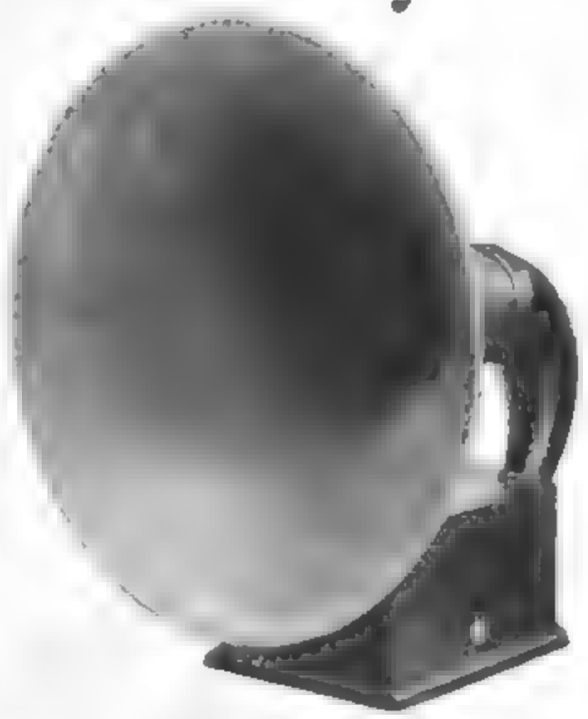

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(Continued from Page 178)

the road nearly to ourselves, for the headlights were on the bum and from that low drivin' seat I could barely see over the cowl. But Lillabell kept urgin' me on and every now and then I'd let out another notch.

It was a wild ride, all right, and I gotta hand it to the little girl for bein' a good sport. She hung onto the iron bucket with both hands as we roared up and down them long hills beyond the big reservoir and on through into Connecticut, me followin' the faint streak of road more by guess than anything else, and easin' the old bus around curves with the emergency. Once we came near telescopin' a loaded farm wagon left on the side of the road, and again I missed a doctor's runabout by a hair on a bad curve, but about 2:30 A.M. we pulled into this Ridgefield joint.

Then it's a case of findin' somebody to tell us which way to the place Mr. Searles had bought, if anyone knew. And you can guess what one of them burgs is like at that hour of the night. Not a glimmer anywhere up and down Main Street. But just as I was about to hammer on the nearest front door I hears a noise like poppin' corn comin' from across the street, where there's a drug store, and by scoutin' round back I discovers the night constable passin' the time away with a young pill-poundin' radio fan who was tryin' to tune out interference that was spoilin' a band concert goin' on in Havana. They hated to drop the ear sets long enough to give me any directions, but I finally pumped out an idea of where the joint was and we starts to do another five or six miles on a narrow dirt road.

"What would your Buddy boy be doin' way off in here?" I asks Lillabell.

She didn't have the answer, couldn't even give a good guess.

"Well, I can't feature his pikin' off up here all alone," says I. "I'm afraid you're pluggin' a poor hunch."

"I'm following the only one I could think of," says she, "and something tells me it's the right one. It must be, Rusty."

"Yes, that's the female of it," says I. "What you want most has got to be. I wish it was me you was huntin' for so hard. I'd be there."

"I'm sure you would, Rusty," says she. "And so will Peter."

When at last we'd located this hillside shack that answered the description it showed no more signs of bein' inhabited than the Yankee stadium does in January, and I'm somewhat cheered up. There was a fine crop of tall weeds in the driveway leadin' off the road, some of the windows was boarded up, and everything is still and dark. But Lillabell hops out and starts bangin' on the door.

"Peter! Peter! Oh, honey!" she calls.

And she hadn't been at it more'n a minute before there's an answer from somebody inside, and after a little wait a lamp is lighted, and out comes this tall guy with the wavy blond hair and the smilin' light blue eyes. He's ropin' a bath robe around him and blinkin'.

"Oh, I just knew you'd be here, Peter!" says Lillabell, holdin' out both hands to him.

For a second or so he stares puzzled. "Why, little Lillabell!" he gasps. "What are you doing here?"

"I came to find you, Peter," says she. "I had to. Not on my own account, you know, for I wasn't sure you'd want to see me again, but for your own sake. You don't mind, do you?"

"How silly!" says he. "You know I've been crazy to see you ever since you sent me packing."

"Oh, Peter, have you?" says she.

"I'll show you," says he, grabbin' her in his arms and —— Well, that's where I turned my back. I could have been just as crazy as he was if I'd had half a chance.

"But how did you get here?" he demands. "And who's with you, and what's it all about?"

"This is Rusty Gillan," says she. "He's a very good friend of mine, Peter, and he's quite nice."

"I'll bet he is," says Peter, givin' me a hearty grip. "How are you, Gillan? But how did you know ——"

"I guessed," breaks in Lillabell, "and Rusty brought me up. And now if you'll ask us in I'll tell you why."

Peter did the honors, although the room he took us into was more or less cluttered and mussy. There's a rumpled bed in one corner, a few old chairs, and over by the window a pine table with a typewriter on it and sheets of typed paper spillin' all over the place. Inside of three minutes Lillabell has sketched out the situation, all about the court row over the big oil suit, the mess his dad is in, and the mystery of the missing papers.

"You haven't them, have you, Peter?" she asks.

"Eh?" says he, gazin' around blank. "Papers? From the safety-deposit vault? By George! Wait a sec."

With that he starts for a clothes closet, pulls out a neat pressed gray coat, and rummages through the pockets. About the third grab he produces a long manila envelope tied with red tape.

"Well, what do you know?" says he. "These must be the very ones."

"Peter!" comes from Lillabell in kind of a moan. "How could you?"

"Easiest thing I do," says he. "I told you I'd never be any good as a lawyer. And I suppose dad had cautioned me to be careful of 'em. But he always said that about anything he trusted me with. Yes, I remember. This was the last errand he sent me on."

"But why didn't you take them back to the office?" demands Lillabell. "Why didn't you, Peter?"

He hangs his head sheepish. "I forgot, that's all."

"But you ran away with the papers!" protests Lillabell.

"Not exactly," says he. "I'll tell you just what I did. Down there in the bank vaults, just as I had found the blessed things, I had a brilliant idea. About how to rewrite the first act of the play, you know. It came to me in a flash; clear, vivid, distinct—scenes, action and dialogue. It's a knockout; honestly, Lillabell. And I simply had to get at it while the thing was fresh in my mind. I felt that if I could get it all on paper at once, I could put this play over big and then I'd be forever free from the law office. I forgot everything else, dashed to the club, got some traps and came up here where I wouldn't be disturbed. Just clean forgot."

"Oh, honey!" says Lillabell, givin' him a quick hug. "What a great big stupid you are! But now you must go back and take the papers to your father and clear everything up."

"Why, sure!" says he. "I'm awfully sorry I put dad in such a hole. I'll tell him so. And now I guess he'll have to admit I'm a poor law clerk. Yes, we'll start right away. That is, after I've made a pot of coffee for all of us and you've fixed up some sandwiches."

Well, a little before daylight we rolled down the hill into Ridgefield, with Peter draped on the tool box tellin' Lillabell all the details of this great drama that was gonna make Belasco or George Cohan fall on his neck for joy. And by seven A.M. we pulled up in front of the brownstone house on Madison Avenue and waited while young Peter Searles routed old Peter out of bed to tell him he needn't go to jail, and why.

Half an hour later Buddy boy comes out with his light blue eyes more smilin' than ever. "As a prodigal son I'm a great success," he announces. "Dad has forgiven me and says I may write anything I cursed well please as long as I never come near his office again. And he wants to see you too, Lillabell. I've told him all about us, and I think he's going to be rather decent. Come"

"Isn't that perfectly splendid?" says Lillabell. "But just think, Peter, I couldn't have found you at all if it hadn't been for Rusty. He's been a dear, Rusty has, right along. Do you mind, Peter, if I ——"

"Go as far as you like," says Peter, grinnin'!

Yeauh! I'm favored once more by Lillabell, with a big hug thrown in. But say, somehow it don't seem as tasty as that first one. No. The flavor don't last, either. When it comes to havin' my kissin' O.K.'d by some other bird I'd just as soon pass it up. I drives off before they'd got up the front steps.

I've just been inspectin' what's left of my wad. It didn't take long, and I didn't have to use no addin' machine. No, I ain't beefin'. I spent it free while I had it, and some of them evenin's with Lillabell I'm gonna remember pleasant for a long time. They was worth the price. But listen: If ever I collect another roll like that I ain't gonna spray it around as a matrimonial runner-up.

Editor's Note—This is the seventh of a series of stories by Mr Ford The next will appear in an early issue.

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IS THE skin of your arms and shoulders ready at any moment for your evening gown? Is it clear and healthy, free from blackheads and other disfigurements? Or must you powder excessively to conceal such blemishes? Capillaction by means of ALCORUB will make and keep the skin of your arms and shoulders firm, clear and healthy.

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Remember, in hearing a demonstration of Timmons Talkers in radio stores located in central sections of cities, that their sets are bound to pick up stray electrical currents from trolley lines, generators, motors and so forth. Inferior speakers, because they are not so sensitive, do not reproduce these stray bits of electrical energy, but at the same time neither do they reproduce the fine musical shadings which you will hear from Timmons Talkers with their extremely faithful reproductions.

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Patented May 15, 1923

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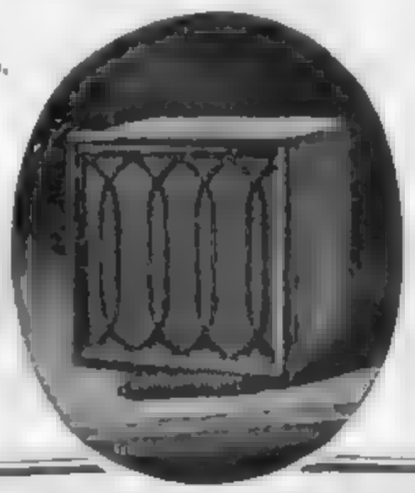

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THE WEAK BRANCH

(Continued from Page 31)

this branch that it could not override the new Constitution, usurp the powers of other branches, ruin the country by issuing irredeemable paper money, violating obligations of contract, wasting public funds, jeoparding national and individual safety, and, in fine, bring the land back to the mess it was trying to get out of. That motive runs all through the debates as they appear in condensed form in Madison's journal.

For that purpose, dividing the legislature into two houses, one of which would presumably be more conservative than the other, was readily agreed to. But every delegate save one who expressed himself on the subject during four months of debate considered a presumably conservative upper house too frail a reed to lean upon. There must be other checks and hurdles.

As soon as the convention got down to business, May 29, 1787, Edmund Randolph offered a series of resolutions outlining a new scheme of government—afterward known as the Virginia plan. Randolph was governor of that state and thirty-four years old, while his fellow Virginian, Madison, was thirty-eight. This was a gathering of bold young men rather than of timorous graybeards. The resolutions proposed a government divided into legislative, executive and judicial branches, the legislative branch to consist of two houses. Number 8 read:

"That the executive and a convenient number of the national judiciary ought to compose a council of revision, with authority to examine every act of the national legislature before it shall operate, and the dissent of said council shall amount to a rejection unless the act be again passed by —— of the members of each house."

The chief objection to joining the judiciary with the executive in the veto power was that, as the judges would be required to interpret the laws, they ought to have no hand in forming them. Elbridge Gerry, of Massachusetts, argued that the judges "will have a sufficient check against encroachments on their own department by their exposition of the laws, which involves a power of deciding on their constitutionality. In some states the judges have actually set aside laws as being against the constitution. This was done, too, with general approbation."

Madison's Argument

Other delegates took a similar view, but Madison and several more strongly dissented. The summary of Madison's argument in favor of including the judiciary reads:

"They will protect their own department and, united with the executive, make its negatives stronger. There is weight in the objections to this measure, but a check on the legislature is necessary. Experience proves it to be so. In all countries are diversity of interests, rich and poor, debtor and creditor, the followers of different demagogues, the diversity of religious sects. We must therefore introduce into our system provisions against the measures of an interested majority. A check is not only necessary to protect the executive power but to protect the minority in the legislature."

Hamilton, and James Wilson, of Pennsylvania, proposed to give the executive an absolute veto. That found little favor, and an executive veto that could be overridden by two-thirds of each house was adopted. But Madison and his followers did not accept that as final. June sixth they moved again that the judges be joined with the executive in a council of revision. Three states voted for it and eight against, New Hampshire not yet being represented. Rhode Island had refused to send delegates.

But again, on July twenty-first, Wilson, of Pennsylvania, moved to join the judges with the President in the veto power. His argument runs:

"The judiciary ought to have an opportunity of remonstrating against projected encroachments on the people as well as on themselves. It has been said that the judges as expositors of the laws would have an opportunity of defending their constitutional rights. There is weight in the objection; but that power does not go far enough. Laws may be unjust, may be unwise, may be dangerous, may be destructive, and yet may not be so unconstitutional as to justify the judges in refusing to give them effect. Let them have a share in the revisionary power and they will have an opportunity of taking notice of these characters of a law, and of counteracting by the weight of their opinions the improper views of the legislature."

Oliver Ellsworth heartily approved of the measure. The journal reports Madison's argument as follows: "If any solid objection could be urged against the motion, it must be on the ground that it would give too much strength either to the executive or the judiciary. He did not think there was the least ground for this apprehension. It was much more to be apprehended that notwithstanding this coöperation of the two departments the legislature would still be an overmatch for them. That was the real source of danger to the American Constitution."

Gouverneur Morris "concurred in thinking the public liberty in greater danger from legislative usurpations than from any other source. . . . Emissions of paper money, largesses to the people, a remission of debts and similar measures will at some times be popular and will be pushed for that reason."

Mr. Mason's Views

Mason, of Virginia, urged that "notwithstanding the precautions taken in the constitution of the legislature" –meaning its division into two houses—"it would still so much resemble that of the individual states that it must be expected frequently to pass pernicious laws. This restraining power was therefore necessary. It would have the effect not only of hindering the final passage of such laws, but would discourage demagogues from attempting to get them passed. It has been said"—by Luther Martin—"that if the judges were joined in this check on laws they would have a double negative, since in their expository capacity as judges they would have one negative. He would reply that in this capacity they could declare a constitutional law void. But with regard to every law, however unjust, oppressive or pernicious, which did not come plainly under this description they would be under the necessity as judges to give it a free course. He wished this further use to be made of the judges of giving aid in preventing improper law."

Among the opposition speeches was one by Luther Martin, to which Mason refers above. Martin argued, "as to the constitutionality of laws that point will come before the judges in their proper official character. In this character they have a negative on laws. Join them with the executive in a council of revision and they will have a double negative."

On Wilson's motion to join the judges in a council of revision, four states—Massachusetts, Delaware, North Carolina, South Carolina—voted aye. The Pennsylvania and Georgia delegates were divided and could not vote. New Jersey was not represented that day. The motion therefore was lost.

But once more, on August fifteenth, Madison returned to the attack. The record up to this time speaks only in general terms of vesting a revisionary, or vetoing, power jointly in the executive and judicial departments. But on August fifteenth we have a proposal from Madison in detail—namely, that every bill, having passed the two houses of Congress, should be presented severally to the President and to the judges of the Supreme Court; if they approved of it they should sign it. But if it should appear improper to either or both, it should be returned without approval to the house in which it originated, which should then reconsider the bill. If the President alone had objected to the bill, or if a majority of the Supreme Court judges had objected to it without the President's concurrence, then a two-thirds vote in both houses should make it law. But if both the President and a majority of the judges objected, then three-fourths of both houses must approve it before it became law.

This was once more voted down. So Congress was left subject only to the President's veto—which two-thirds of both houses might override—and to the further check which was implied in the power of the courts to annul any unconstitutional act.

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Continued on Page 185

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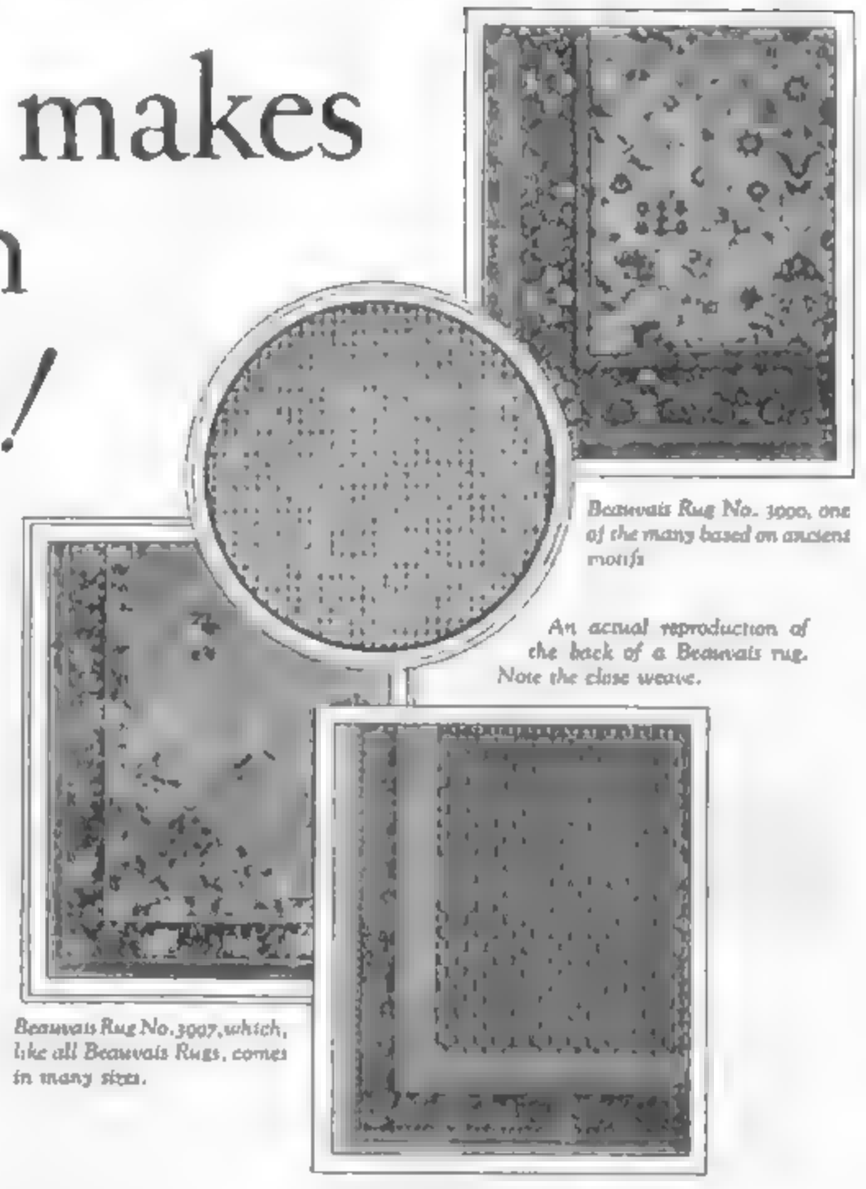

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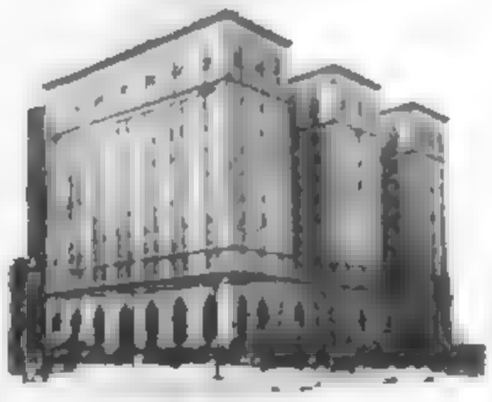

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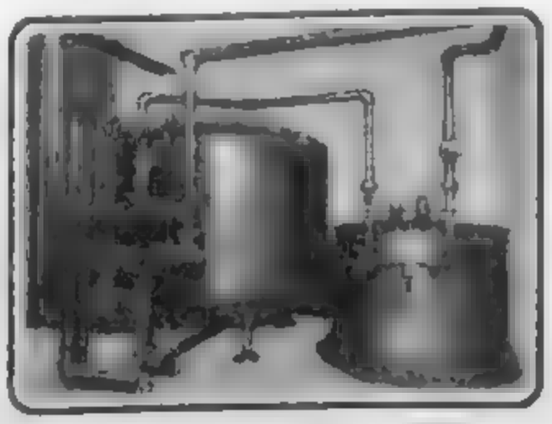

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(Continued from Page 182)

the alleged usurpations of the Supreme Court. But the record shows beyond dispute that the framers of the Constitution were almost a unit in regarding the legislative department as the most dangerous part of their plan; also that a very respectable minority of them, including some of the ablest delegates, fought to the last ditch to give the Supreme Court a power of revision and direct veto on legislative acts.

This power of revision and veto was, of course, entirely separate from the judicial power to declare acts of Congress unconstitutional. Members of the Constitutional Convention were perfectly familiar with the doctrine that courts may refuse to recognize a legislative act on the ground that it contravenes the organic law. Foregoing quotations from the debates show that clearly enough. Some members disagreed with the doctrine. Madison was one, but his disagreement was due to no inveterate distrust of the judiciary nor to any overweening confidence in the legislative branch of government; for, as we have seen, he zealously supported a proposal to give the Supreme Court a direct veto power on acts of Congress—a veto which, if the President concurred, could be overridden only by three-fourths of the members of both houses.

This subject of the power of the Supreme Court to declare acts of Congress unconstitutional came up several times in the debates of the convention; but it was never brought to a vote, and the Constitution as finally framed contains no direct mention of it. The convention had more difficult and important problems to deal with. It was at the point of breaking up because the small states insisted on an equal voting power in the new government with the big states, and the big states insisted that voting power should be based on population. Slavery several times brought the convention close to the rocks. Representation in the lower house of the new Congress having been fixed on the basis of population, the slave states insisted that their negro population be counted along with the white, which the northern states would not agree to. Differences of opinion on other points seemed for a time fairly insuperable.

Having sat almost every week day for four months of a hot summer, and finally got the most important and difficult questions compromised, it appears that nobody cared to start a fight over this subordinate question of whether authority to expound the Constitution in all cases should be vested in the Supreme Court or somewhere else. But without some other specific provision it would go to the Supreme Court, as Hamilton pointed out in Number 78 of the Federalist papers.

Elbridge Gerry's Lament

It was not the judicial branch of the new government that the framers of the Constitution were much worried about, but the legislative branch. Early in the proceedings Elbridge Gerry regretfully observed that "in Massachusetts the worst men get into the legislature. Several members of that body have lately been convicted of infamous crimes. Men of indigence, ignorance and baseness spare no pains, however dirty, to carry their point against men who are superior to such artifices." A few days later Edmund Randolph argued that "the democratic licentiousness of the state legislatures proves the necessity of a firm Senate. The object of this second branch is to control the democratic branch of the national legislature. If it be not a firm body, the other branch, being more numerous and coming directly from the people, will overwhelm it. The senate of Maryland has been scarcely able to stem the popular torrent. Firmness and independence may be the more necessary in the Senate, as it ought to guard the Constitution against encroachments of the executive, who will be apt to form combinations with the demagogues of the popular branch."

As the new plan of government stood on September eleventh—that is, almost at the end—three-fourths of both houses of Congress were required to override a presidential veto, this provision having been changed in the course of the deliberations. Williamson moved to substitute two-thirds for three-fourths. Gouverneur Morris opposed, remarking that "the excess rather than the deficiency of laws is to be dreaded." Williamson then explained that he was most of all afraid that the repeal of bad laws might be rendered too difficult by requiring three-fourths to overcome the dissent of the President. Pinckney and Mason supported the motion. Madison spoke in opposition, saying that it was an important principle in this and in the state constitutions to check legislative injustice and encroachments. The experience of the states had demonstrated that their checks were insufficient. As to the difficulty of repealing bad laws it was probable that in doubtful cases there would soon be a policy of limiting the duration of laws.

When it came to a vote, Washington, Madison and Blair, of the Virginia delegation, voted no, while Mason and Randolph voted aye. The Virginia vote was therefore cast in the negative. Massachusetts, Delaware and Pennsylvania also voted no, as did McHenry of Maryland. But the two other delegates from that state favored the motion, so Maryland's vote joined with Connecticut, New Jersey, North Carolina, South Carolina and Georgia to carry the motion. New Hampshire's two delegates were equally divided and New York did not vote. By that narrow margin two-thirds of both houses of Congress were finally enabled to override the President's veto instead of three-fourths.

Dr. Franklin's Persuasive Speech

Finally, in the closing debates, Madison urged that they were leaving the President "too much dependent on the legislature, through the power of one house to try him on an impeachment voted by the other." Pinckney, in the closing debate, objected to "the contemptible weakness and dependence of the executive, and to the power of a majority only of Congress over commerce."

On the last day, the engrossed Constitution having been read, "Dr. Franklin arose with a speech in his hand which he had reduced to writing for his own convenience." It was a very short speech, and it might well be read by the presiding officer at the opening of every political gathering in the United States.

"I confess," he began, "that there are several parts of this Constitution which I do not at present approve, but I am not sure that I shall never approve them; for having lived long I have experienced many instances of being obliged by better information or fuller consideration to change opinions even on important subjects. It is therefore that the older I grow the more apt I am to doubt my own judgment and to pay more respect to the judgment of others. . . . In these sentiments, sir, I agree to this Constitution with all its faults, if they are such, because I think a general government necessary for us, and there is no form of government but what may be a blessing to the people if well administered. I believe further that this is likely to be well administered for a course of years, and can only end in despotism as other forms have done before it, when the people shall become so corrupted as to need despotic government, being incapable of any other.

"I doubt, too, whether any other convention may be able to make a better Constitution. For when you assemble a number of men to have the advantage of their joint wisdom you inevitably assemble with those men all their prejudices, their passions, their errors of opinion, their local interests, their selfish views. From such an assembly can a perfect production be expected? On the whole, sir, I cannot help expressing a wish that every member of the convention who may still have objections to it would, with me, on this occasion doubt a little of his own infallibility, and to make manifest our unanimity put his name to the instrument."

Hamilton, who had opposed almost all the outstanding features of the plan, urged every member to sign it because the importance to the country of securing stable government outweighed every other consideration, and evidence of a division in the convention would weaken the new Constitution before the people. Incidentally, no one did more than Hamilton to secure the adoption of the new organic law by the states.

Madison's journal closes as follows:

"Whilst the last members were signing it, Dr. Franklin, looking toward the president's chair, at the back of which a rising sun happened to be painted, observed to a few members near him that painters had found it difficult to distinguish in their art a rising from a setting sun. 'I have,' said he, 'often and often in the course of the

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session looked at that behind the president without being able to tell whether it was rising or setting; but now at length I have the happiness to know that it is a rising and not a setting sun.'"

The convention's great job, as the members saw it, was to set up a government that would be both stable and free. They were under no delusion that those objects could be secured merely by establishing a government that was republican in form. They had too much evidence to the contrary on every hand. It is safe to say that in ten years, under republican forms of government, the people of the United States had then suffered more ills of an objective nature, directly attributable to government, than they ever had in a like time while nominally subjects of King George III. The delegates had seen that a theoretically free government may be as great an affliction to a people through its weakness as a monarchial government through its strength. The Government must have power, but there is a deplorably constant liability in men to abuse power. They sought to solve that almost insoluble problem by dividing the Government into three branches, each as independent as possible, and then to set up such checks and balances that no one department could swallow another.

They recognized all through that the judicial department would be the most defenseless of the three. Congress, with its law-making power and its intimate connection with politics, could not only take care of itself but constituted the chief danger to the other departments. The President, besides his political influence, had the protection of his veto; he was commander in chief of the Army and Navy; he appointed the government officials and had control of the departments through which laws were enforced. But the judges would presumably have slight political influence; they would have neither offices nor money to dispense; they could not command a soldier or even a policeman. This inherent helplessness of the judiciary was illustrated in the first test, well described in detail in Beveridge's Life of John Marshall.

For a dozen years the new Supreme Court attracted comparatively little attention. Its six justices spent the greater part of their time traveling around the country by chaise and horseback—often over roads of the most primitive sort—holding circuit court and trying cases which, in the main, interested nobody except the litigants and the lawyers. But in March, 1801, the Republican Party, as it was then called, came into power under the leadership of Jefferson.

Go-as-You-Please Departments

National political parties inspired by rancorous partisan zeal had then taken definite shape. The chief plank in Republican doctrine was states' rights and anti-nationalism. That party had won the elections decisively and taken over two branches of the Government, but the judicial branch was, of course, still held by Federalists. Hence, quite naturally, it was regarded by Jefferson and his followers as a stronghold of Satan planted in the midst of their Republican paradise.

Jefferson held that each department of the Federal Government was sole judge of the constitutionality of its own acts, which would pretty obviously come to the same thing as having no Constitution at all. Moreover, Virginia and Kentucky had formally declared that every state had the right to pass upon the constitutionality of a Federal act so far as it affected that state, which would practically come to the doctrine of state nullification that Calhoun made famous a generation later. This doctrine, as a matter of course, would soon reduce the Federal Government to the mere ineffectual shadow that it had been before the new Constitution was adopted, but the Jeffersonian party supported it.

The Federalists faced a long and dreary exile from office. No doubt they were animated by all the bitterness and malice which is natural to men under such distressful circumstances. In the closing days of power they put through a new judiciary law which relieved Supreme Court justices from the duty of traveling circuits and created sixteen new circuit judgeships. Doubtless fewer would have answered the needs of the country, but this was about the last chance for a deserving Federalist to land a government office.

The new judges—all good Federalists, of course—were duly appointed. And one of President Adams' last acts was to appoint John Marshall chief justice of the Supreme Court. With the exception of Adams himself, Marshall was then probably the most eminent member of the Federalist Party. That was the deplorable situation in which the Republicans found the national judiciary, and they quite promptly set about to remedy it.

The Constitution provided then, as it does now, that "the judges, both of the supreme and inferior courts, shall hold their offices during good behavior," which meant until death unless removed by impeachment as provided for elsewhere in the document. The sixteen new circuit judges had been formally appointed. Under the Constitution there was no way to remove them except by impeachment. But there were very few things for which a good Republican cared less than for this Federalist Constitution. Congress, with the hearty approval of the President, simply repealed the judiciary act of 1801, thereby leaving the new judges without appropriations, without salaries and without jobs.

A Celebrated Case

In the congressional debates on this repeal bill much attention was given to the question whether the Supreme Court had power to hold an act of Congress unconstitutional and void. Republicans denied that the court had any such power. Federalists asserted the contrary view. About all that had been said on the subject before and about all that has been said since was brought out in one way or another. However, the Republicans had the votes and passed the bill.

The new judges, thus summarily deposited on the toboggan, were of course learned in the law and familiar with the Constitution. It is a signal illustration of the low esteem in which the Supreme Court was then held, and of the general idea of its helplessness, that not one of them applied to the court to maintain his constitutional right to the office. The judges simply addressed a protest to Congress, which amounted to the same thing as playing it on a mouth organ, and returned to the practice of law. They evidently concluded that what the Constitution said cut no ice as against the say of President Jefferson and his followers in Congress, who alone could pay their salaries and give them protection in the exercise of their offices.

The Republicans, however, apprehended that somebody would apply to the Supreme Court, which would then declare this ousting of the judges unconstitutional and void, so they tied another knot in the rope. The judiciary act of 1801 had appointed two sessions a year for the Supreme Court; but a new act directed the court to hold one session a year and was so worded as to throw the next session over to February, 1803. Thus there would be no session of the court for fourteen months, and during that time the repeal would be in full force. Having thus given the new judges the air and locked the Supreme Court in the cellar for fourteen months, the triumphant Republicans mixed some still more drastic medicine for the disgusting Federalist judiciary.

Meanwhile, in attending to that important matter of bestowing as many public jobs as possible upon deserving Federalists before retiring to the wilderness, President Adams, on the last day but one in the White House, appointed forty-two justices of the peace for the District of Columbia. The district then consisted principally of the town of Washington, which consisted principally of mud and frame boarding houses. Still, a justiceship of the peace is an office and many good men were unprovided for. The commissions for these honorable magistrates were duly made out, signed and sealed; but in the bustle of the last day of the administration the Secretary of State forgot to deliver them. Next day President Jefferson's Secretary of State came in and discovered the undelivered commissions in a desk drawer. This new Secretary of State was the same James Madison who, thirteen years before, had urged that acts of Congress be subject to the direct veto of the President and the Supreme Court. He was holding different views now.

By direction of the President he withheld the commissions which President Adams had granted from seventeen of the appointees. One of these seventeen was William Marbury. With three others he applied to

(Continued on Page 189)

A thermometer and a coal-bill...

...Heatrola's star witnesses

WHEN the thermometer in the living room registers fifty, you don't question it—you shiver. And when the coal bill arrives, you don't doubt it—you pay it. For as witnesses of the efficiency and economy of a heating system, the thermometer and coal bill are "George Washingtons" for veracity. Let's see what they say about Heatrola:

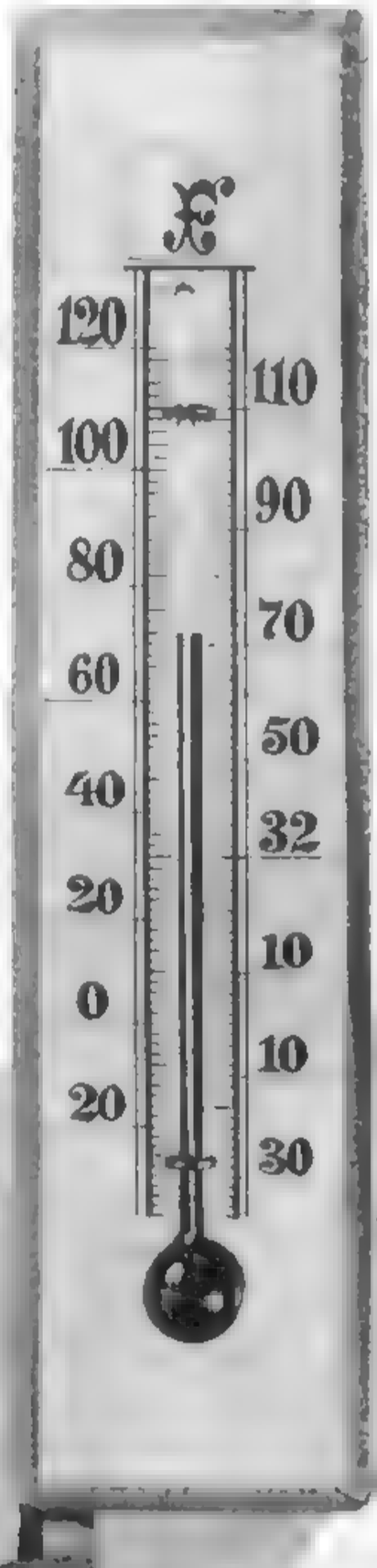
First, the thermometer. Place one in every room, upstairs and down, of a Heatrola-heated home. Each thermometer will register within a few degrees of the same temperature. Furnace-like comfort all over the house!....proving Heatrola's efficiency.

Requires so little fuel

Then the coal bill. Keep your entire house comfortably warm all Winter long, use all you need of any kind of coal—or wood. In the Spring you'll find you have used no more fuel than one old-fashioned stove consumes, yet instead of heating one room, you've heated the whole house ....proving Heatrola's economy.

And here's the reason

Instead of radiating heat like a stove, the Estate Heatrola *circulates* heat like a furnace. Great volumes of air are drawn into the Heatrola, heated, sterilized and moistened, then circulated gently throughout the house. Corners distant from the Heatrola are warmed to the same cozy temperature as the room in which the Heatrola stands. Your own physician will tell you how healthful this modern heating method is.

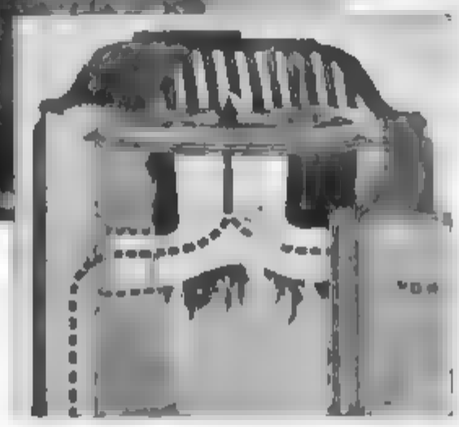


Beautiful, and easy to clean

Remember the ugly stoves and ash-littered fireplaces of other years? Now glance at the Heatrola. With its vitreous enamel finish, smooth as glass and everlasting, it's as attractive as a fine mahogany cabinet. And as easy to keep clean. Just dust it off with a cloth—no blacking, no polishing.

There's still time....

It's mid-November, and the cold stretches of Winter are just ahead. See your Heatrola dealer at once, learn how easy it is to own this modern heating plant. Then have him install one in your home—before the end of the week you'll be enjoying Heatrola's furnace-like comfort.



As different inside as it is outside

Estate Heatrola is as different in construction and performance as it is in appearance. Note particularly the DOUBLE air circulation produced by this exclusive device built into the heater, directly in the path of the flame.

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Estate HEATROLA

Planning to build? Send for booklet No. 545 describing Heatrola Cellarless House plans.

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Hamilton, Ohio

Please send me free copy of "Furnace Comfort for Small Homes."

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208

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Builders since 1845 of the famous Estates. A stove, furnace and range for every requirement—for cooking and heating with coal, wood, gas and electricity

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PLAYER ROLLS for your Player Piano because they *are* Better

The New Way

A Close-Up

Ask your dealer to show you the new

Unit-Box

one piece—no lid

one movement

The Old Way

Open

Closed

(Continued from Page 186)

the Supreme Court for a writ of mandamus directing Secretary Madison to deliver the commissions. It was, I suppose, a pretty simple question of law. The new justices had been duly appointed by the President, the appointments had been duly confirmed by the Senate, the commissions had been made out, signed and sealed in proper form; but by an inadvertence they had not been actually delivered.

It was very generally supposed that the court would hold the men were entitled to the offices and direct Madison to deliver the commissions. But the Republicans were in no mood to stand any foolishness from John Marshall and his Supreme Court. They were particularly hot on the point that the court had no business to meddle with the executive department of the Government, and this affair belonged to the executive department. They expected the court to decide in favor of Marbury and then they expected to ignore its decision. The court would write down on a sheet of paper that the Secretary of State must deliver certain documents to certain persons; and the Secretary of State would say, in effect, "Let's see you make me do it!" Seventeen new judges had been chevied out of office. The Supreme Court itself had been given an enforced vacation of fourteen months. The court had no physical power whatever. It could not command a dollar or even a constable.

Marbury Versus Madison

If it issued a writ against Madison and Madison ignored it the court would look contemptible to many eyes. But Chief Justice Marshall found an unexpected way out. The fact is that not only the Supreme Court but the whole constitutional system erected thirteen years before was on trial for its life, and Marshall carried the war to the enemy. With great ingenuity he discovered a weak paragraph in the judiciary act under which Marbury was appointed, and he persuaded the other justices to join with him in declaring the act unconstitutional and void. The nominal point is a very technical one which now interests nobody but lawyers. In fact, I believe even lawyers are not much interested in it. But in writing the decision Marshall summed up in impressive fashion all the arguments in favor of the doctrine that the Supreme Court had power to pass upon the constitutional validity of acts of Congress, and he asserted in unmistakable terms that the court had such power.

This was the first time an act of Congress was held unconstitutional and void by the Supreme Court; yet the decision provoked no great excitement at the moment, because nothing of an objective sort issued from it. The Secretary of State was not directed to issue a commission to Marbury, for the act upon which Marbury relied was void. And the Republicans were engaged in a far bigger game—namely, to oust the Federal justices of the Supreme Court by impeachment. Giles, party leader in the House and afterward in the Senate, laid down the comforting doctrine that any officeholder might be removed for any cause which seemed good and sufficient to two-thirds of the Senate sitting as a court of impeachment—and to most Republicans being a Federalist was the best of reasons for removing anybody from office.

They began with a judge of the circuit court, Pickering by name. The House voted to impeach him and the Senate by a party vote threw him out. The House then voted to impeach Samuel Chase of the Supreme Court, who appears to have been a choleric person, addicted to intemperate language, and the most unpopular member of the bench. The trial before the Senate was hotly contested and attended with great excitement. There were thirty-four Senators, of whom twenty-five were Republicans. This was more than the two-thirds necessary to convict; so in view of the partisan passions involved it looked like a foregone conclusion.

But the Republican states' right plan pretty much to eviscerate the national Government had been viewed with growing indignation in some parts of the country. In New England there was open talk of seceding from the Union. Some people were even talking civil war. The Senate, as usual, contained a preponderance of lawyers, and some of them had qualms about a program which would obviously leave the Federal judiciary immediately dependent upon the exigencies of party politics by making the judges removable at will whenever the party to which they did not belong could muster two-thirds of both houses of Congress. When it came to the show-down, after a long fight, six Republican senators broke away from their party, and Vice President Aaron Burr—who had the misfortune to be under indictment for murder at the moment—pronounced the judgment of the Senate that Samuel Chase, Esquire, was not guilty. That ended what a Republican senator from Massachusetts, John Quincy Adams by name, had described as a plan "to sweep the supreme judicial bench clean at a stroke."

But far more powerful and sure support was on its way to the Supreme Court and to the whole Federalist scheme of a strong central government. Very soon after Marshall spoke the court's opinion in Marbury versus Madison, President Jefferson's agents in Paris, acting without instructions, concluded a bargain with Napoleon for the purchase of Louisiana, a name then applied to all the huge territory between the Mississippi River, from its mouth to its source, and the Rocky Mountains, excepting Texas. There had been clashes out there between the interests of American settlers and Spanish and American claims. Jefferson was not disposed to disavow the purchase, but it put him in a very painful dilemma. He was a strict constructionist of the powers of the national Government, an extreme states' rights man. Here was an enormous territory, bought with the nation's money, obviously not belonging to any state. Only a national government could administer it. He cautioned party leaders in Congress to have as little debate on the subject of Louisiana as possible, writing, "The less we say about constitutional difficulties the better. What is necessary for surmounting them must be done *sub silentio*." And Louisiana, *sub silentio*, made for nationalism.

With the march of events and the westward growth of the country, it began to seep into men's minds everywhere that there must be a real national government, with real powers; that a national government implies a national judiciary; that if there is to be a real national government, its laws on national subjects must take precedence over state laws; that a written constitution must have some final interpreter, being obviously worth nothing if everybody can interpret it to suit himself; that the Supreme Court is the fittest organ for that job.

Andrew Jackson's Firm Stand

It was none other than Andrew Jackson, the next great democrat after Jefferson, who replied to South Carolina's nullification ordinance of 1832 with the amiable message:

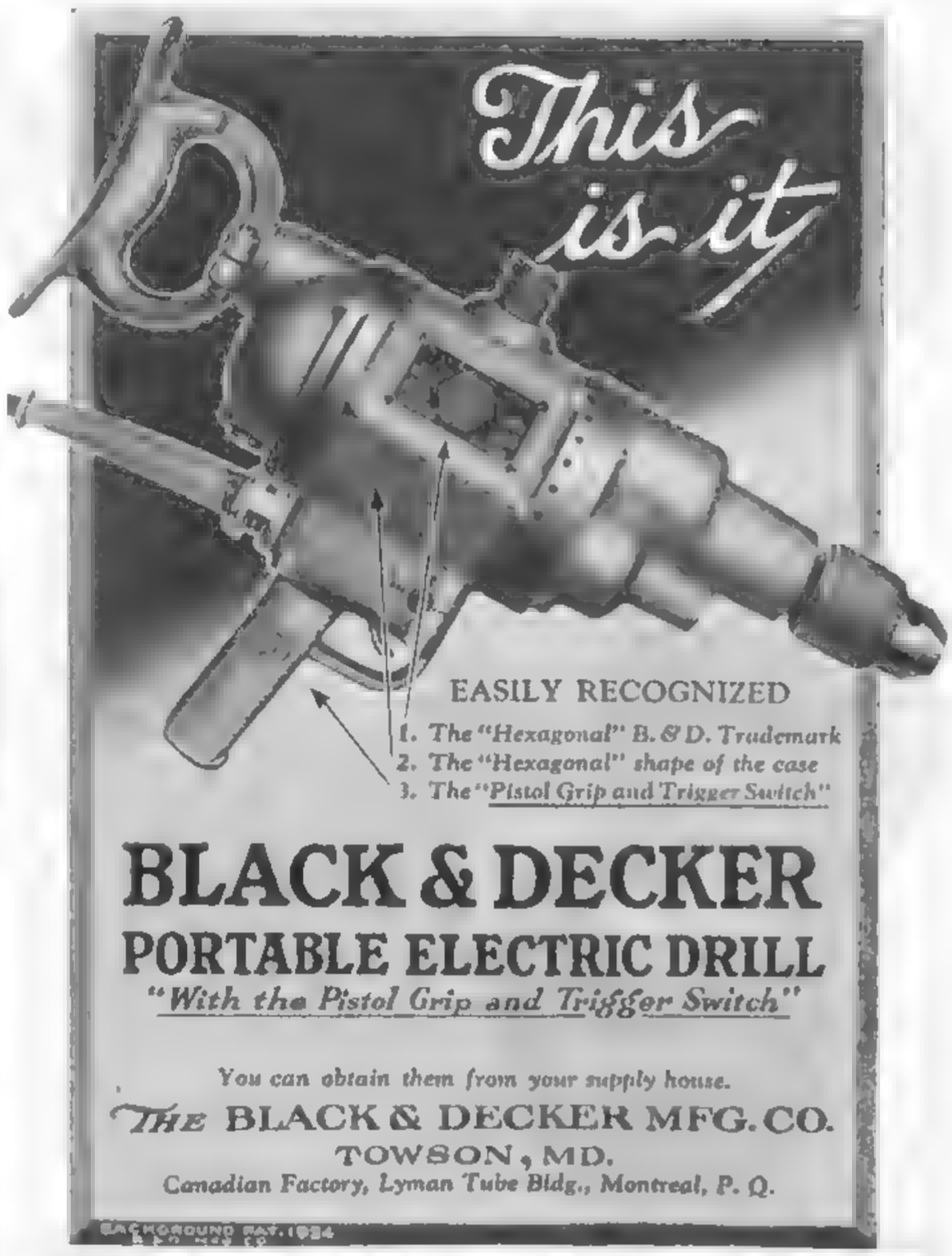
"If a single drop of blood shall be shed there in opposition to the laws of the United States, I will hang the first man I lay my hand on, engaged in such treasonable conduct, upon the first tree I can reach."

That shows the change. It was not the work of any man or particular set of men; there was no act of Congress to bring it about; it was not submitted to the people as an issue in any election. It came about of necessity.

The purchase of Louisiana and the opening up of that great Western territory gradually strengthened the cause of nationalism. But in passing I cannot forbear remarking as a signal illustration of the blight and curse and hokum and balderdash which seem inseparable from partisan politics that a large section of the Federalist Party roared as loudly against that purchase—because a Republican President did it—as they had roared against the same President's assaults upon the Government.

Since Doctor Franklin urged his dissatisfied fellow delegates to doubt a little of their own infallibility and give the new scheme of government a fair show, a hundred and thirty-seven years have passed, with changes on every hand that would astonish the doctor if he could see them. Nothing in the Government today operates exactly as the framers of the Constitution expected it to. It would be a wonder if it did after all that has happened since they affixed their signatures to the original document. Certainly Franklin would have been the first to laugh at the notion that any human institution would be operating exactly the same after a century and a third.

They feared that, in spite of all their pains to the contrary, the legislative branch of the Government would presently overwhelm both the others. That has not happened. The scales have tipped decidedly in the opposite direction. In relation to Congress, the presidency has gained in power.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"With the Pistol Grip and Trigger Switch"
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Yes, a New Shoe Can be Comfortable!

AT the ball of the foot, where most new shoes pinch—then bulge and crowd out what grace and style they had—your Nunn-Bush shoes stay trim and neat.

To ball-fashioning, which makes their fine style permanent, goes credit, too, for a wonderful comfort that begins with the moment you wear them.

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Quality Kitchen Ranges

Every type, style and price for every fuel

PUT an Alcazar in your home for the utmost in cooking convenience, comfort and economy.

The highest types of ranges bear this name; not only the celebrated Duplex type of Alcazar which in one model burns coal or wood and gas and in the other model burns wood or coal and kerosene oil, singly or together, but also the finest gas ranges, kerosene gas cook stoves, coal and wood ranges.

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STRIKING a new note in plaid effects with its new English box embroidery, this Shawknit Drop Stitch Heather Mixture appeals to men who seek for more than is ordinarily offered in hosiery.

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and the Supreme Court has become a much more powerful organ than the Constitution makers anticipated. The reason is perfectly simple. The executive and judicial branches have grown in the respect and confidence of the people. The legislative branch has not. It has lost ground simply and solely because it has not made good.

You can test that out anywhere. A great majority of the people of this country will instantly disapprove of an insult to the President of the United States, whoever he may be. They may dislike his policies and dislike the man, but there is a very general feeling that his office ought to be treated with respect. We have arithmetical evidence that a lot of Americans disapprove of President Coolidge. This fall's presidential campaign was as hard fought as any recent one has been. Of course, the President, his policies and his party were attacked all along the line with great vigor. But you would have to dig down to the lower strata of journalism to find sheer insult.

The Court's Source of Power

On the other hand, insulting Congress is a journalistic stock in trade, and it is almost as rare to find Congress spoken of with respect as it is to find the President and Supreme Court spoken of with disrespect. Every newspaper paragraph writer, columnist, cartoonist and vaudeville actor knows he can get a rise out of his audience by humorously aspersing the intelligence and character of the legislative branch of the Government. Such quips as "the lower, or moron, House of Congress" are as current as the mother-in-law joke. That, and not any particular provision of the Constitution, is why the executive and judicial branches have gained in weight relatively to the legislative branch. The Presidency and the Supreme Court have been more useful to the country, the public cherishes them, and that is the source of their power.

Power without responsibility was what the framers of the Constitution particularly wanted to avoid, and that is what they signally failed to avoid in the legislative branch. That branch, elected directly by the people, is now the most irresponsible part of the Federal Government, and the Senate has become even less responsible than the House. To understand how that has happened, take a backward glance at this year's political campaign. It opened formally with the National Republican Convention at Cleveland, and that began with a broad intimation to the assembled representatives of the party that though a nominally Republican Congress was a tolerably rotten apple, the Republican President was a good man and deserved reëlection.

That was the way the rank and file of the party looked at it. Nobody had a good word to say for Congress. All the good will went to the President. A great many members of the House and Senate were candidates for reëlection in the fall. Were they worried about the low esteem in which their branch of the Government was held? They were not. Congress consists of five hundred and thirty-one individuals. Suppose a man with five hundred and thirty-one employes goes around the place muttering, "The way the work is neglected and bungled here is simply scandalous. I tell you there's got to be a change." Do any of the five hundred and thirty-one gentlemen on the pay roll worry about that? They do not. It is only when the boss gets down to firing certain individual men that the worry starts. And that is what does not happen to individual members of Congress.

Here, picked up at random, is a normal week-day issue of a famous and very widely circulated metropolitan daily, dated in the thick of the campaign. It contains thirteen columns of national political news—speeches, outgivings of the several party headquarters, and the like. This, multiplied by the number of days in September and October, is substantially what the American electorate has laid before it during a hard-fought presidential campaign. There isn't a syllable in it that even refers to the record, qualifications or chances of election of any candidate for either house of Congress.

Following the news of this campaign day by day, it was only once in a while—usually in small type on a back page—that you discovered that somebody was to be elected to the Senate or House of Representatives in November. In a presidential year candidates for Congress get slight attention. That spells power without responsibility. Of late years the general breakdown of party organization and discipline has contributed to congressional irresponsibility. Time was when a member of either house was at least held to account by his own party organization. If he wouldn't play with the team he couldn't get a renomination. Under direct primaries he can wander in and out of party lines as his fancy dictates and still stand an excellent show of coming back. This fall quite an imposing number of representatives and senators who had cheerfully voted against the Administration on more than one occasion were cheerfully anticipating reelection as good Republicans. The party cannot hold its members to account. The constituents usually do not know what their member has been doing at Washington. To a large degree they are irresponsible. Congress as a whole is blamed, but that doesn't worry any individual member.

No doubt during the campaign you did notice now and then some particular mention of individual candidates for Senate and House, with recommendations to vote for or against them, and the reasons. I noticed several such mentionings. One was issued on behalf of many labor unions. It urged that certain candidates be elected and certain others be defeated because they had voted for or against measures that were supposed to be for the particular benefit of organized labor. Another such mentioning was issued by an association of women who wish to extend women's rights. Another was issued by persons who are zealous for the enforcement of prohibition. In short, a good many organized minorities are trying to hold individual members of Congress to account strictly on the ground of the candidate's attitude toward the special object in which the minority is interested.

The Tyranny of Minorities

Now every sensible woman's rights advocate will agree that a man may vote religiously for all union-labor measures and still be a bad lawmaker, and every sensible labor leader will agree that a man may be a zealous prohibitionist and still not be fit to sit in Congress. In short, the minorities that oppose or support a candidate because of his attitude to their special interest do not help the country to get a more responsible and satisfactory legislative branch. As to his general usefulness, the individual member can usually pass the buck.

Of late years the Supreme Court has provoked a good deal of dissatisfaction by some five-to-four interpretations of the Constitution. No doubt those decisions extend the court's control over legislation beyond what was contemplated by the framers of the Constitution and its early defenders, including John Marshall. Marshall himself, in thirty-four years as chief justice, only once held an act of Congress unconstitutional, and he did it then in order to assert the right rather than for the sake of exercising it. The early view was that the court would exercise this right only in a fairly plain case, and if four learned justices cannot see it, the case is obviously not very plain.

This situation came about of itself. The court, with no physical means whatever at its disposal, no offices to bestow, no political influence to speak of, has never had another basis of power than the confidence of the people—public opinion. For all its black robes and solemn air of detachment, it is amenable, like every other human institution, to the source of its power. If it has gone a step too far, nothing is easier than to take a step back—not by any act of Congress or any tinkering with the Constitution, but simply by the court itself, in deference to public opinion, modestly doubting a little of its own infallibility when it comes to consider the constitutionality of an important act of Congress.

But if several decisions of the Supreme Court have provoked dissatisfaction, the public's confidence in the court relatively to its confidence in Congress stands in a far higher ratio than five to four. I should say offhand that the ratio was nearer fifty to four. To transfer the vitally important power of interpreting the Constitution, in any fashion or degree, from the Supreme Court to an unstable and irresponsible Congress would undoubtedly be a wilder political venture than the country has ever yet embarked upon. It is common knowledge and everyday experience that whatever faults the Supreme Court has are trivial in comparison with the faults of Congress. That branch is what needs reforming most. I should like to see some honest reformer tackle the job.

They'll Last!

for Months *for* Miles

Thousands of motorists have told us. Ask them and they'll tell you.

UNITED STATES CHAIN & FORGING COMPANY
PITTSBURGH, PA.
Makers of McKay Tire Chains, McKay Shurout Chains, McKay Ready Repair Links, McKay Bumpers

McKAY TIRE CHAINS

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40 Years of Knowing How

And now we present to the motoring public the latest McKay standard product—*McKay Red Bead Bumpers.*

A suggestion—To every man who hates to get his feet wet

A SUDDEN rain, an unexpected winter sun sending the snow streaming through the streets—how a man wishes he had his rubbers on! Who doesn't hate wet feet?

For men who have to be out, weather or no weather, shoes with the protection of Barbour Stormwelt are *necessary*. Barbour Stormwelt is a solid rib of sole leather, part of the welt itself. It reinforces the shoe at its most vital point, sealing the seam between upper and sole where any other shoe always leaks.

Barbour Stormwelt is the most important development in 30 years of shoemaking. Not only does it keep out dampness; it prevents a well-made shoe from "running over" as nothing else can.

From toe to instep it holds the shoe in the original shape your manufacturer so carefully designed. It adds a touch of rugged style, a custom finish that is really new, on both men's and women's shoes.

Leading manufacturers—230 of them—have adopted Barbour Stormwelt because it makes their good shoes better. Ask for your favorite shoe with genuine Barbour Stormwelt.

BARBOUR WELTING CO.

Manufacturers of High Grade Goodyear Welting for over 30 years

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Here it is

In genuine Barbour Stormwelt there is no opening or seam under the rib of the welting. You can't even pry in there with the point of a knife. No imitation of Barbour Stormwelt can stand this test.

Nothing Takes the Place of Leather

BARBOUR STORMWELT

THE MAKING OF A STOCKBROKER

(Continued from Page 25)

I organized, that I personally carried in times of trouble. I am a director of the company, but I've never attended a meeting of the board. Some day I'll attend a meeting, but it will be to elect myself president again. And the way to make that day come the sooner is to sell some stock of my Allenby Motor Company for me, Mr. Wing, the automobile business offers greater and surer profits than any other business in the world today. I ought to know. I went into it pretty early in the game and I know how much I have made. I tell you it hasn't started."

"And yet I often hear that it has reached the saturation point," I said.

"My dear Mr. Wing," he said very earnestly, "the saturation point in the automobile industry will be reached when the world stops growing boys."

I smiled. He went on:

"Listen, Mr. Wing. Some years ago—it was in 1907—a lot of us manufacturers of automobiles met in a hotel in Detroit to discuss trade matters. Everybody was there. I mean every maker of automobiles in the United States was there, big and little. The fear was expressed by the head of one of the richest concerns in the trade that we were going too fast in the matter of production.

"Several men agreed with him and prophesied dire things unless we slowed up."

And Godfrey Nearly Swooned

"I said I didn't agree with them and that the chief trouble was we weren't producing enough cars. Large production meant cheaper cars and cheaper cars meant more buyers. Old man Godfrey, who was the first to admit getting cold feet, asked me how many cars I would turn out that year, and I answered that I'd tell him if he would first tell me how many he would produce. He said he didn't care to tell. I then said that it would be a good thing if everybody there told. One or two supported me, but the majority wouldn't hear of it, being afraid to tell for one reason or another. I then suggested that each man write on a sheet of hotel stationery the number of cars his schedule of production called for during 1908 and we would then add the figures and get the aggregate number without giving away anybody's individual output. Well, we did, and I bet most of them wrote in a disguised hand. We folded the sheets in two and dropped them in a hat and old Godfrey mixed them up as if he were shuffling cards, and then he and Jim Lansing wrote down the figures on another sheet of paper.

"Godfrey was mumbling to himself as he added the individual returns. All of a sudden he stopped and got white as chalk.

"'Gosh!' he said, and slumped in his chair.

"'What's the matter, Godfrey?' I asked, and rose to catch him if he fainted. But he waved me away.

"'It can't be done! It can't be done!' he said.

"So I sat down again and asked, 'How much is it?'

"'It will bust us all higher'n a kite,' he said.

"Mind you, he was a millionaire and had a wonderful plant and was turning out a popular high-priced car.

"'Come on, we're waiting!' I said.

"'It'll bust us all,' he repeated.

"'It won't be the first time some of us here have been busted. How much is it?'

"'Two hundred and fifty thousand!' he said in a despairing voice, and then he deflated like a punctured tire. The effect on the others was even worse. They looked as if they were about to expire in six seconds.

"'Oh, shucks!' I said. 'Is that all?'

"'It will bust us all!' said Godfrey.

"'Positively!' said Jim Lansing, who to my knowledge had made more than $3,000,000 out of his business in three years.

"'Sure thing!' said two or three others.

"'Sure thing nothing!' I said. 'I never heard such damfoolishness in all my life. Why, I'll be turning out that many myself inside of three years.'

"They thought I was crazy. The production figures having taken all the joy out of life, the meeting broke up. Everybody went home blue as indigo excepting myself. My dear Mr. Wing, I almost made good on my threat, and if it hadn't been for your banking friends I'd be turning out more than that. If you will sell enough stocks and bonds for us to increase our Allenby plant with I'll beat those figures all to pieces."

I believed him. It was his manner. He went on:

"Mr. Wing, you and I are going to do business together, to our mutual advantage. For your own sake I want you to believe that I not only am not crazy but that I am really conservative in my estimates. You see, I know this business from A to Z. I have been in it from the start. I really grew up in it, because I was always in what you might call the parent trade; I mean, the manufacture and sale of vehicles. My father was a wagon maker and that is what I first worked at. He left his home when I was a boy and went West. He wanted to be where he could sell to the most people—that is, in a prosperous farming region. So he picked on Michigan. There he had everything to work with—the lumber and the labor and the markets. So he made farm wagons—good ones, lots of them.

"By the time I grew up the world had moved forward quite a bit. The old heavy, slow vehicle was obsolete. I changed the wagon; improved it; made it lighter, though just as strong, because the roads had improved. Other wagon makers thought I'd go broke, because farmers are so conservative that they would stick to the old style that my father used to make. But I sold my lighter wagon. Then I saw that the market had become too limited. The wagon lasted too long. The replacements weren't in sufficient volume to pay. So I went into making buggies. I saw big money in manufacturing them on a large scale and I worked accordingly. I made a name for myself as a maker of the lighter vehicles. I made money making the modern vehicle; at that time it happened to be the kind of buggy I was turning out. That was the kind the American people wanted. My first money I made at what I am making my money at today, which is supplying transportation machines. I have always capitalized the need of humanity to go from one place to another as quickly and comfortably as possible."

Horning Into the Motor Business

"The automobile came and I was keen for it from the start. I never thought of it as a toy or as a luxury. I knew it must succeed because it deserved to. I knew it must be improved because it couldn't help it. I knew it meant the end of my buggy business and the trade at which I had worked from my childhood; but that didn't sadden me. I was too busy planning to get into a better and bigger game.

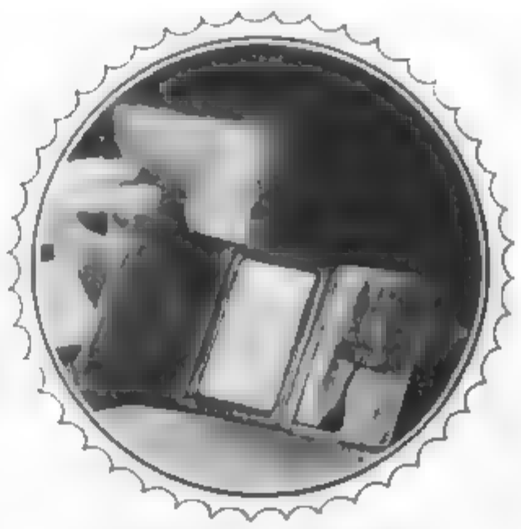
"I saw it coming, but I didn't seem to be able to make others see it. I lost precious years trying to convince friends of the big thing that was right there in front of us. But all I got was advice to stick to my buggy business. I had a mighty fine organization. I suppose you know that some of the men who worked for me as foremen or superintendents have since made great fortunes in the automobile business."

"No, I don't," I said.

Townsend went on:

"They were good men and they worked as hard as ever for me, and perhaps even harder; and we certainly turned out more and better buggies; but the old thrill wasn't there any more for me or for them. They were eager to follow me in the new field. Finally, I gave up wagon making and went into automobile manufacturing.

"I got control of the old Yorick car. It ran. That was about all you could say for it. It had the old chain drive and it made a noise like a thousand tin devils. It gave all sorts of trouble with all sorts of parts. You could hear that old Yorick grunting and snorting and rattling ten miles away; but it went. It wasn't a beauty, but it had the makings of a good car. I wasn't thinking of its lack of beauty, because we had no artistic standards in those days, and the exorbitant-priced foreign cars were not so wonderful to look at. I was concerned with getting speed and endurance, with uniform reliability. I knew I had to get those



The Amity Aristocrat

Made of mahogany pigskin. Trimmed with black calf. In attractive silk-lined gift box. Price $3.50. Other Amity pocketbooks $1.00 and up. At the better stores. If your dealer can't supply you, send money order to address below.

Men always yield to the lure of fine leather

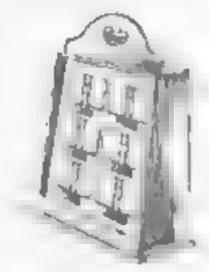
A possession which completely satisfies the man-taste. Real leather that can be mistaken for nothing else—and plainly stamped as such!

Amity Pocketbooks are typically masculine—thoroughbred creations wrought with skill. Handsome to begin with—and improving with each year of faithful service. A lasting gift—worthy of man's loyal respect.

Look for this mark of honest quality! Make it your buying guide!

If stamped AMITY *it's leather**

* *Note—the kind of leather stamped on every* AMITY *product*



Important to Dealers:

This cabinet features a most attractive line of standardized, nationally advertised men's pocketbooks. On your counter it will bring you new and increased business. Write for attractive proposition

THE AMITY LEATHER PRODUCTS COMPANY
West Bend, Wisconsin

AMITY

ELCAR

A WELL BUILT CAR

ELCAR

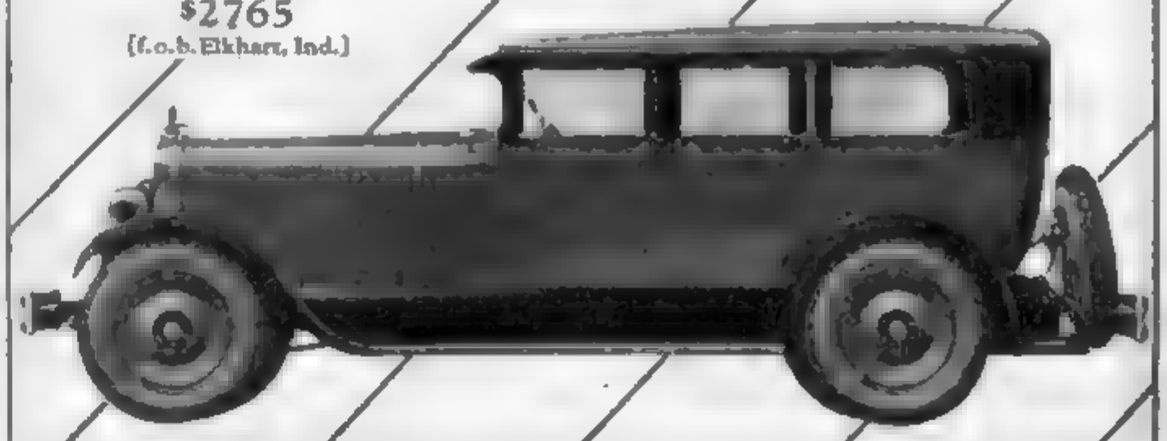
FOURS, SIXES, EIGHTS. $995 to $2765

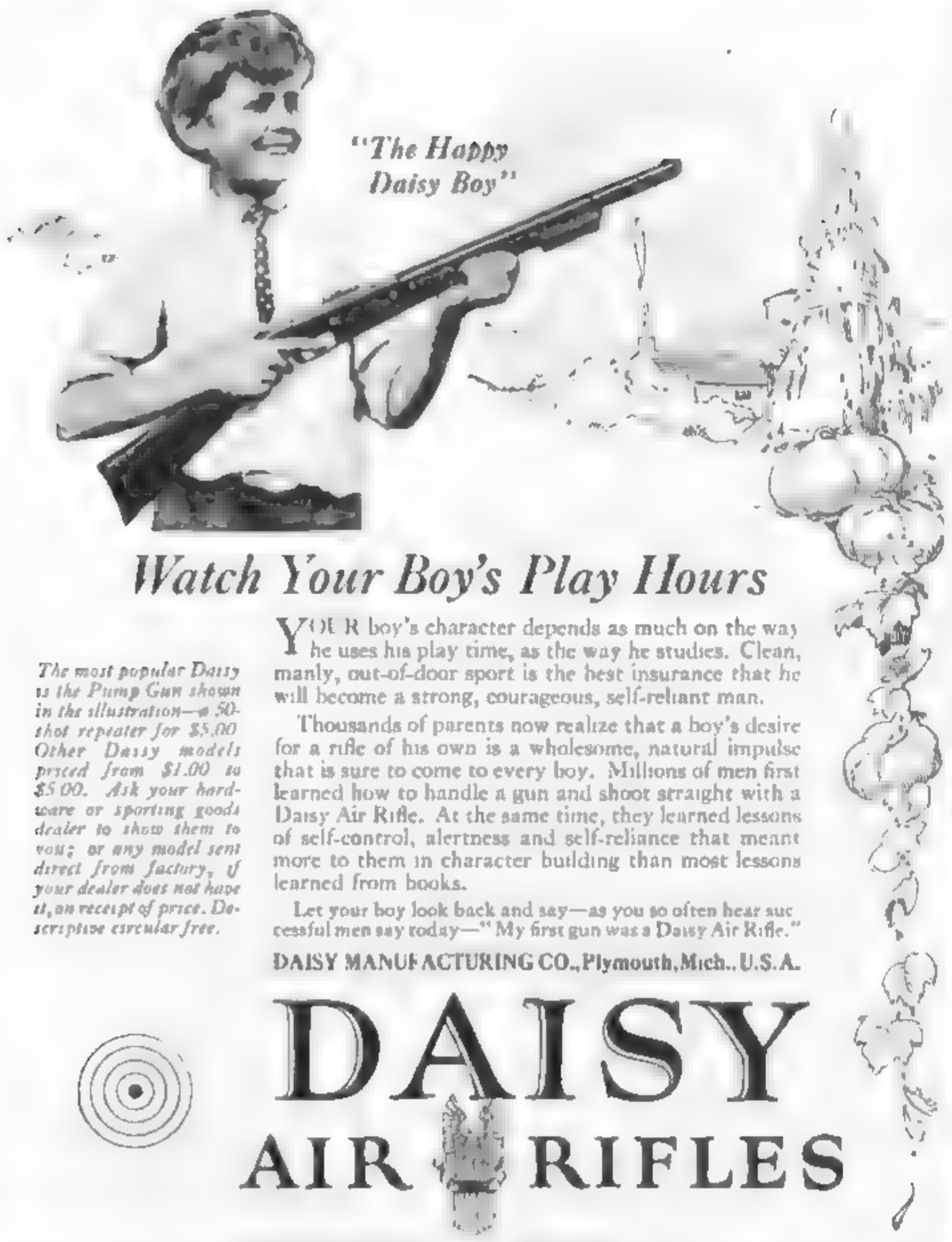
As fleet as the winds from which its luxurious interior guards you, the ELCAR 8-in-Line 7-passenger sedan is the goal of the seeker after motor car perfection. If you are of these seekers, end your quest at the nearest ELCAR showroom.

Dealers: Write for ELCAR proposition

ELCAR MOTOR COMPANY
Elkhart, Indiana
Builders of Fine Vehicles Since 1873

The 8-80 Sedan
7-passenger
$2765
(f.o.b. Elkhart, Ind.)





Watch Your Boy's Play Hours

YOUR boy's character depends as much on the way he uses his play time, as the way he studies. Clean, manly, out-of-door sport is the best insurance that he will become a strong, courageous, self-reliant man.

Thousands of parents now realize that a boy's desire for a rifle of his own is a wholesome, natural impulse that is sure to come to every boy. Millions of men first learned how to handle a gun and shoot straight with a Daisy Air Rifle. At the same time, they learned lessons of self-control, alertness and self-reliance that meant more to them in character building than most lessons learned from books.

Let your boy look back and say—as you so often hear successful men say today—"My first gun was a Daisy Air Rifle."

The most popular Daisy is the Pump Gun shown in the illustration—a 50-shot repeater for $5.00. Other Daisy models priced from $1.00 to $5.00. Ask your hardware or sporting goods dealer to show them to you; or any model sent direct from factory, if your dealer does not have it, on receipt of price. Descriptive circular free.

DAISY MANUFACTURING CO., Plymouth, Mich., U.S.A.

DAISY
AIR RIFLES

THE MAN who appreciates soft flannels; richest colorings; latest plaids; style and correct tailoring; in fact, shirts of superlative quality in every respect—should possess several "Signals." Nothing so good!

Signal

The better Dealers sell "Signal" shirts. If yours doesn't—send us his name and your size on a postcard. Our new Style Book with leading flannels in facsimile color gladly sent on request.

Signal Shirt Company

Dept. S-1, Racine, Wisc.

things if I wanted to sell my automobile. I never forgot it, and my men didn't either—not for a minute. As soon as I got control of the concern I began to make cars and as soon as I began making them I began improving them. There was plenty of room for it, the Lord knows; but then, most of my competitors were in the same boat. What I wanted to make was as good a car as any of them cheaper than most of them.

"After all, it wasn't exactly a new problem for me. The auto was only the last word in modern buggies and I had been making buggies for years; better and cheaper buggies because the better they got the more I sold, and the more I sold the cheaper I could sell them. I simply had to keep on doing what I always had done.

"I was right. Bad and ugly and noisy as the first Yoricks were, the public bought them because it was buying automotive vehicles. My price was reasonable compared with the other cars. It wasn't long before the mechanical improvements that I made sold the car by the hundreds for me. Then the improvement in looks also began to tell on the sales. I hadn't been making good-looking, well-built buggies for years for nothing.

"Money in it? I give you my word I wasn't thinking of that. I was concerned with developing the sort of car that would sell itself. But you wouldn't believe it if I told how the money rolled in. At first, to make the improvements I had to raise the price; but the sales went up so fast that the cost of production came down. The public was only too glad to pay a fair price for a good car. My salesmen used to come to me with their eyes popping out of their heads at their own success.

"I knew what class of people bought my Yorick car. But I wished to reach the fatter pocketbooks as well. I needed a higher-class car for the higher-class trade. To design a new car, advertise it and build up a reputation for it took too much time and money. I hadn't the time to wait or the money to spare while the automobile industry was growing like a record-breaking mushroom. So I didn't make a higher-priced car. I just bought the DeGrasset plant and goodwill. When you buy an established product you buy a good share of the money that has been spent on advertising the name. That knowledge saves the salesmen much talking and that is worth a lot to men who are in a hurry."

Bankers in Control

"Old Winsmore, the president and chief owner of the DeGrasset Company, made a wonderful car. Everybody, competitors and all, admitted it. He was finicky as the dickens on design and workmanship. But as a quantity producer he was a joke. He made a fine car, but he couldn't make enough. He couldn't begin to fill his orders, and it is mighty poor business to compel a man who wants to buy your car to go out and buy another make. Old Winsmore didn't try to expand his output to keep up with the demand, so I bought him out and installed machinery that old Winsmore's engineers had been trying for years to get him to put in. I also bought out the Maple Leaf Motor Company, which made a moderate-priced car. The company was not doing well and I got it cheap, for less than I could reproduce the plants. I obtained control also of the Hawley truck factory. With these I formed the Consolidated Auto Company. I paid Winsmore and the Hawleys in great part with preferred stock of the new company.

"My dear Mr. Wing, we sold so many cars and made so much money so fast that I, as principal owner of the Consolidated, found myself a success before I knew it. I mean, I found that the banks would only lend the company money if I indorsed the notes personally. That didn't bother me. My life was wrapped up in that business. I'd do anything for the company so long as I could keep on enlarging the plants. I explain this because that is how I came to indorse the notes that all fell due at one time, which certainly was about the wrongest time in twenty years for notes to fall due on. I had to come East and raise money to pay off those notes.

"The bonus in preferred and common stock that went with the $15,000,000 which you helped to place came from my personal holdings. I didn't mind that, but the banking firm that headed the syndicate were bankers and not manufacturers, and so they thought the concern ought to be run from their office and I was told that I was a mighty poor financier, even if I had built up a huge business from practically nothing. They called me a visionary. I had an option on the Shaw Motor Company, which today you couldn't buy for $1,000,000,000. All it would have cost then was $20,000,000—and I couldn't raise the money in New York or Boston or Philadelphia. But that is another story. Moreover, it is only fair to say that even in my own trade I couldn't convince my competitors that none of us individually or all of us collectively had reached anything like the production that we ought to try for. I preached quantity production a long time—the same policy that has made Hiram Shaw the richest man in the world in the matter of income.

"Well, I lost my baby. The Consolidated Auto Company, of which I am a director that never attends board meetings, is making money. It would make a great deal more if I were running it, because they'd sell more cars.

"I'll tell you how I came to start this Allenby company. I saw that there was a huge market for a cheap car—for the kind of cheap car that I could turn out. People like usefulness, but they also like beauty. I decided to manufacture a car that could be sold at a profit at a very low price and yet not look cheap. It wasn't much of a trick. I simply made a good car and put in certain refinements and features that theretofore had been seen only on higher priced cars. I wanted it to be sold for less than $500, for slogan purposes, and so I made it to sell at $490."

More Orders Than Cars

"When it came to the name, I wanted one that would suggest good automobiles to everybody who had ever taken an interest in cars, so I named it after my old driver, Louis Allenby, the world-famous king of the speedway. Anybody who saw the name 'Allenby' instantly had a vision of Louis going 100 miles an hour, establishing a new speed record and making the fortune of some expensive car, imported or domestic. Well, I got Louis for advertising purposes and some of my old associates in the buggy business and the star salesmen, who gladly came to me when I needed them, and the best engineers and designers I could get. Together we evolved this little bubble that will sell 100,000 a year as sure as fate."

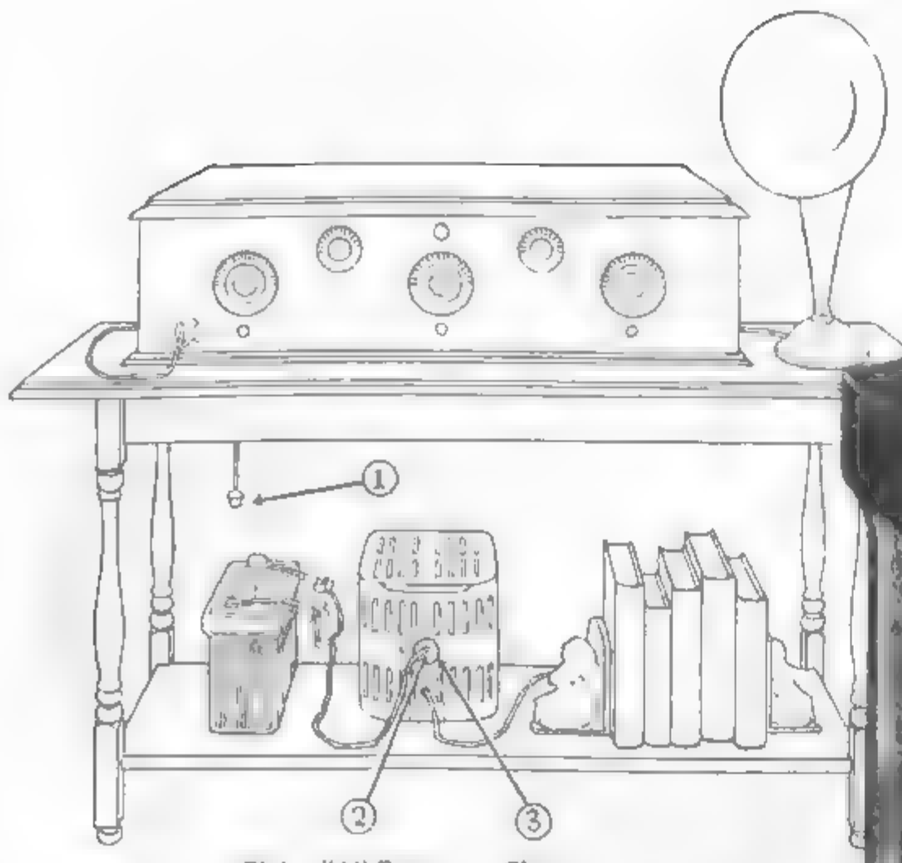
I must have smiled, for Townsend frowned. Then he smiled and said:

"If you wish to smile, I'll tell you something to make you smile. My own conviction is that I'll sell 250,000 a year as easily as I am now selling 30,000 or 40,000. I can't see how I can help it. I tell you that we are not making today one-tenth of the cars that we'll be making and selling in another five years. You used to call them pleasure cars. Who talks of pleasure cars today? The coming and going of that phrase tells the story of the changed attitude of the public. It was a pleasure car when you were not sure whether or not you might have to be towed home by a team of horses. The uncertainty made it a luxury. Today it is absolutely dependable; it is a necessity.

"Mr. Wing, I have the buyers, but I haven't the cars to deliver. I have the orders, but I haven't the production capacity. You get me that money to enlarge my plants with and I'll sell the cars. I'll make $2,000,000 this coming year. You can look over my books. You'll find that we have the orders. But I don't want to borrow money on notes that fall due when the money market is tight. I want my friends and my customers to come in, because I know their money will be safe. All I ask is to have people put up the money who believe in the business."

I was listening to Townsend with an interest that should be very easy to understand. It was as clear as day that he had vision, faith, courage and a single purpose. I felt as though I had known him for years and had always liked him. Also my mind held one thought, so insistent as to drive out other thoughts. It was that the long-sought-for opportunity had come to us. Here was the common stock of a corporation doing a profitable business to sell to our customers. I knew that there would be many who would think the automobile business was too new. I agreed with Townsend about the permanence of it and that made me think that Bronson & Barnes

(Continued on Page 197)



Philco "A" Battery on Charge

To connect the battery to your receiving set just pull out plug (2) from receptacle (3) of the Philco NOISELESS Charger and push into receptacle (1). (You can operate Philco "B" batteries in the same convenient fashion.)

Philco Double Charger for 6-volt "A" batteries and all "B" batteries $18.00

Philco Single Charger for dry-cell tube "A" batteries and all "B" batteries $9.75

Prices include plugs and receptacles (1), (2) and (3)

Built-in Charge Indicator

Balls float as the battery is charged, and sink as the battery is discharged

Philco "A" Battery Type UD86

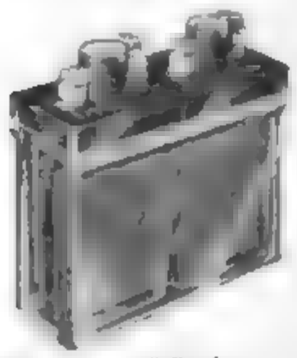
For standard 6-volt tubes. Acid-tight glass case. Built-in Charge Indicator. Price . . . $16.00

Philco "B" Battery

Storage "B" batteries are essential for clear and distant reception. Philco "B" Batteries are economical and give a long life. Can be charged with the Philco Charger and "B" Charging Panel ($1.75)

With de luxe mahogany-finish case with cover (48 volts) $20.00

With handsome mahogany-finish case without cover (48 volts) $16.50



Philco "Dry Cell Replacement" Rechargeable "A" Battery

This storage battery enables you to get the most out of dry cell tubes. Built-in Charge Indicator. Charged with a Philco Charger ($9.75) without disconnecting any wires. Price $8.00

Philco "A" Battery

Motor-mixed case type for standard 6-volt tubes. Price . . . . . $14.50 up.

Charge Tester (permanently mounted on filler cap) $1 extra. It tells how much charge is left in the battery at any time. Avoids guessing with a hydrometer.

For Radio—

Easy to operate as the Philco in your car

Recharging a Philco Radio Battery with a Philco NOISELESS Charger means merely pulling a plug from your radio socket and pushing it into the charger socket. See sketch above.

No changing wires. No moving the battery. No worry about burning out tubes by getting positive and negative wires mixed.

Philco Radio Batteries—both "A" and "B"—have other big advantages that make storage battery operation easy, convenient and economical.

They are assembled in attractive, acid-tight, spill-proof glass cases—or in wood cases finished in beautiful Adam-brown mahogany.

They have exclusive Charge Indicators that tell you at a glance how far the battery is charged or discharged.

They deliver strong, non-rippling current *without hum, roar or buzz*—the absolute essential for clear and distant radio reception.

You can buy Philco Radio Batteries at your nearest Philco Service Station, Radio or Music Dealer.

Philadelphia Storage Battery Company, *Philadelphia*

MOTOR CAR OWNERS—avoid the danger and humiliations of battery failure by installing high-powered, long-life Philco Diamond-Grid Batteries. With Philco Retainers, they are GUARANTEED FOR TWO YEARS. Philco-made automobile batteries range in exchange price from $14.95 up.

PHILCO DIAMOND GRID BATTERIES

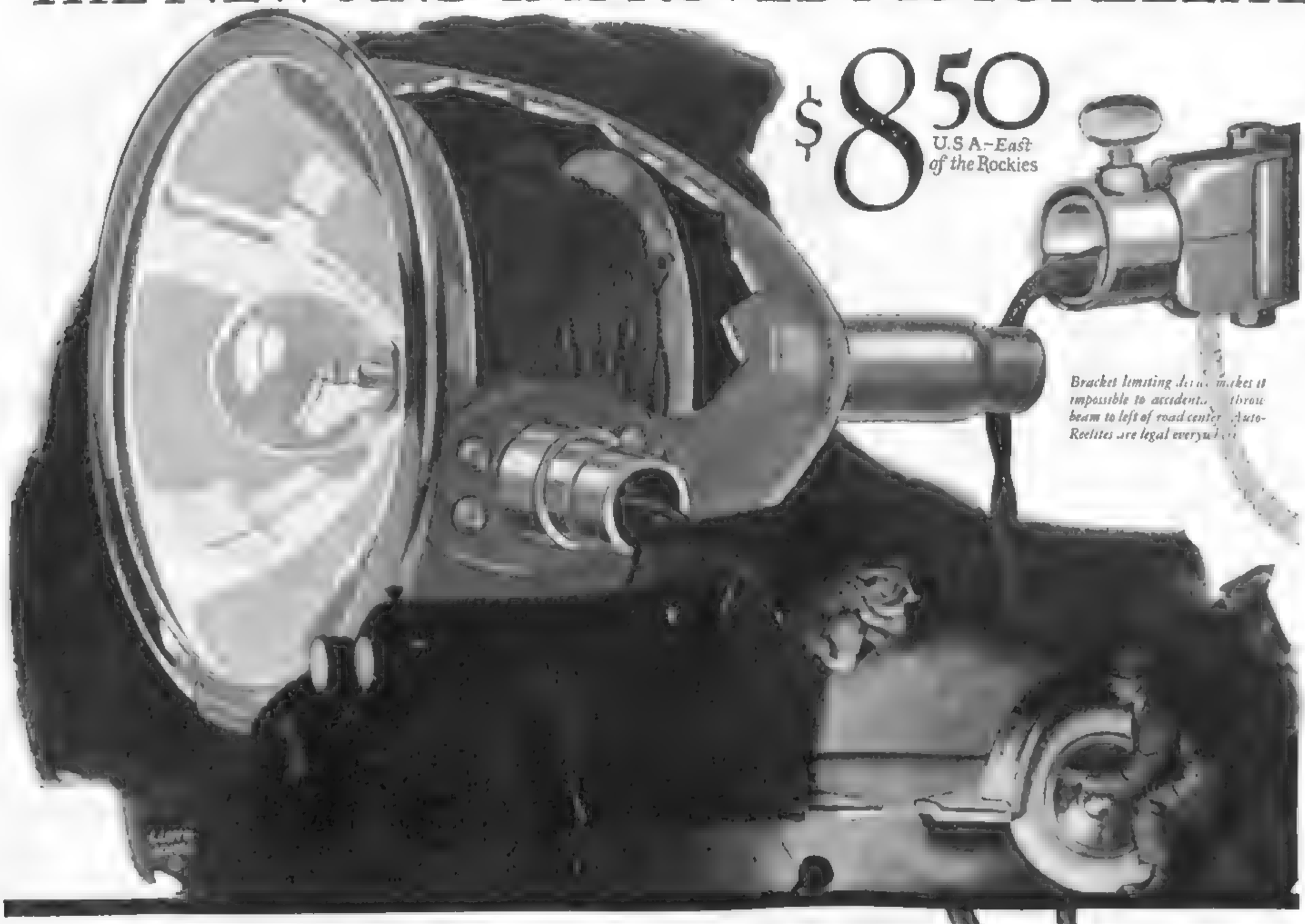
JOBBERS and DEALERS—Philco has brought radio batteries out of the cellar and put them in the living room. Our new Radio Manual tells how. Fill out coupon below and we will mail you a copy

Name .....

Street *City*

State *Jobber* ☐ *Dealer* ☐ *(P)*

THE NEW AND IMPROVED AUTOREELITE


$8.50
U.S.A.—East of the Rockies
Bracket limiting device makes it impossible to accidentally throw beam to left of road center. AutoReelites are legal everywhere

Complete Protection
at a new low cost

THE new streamline model AutoReelite is ready! Ready to give the safety and comfort of noonday driving to the darkest night's travel. A powerful spotlight to safely mark the edge of the road in the face of dazzling lights—to seek out detour and direction signs—to furnish ample light for backing—the full range of this lamp of distinctive beauty makes it the ideal driving light for any car

And to these features of a perfect spotlight are added exclusive AutoReelite protection and convenience—the self-contained automatic reel. For every purpose about the car, twelve feet of clean, unkinked cord is *instantly* available—for the night-time tire change, for roadside repairs or adjustments, for camping, to read the gas gauge in safety, to fill every need of a powerful, safe light *anywhere* about the car. By simply loosening the thumb screw on the bracket, the lamp may be taken to any part of the car, the automatic reel within paying out and retrieving the cord as required. The cord is clean, dry and unkinked, never in the way but always ready for use

Have your dealer put this new AutoReelite on your car today—no special tools are required—and the beauty and protection it affords are worth many times its new low cost

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Know how and when to use your lights. This little book sent free may save you a fine.

APPLETON ELECTRIC COMPANY
1705 *Wellington Avenue, Chicago*
Please send me a copy of the booklet "Legal Lights," which gives the automobile lighting laws of every state
Name _____
_____

AutoReelite
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
THE ONLY SPOTLIGHT ON A REEL

(Continued from Page 194)

should identify themselves with this most promising industry. Still, there was much to do before committing ourselves.

"Mr. Townsend," I said, "I hope we can do business. But first we'll have to have your books audited and your plant examined. We should like to come into personal contact with the men who are under you, so that we may determine the kind of organization you have and whether with it you could handle a bigger plant. I myself accept your word for it. I am willing to risk my own money on your say-so and this is not soft soap. But I will not take anybody's word for anything when I ask my customers to risk their money. We'll have your plant appraised to get an idea of what the proper capitalization should be, and we'll study the automobile industry in general, as an industry, from the point of view of an investor in that business. If the reports of our experts confirm your statements, as I fully expect they will, I see no reason why we shouldn't sell some of your securities. There is no sense in discussing details just now. I'll consult my partners at once and if they are willing we'll arrange for our visit to your plant. Is that satisfactory?"

"When do we start?" he said simply.

"I'll let you know in a couple of days," I said.

In the street I looked at my watch and discovered that I had spent nearly four hours listening to Townsend. What I have repeated is only a small part of what he said. It was a fascinating story, with much less of the Arabian Nights quality than Bert Hicks had led me to expect. I hadn't even smoked as I sat there.

You may rest assured I lost no time in telephoning to my partners in Boston. I told them how I felt and what I thought we ought to do. They said to go ahead. I suggested that one of the partners and young Tully, who was in charge of our statistical department and had a remarkably analytical mind, join the party in New York. In the meantime I would engage an expert from the firm of John J. Ryan & Co., consulting engineers and business examiners.

The very next morning I went out to get a line on George Baldwin Townsend himself. I went to people who knew him. For example, my old friends Humphreys, Donahue & Co., who had sold some bonds for the Consolidated Auto Company when Townsend was still president, should have been the logical people to finance the new company's needs. If there was a reason why they had declined to do so, I ought to know it. I went to their office. My relations with the partners are as friendly today as they were when we were together at Harvard, even if I didn't accept the partnership they were good enough to offer me.

A Genius Indifferent to Money

"Cramer," I asked the junior member, "what do you honestly think of George B. Townsend?"

Cramer hesitated. Then he said slowly, "He is unquestionably an able manufacturer. But he is utterly lacking in financial sense."

"Is that the worst?" I asked.

"Isn't it enough?" asked Cramer. You know, he sells bonds, and in that business you get so you emphasize that phase of a company's management.

"The reason I asked you," I explained, "is that we have been asked to finance some improvements for him. Hicks, of the Morrisania National Bank, and Liddle, of the Textile Trade, brought us together."

"I sincerely hope that you fellows can work with him. He'll need men like Hicks and Liddle to steer him straight. It will be the making of him—if they can. He is a tremendous worker with a wonderful vision. He has great dreams and the physical capacity, the courage and the mind to make them come true. But when it comes to the finances of his company he is very hard to get along with. All he thinks of is to increase his plants and make more cars to get more money to build more plants with to make more cars to get more money, and so on. If he'll work with you fellows, there is no limit to the money he can make. And the funny thing is that he cares absolutely nothing for money."

"Then he must be a good man to be friends with," I said. "Much obliged, old chap."

From Cramer's office I went to the Textile Trade National Bank and saw Fred Liddle.

"I saw Townsend," I said, "and we are going to visit his plant and audit his books and so forth, and if everything checks up O. K. we'll do that financing for him. Now you tell me what you actually know about him."

"Oh, his history is nothing. He himself is everything. He started out to make buggies, got into the motor business, organized the Consolidated Auto Company, was ousted from the management by your banker friends, and is now making the Allenby car. That's what he has done. He is a genius and you will have to guard against it. That man has made industrial history in Michigan and some day he will make it in capital letters in Wall Street. When he comes here and talks automobile industry to me it is all I can do to keep from leading him to our vaults and turning my back on him. And mind you, money doesn't interest him. He spends less than most of my clerks. Not that he is stingy, because he is the opposite of that; but he never thinks in dollars; always in cars, in customers, and millions or dozens are all one to him.

"I think Townsend wants to make enough money to buy back control of the Consolidated. He wants to raise the money for the Allenby Company without jeopardizing his control of it and that is what you'll have to keep in mind. I believe he can sell as many cars as he can make, so there is no fear of his overexpanding.

"I'll tell you why I want him to succeed—because he is a man of genius. But geniuses are apt to shorten the lives of bank presidents. What impression did you yourself get of him?"

"I got the impression that we would do business with him," I said.

"I knew you would if you let him talk to you. I surely wish you both luck. I think you'll find things to be as represented by him."

"Then we'll surely finance his needs," I said, and left the bank.

When Seeing Was Believing

I returned to my office and found Tully waiting for me. He had already started an investigation on his own hook. He got in touch somehow with almost every dealer that had ever done business with Townsend. The reports confirmed what Liddle had told me. No doubt was left in our minds that if Townsend could make more Allenby cars he could sell them. This made the question for us to consider simply: Did we wish to finance a new company which was run by experienced and successful men? My own answer was yes. It would be good business for us to undertake it. We had been preparing for years to make such ventures a specialty.

Our party left for Michigan a few days later. It consisted of one of our Boston partners, who was an expert accountant, young Tully, head of our statistical department, an engineering expert from Ryan's firm, George B. Townsend and myself.

We arrived in Detroit in the morning. We were met at the station by a whole flock of those little Allenby cars. I asked what the idea was, and Townsend told me the best way to learn about the Allenby cars was to ride from Detroit to the factory in one of them.

It was only sixty miles, but the roads were not so smooth as they are today and the cars were brand-new.

I got in the first with Townsend and John Mallon, who made the motors. The others were driven by divers employes of the Allenby organization, who were impressively told by Townsend that it was up to them to make a record run. Well, sir, those little Allenbys were driven as though the great Louis himself were at the wheel. They averaged about forty miles an hour. They had a short wheel base, and when we came to a rough spot in the road there was no difficulty in getting the news via your backbone. But George Townsend sat beside me, a proud, paternal smile on his face. We were making automobile history. No speech required.

We got to Hardwick, where the Allenby plant was. We were driven to the town's one hotel—the Townsend—named after George B. Everybody in Hardwick was as proud of George as George was of his Allenby.

The proprietor of the hotel met us at his front door and welcomed us with enthusiasm. He told us that there would be a special dinner that night and that the house was ours. He couldn't do enough for us.

DON'T LET STOREKEEPER FOOL YOU

WHY BUY IMITATIONS MADE OF COTTON AND CHEAP WOOL

INSIST ON GETTING

TIM'S CAP

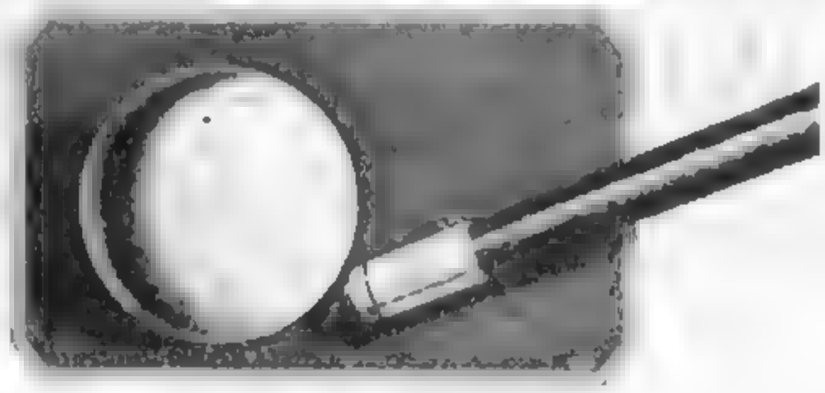
Mild Weather
Muffler Buttoned Around Cap

Cold & Stormy Weather
Muffler Buttoned Around Neck

For Boys, Children and Men

ON SALE AT LEADING STORES

TIM'S CAP CORPORATION, 50-52-54 WEST 17TH ST., NEW YORK



Please don't!

When you play billiards, don't hit too far below the center of the ball on a draw shot. You may bruise or tear the cloth. A little below the center is enough.

Every billiard player can play better on tables covered with good cloth. Room owners use good cloth when players appreciate it.

Ask the room-keeper where you play if the tables are covered with Simonis Cloth. *Nearly every important championship is played on Simonis Cloth.*

HENRY W. T. MALI & CO.
Sole Importers of Simonis Cloth since 1826
25 MADISON AVE., NEW YORK

Simonis
BILLIARD CLOTH

Packard

Good looks for bad weather

NOTICE the Barbour Stormwelt. It keeps out dampness. You'll be in over the top before this shoe will leak.

As smart a shoe as you'll see in the Stadium—English in its custom ruggedness—Scotch in its slow tanned, meaty calfskin—Packard in its superb shoemaking.

It will delight your eyes in the show window and your feet on the pavement.

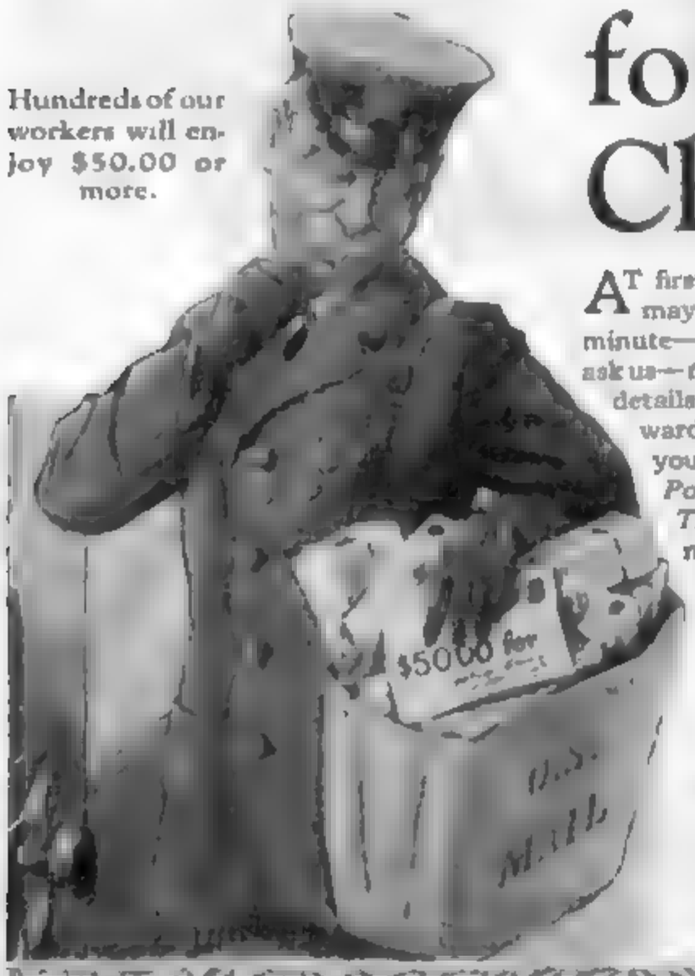
Most Packards retail from $8 to $10, a few styles higher. *Write for dealer's name.*

M. A. PACKARD COMPANY
Brockton, Mass.

Style 702
NORFOLK
MODEL
Tan Brownie Calf
Brewster Oxford,
Barbour Stormwelt

Will He Bring $50.00 for YOUR Christmas?

Hundreds of our workers will enjoy $50.00 or more.



AT first reading of the question above you may murmur "No such luck." But wait a minute—it may easily be true! If you will but ask us—*today*—we will promptly send you full details of three sure ways to profit: (1) Forwarding the renewals of present readers in your locality for *The Saturday Evening Post, The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman;* (2) securing new subscriptions; and (3) accepting the orders of folks who desire to send subscriptions as Christmas gifts.

No Experience Necessary

If we could get together and talk this over, we could doubtless quickly convince you how easily you may win an extra $50.00 between now and Christmas, but time is short. So take the first step by mailing the coupon.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
283 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Gentlemen: Please send to me by first class mail, but without obligation, everything I'll need to make an extra fifty before Christmas.

Name____

Street

City State

If I hadn't felt so tired I should have enjoyed myself hugely.

We left our luggage in the hotel and went over to the plant. We went through it. We saw the cars made—assembled and tested and taken apart and everything else. Our experts asked questions and took notes. We had lunch with the factory hands and were greatly impressed with the spirit of the men.

In the evening we had the special dinner. Besides our party, Townsend had invited his manager, his bookkeeper and three or four other employes, all fine fellows. After dinner we had a family gathering consisting of the guests and a dozen Hardwickians—bankers and business men who swore by Townsend and had money in the Allenby plant. They knew why we were there. Why not? Wasn't it a family affair?

We discussed the deal. They had all sorts of unpractical notions, as most people do who haven't had any experience with selling investments to the general public. I was against issuing bonds or preferred stock or notes and insisted that the financing should be done by the sale of common stock in a properly capitalized company. The buyers of that stock would take a reasonable business risk, the same as Townsend and his fellow Hardwickians, and they would share in the profits—if any. Townsend was inclined to side with me. Finally I had my way, but only after I had made it plain that it was common stock or nothing.

In the afternoon we returned to Detroit—by rail—and there we took the train for New York. While we waited for the reports of accountants and the engineering reports, Townsend and I discussed the deal. He himself wasn't going to do the selling of that stock to the public, and we were, and his views did not always accord with ours; but he was very nice about it. He knew we were square and he gave in to us.

The experts' reports confirmed the favorable impression I had of the plant and the business. We were mighty particular and insisted on having all the facts and figures set down in black and white. We were going to ask the public to buy stock in a company which had no historical background, engaged in what was practically a new business concerning the permanence of which grave doubts existed among business men. We had made mistakes in the past, as I have recounted earlier, and we took great pains to avoid similar mistakes in this Allenby affair. We hoped that it would be the first of many such operations, but not for all the money in the world could we afford to misrepresent, however innocently, any part of the deal.

The Launching of Allenby Motors

It wasn't until we were absolutely sure of our ground that we notified Townsend we were ready to go ahead. Then the bickering and bargaining began. Townsend, to whom a profit in the future was as real as cash in bank, wanted more money for the stock than we felt the public should be asked to pay. Then, also, some of the houses that we had invited to join the syndicate had their own notions as to prices and commissions and the size of their respective participations.

We had conference after conference that came to nothing. Mr. Barnes, when I reported to him, finally told me over the telephone from Boston that he was sick of the whole thing and wished me to drop it. There was too much quibbling to suit Bronson & Barnes. I said it would be a pity to drop it after we had gone to so much trouble and expense and I begged him to come to New York and talk to Townsend and the other conferees. He agreed, and at our fourth session we came to terms.

The company was to be reorganized. Instead of a few thousand shares of $100 each owned by Townsend and his personal friends, we would recapitalize the company on a basis of 200,000 shares of no par value. We did not wish to give anyone the impression that the new stock was worth the usual $100 a share. The public must understand that it was a young company, that it was prosperous and that whoever bought the stock simply entered into partnership with the owners of the property. These were men of ability and experience in the automobile business and had made a success of it.

Townsend received 100,000 shares for his ownership. Then 32,000 shares went to the other stockholders for their minority interest, while Bronson & Barnes took the other 68,000 shares at $65 a share. This stock we decided to offer to the public at $85 a share.

Townsend insisted that we were making a colossal mistake in letting that stock go so cheap. The price ought to be at least $100 a share. I told him that we proposed to sell to our clients at 85 because we wished them to make a profit, and also because we preferred to sell it at 85 and see it go to 100 rather than sell it at 100 and see it go to 85. He insisted that we were wrong, but we went ahead.

We formed a syndicate composed of houses with which we had done a similar business in the past, only in this instance the syndicate managers were Bronson & Barnes.

We had been preparing for something like this and we had no fears as to the outcome when we finally offered Allenby Motor stock to the public at 85 a share.

Well, you never saw anything like it. The morning the advertisement was printed the Curb began to deal in Allenby, when, if and as issued. The price went up by leaps and bounds on tremendous transactions. We were dumfounded. I had hoped for a success in this, our first venture of the kind, but I wasn't prepared for anything so sensational. It was not altogether comfortable to get the reports from the Curb. Before the subscription books opened the price was 90 bid.

The Riddle of the Curb

It didn't stop there. Before the books closed that stock was selling at 125 a share. Think of it! Of course, everybody was calling up our office to find out what the dickens had happened and where the mistake was The other members of the syndicate were as much at sea as the rank outsiders. The colloquies with my friends ran about like this:

"Say, Jack, what's going on in Allenby Motors?"

"I don't know."

"It's selling at 125 on the Curb."

"I know it."

"Do you mean to say that you are allotting us stock at 85 when the market for it is 125?"

"Yes."

"What's the answer?"

"They've gone crazy."

"Do you mean to say we can sell ours at 125?"

"Sell all you want of it."

"And we get ours at 85?"

"It hurts to do it, but a contract's a contract and the price we gave you was 85," I told them.

An intimate friend, a stock trader whose name is known the world over by reason of the part he took during the war, came over in person to see me. He has one of the keenest minds in Wall Street. He wanted an explanation. I couldn't give it to him. He left me—unconvinced, I suspect—and came back about an hour later.

"Jack, Townsend and his friends have simply gone stark crazy. They are buying all the Allenby they can lay their hands on. Why, over in the office of W. H. Roberts & Co. they are taking it by the thousands! I happened to mention to a fellow named Dan Lackey, who was the biggest buyer there on a tip from Townsend, that I had got my own stock at 85 and that price was what you people were accepting subscriptions at, and he just looked at me and told me he was betting on Townsend. I think you ought to call up Mr. George Baldwin Townsend and find out just what he's up to. You can't afford not to know what's behind all this."

I took his advice and called up Townsend and asked him, and his answer was:

"I told you that you were making a big mistake by offering the stock at 85. All I did was to telegraph to my friends that the stock would be offered for sale to the public and that they ought to get some. They evidently followed my advice. I myself got to thinking it over and I bought quite a little of it. I paid as high as 92 for some. The price went up so quickly I couldn't get it all under 90. Jack, I tell you, you don't know what the automobile business is. You just watch that stock and find out!"

And that was what had happened. That man Townsend tipped off every one of his hundreds of loyal friends. Townsend didn't do it to unload. All his agents bought the stock. They didn't know Bronson & Barnes, so instead of sending us their subscriptions they simply told their own brokers in their own towns to buy it, and the brokers

Continued on Page 201

-now! dependable, low cost machine record keeping

$385

Terms if desired
MOTOR EXTRA

Sundstrand
MARVEL MODEL
Direct Subtractor

Hand or Motor Operated

$225 *to* $275
Special-Junior Model
$150

This is the Sundstrand Adding and Figuring Machine with the famous direct subtraction feature. Reorders tell the story of the amazing success of this model. Many of the nation's largest users of adding machines have been so impressed with the remarkable efficiency of this machine that they have reordered in large quantities. Here again, you are offered an unusually wide scope of usefulness at low cost. Write for descriptive booklet. Address Dept. B-11

* * *

An inexperienced person can immediately operate the simple ten key Sundstrand keyboard speedily. "Nothing new to learn."

MACHINE record keeping no longer requires a heavy financial outlay. Sundstrand has shattered all precedents by developing a machine that enables you to do your bookkeeping and record work, as well as all figure work, on the same machine, *and at a lower cost than was ever before thought possible.*

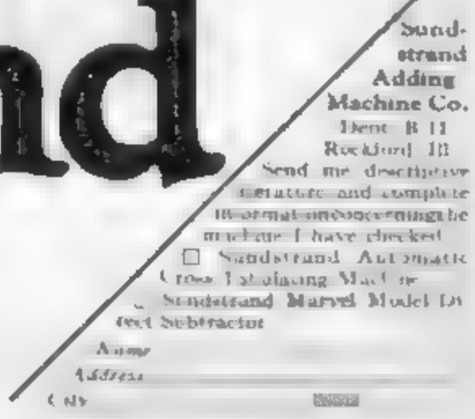
In the new Sundstrand Automatic Cross-Tabulating Machine the necessary functions are controlled by the cross-tabulating carriage. Each item is printed in its proper column, without attention from the operator, and is automatically added, non-added or subtracted. The machine is instantly adapted to your records.

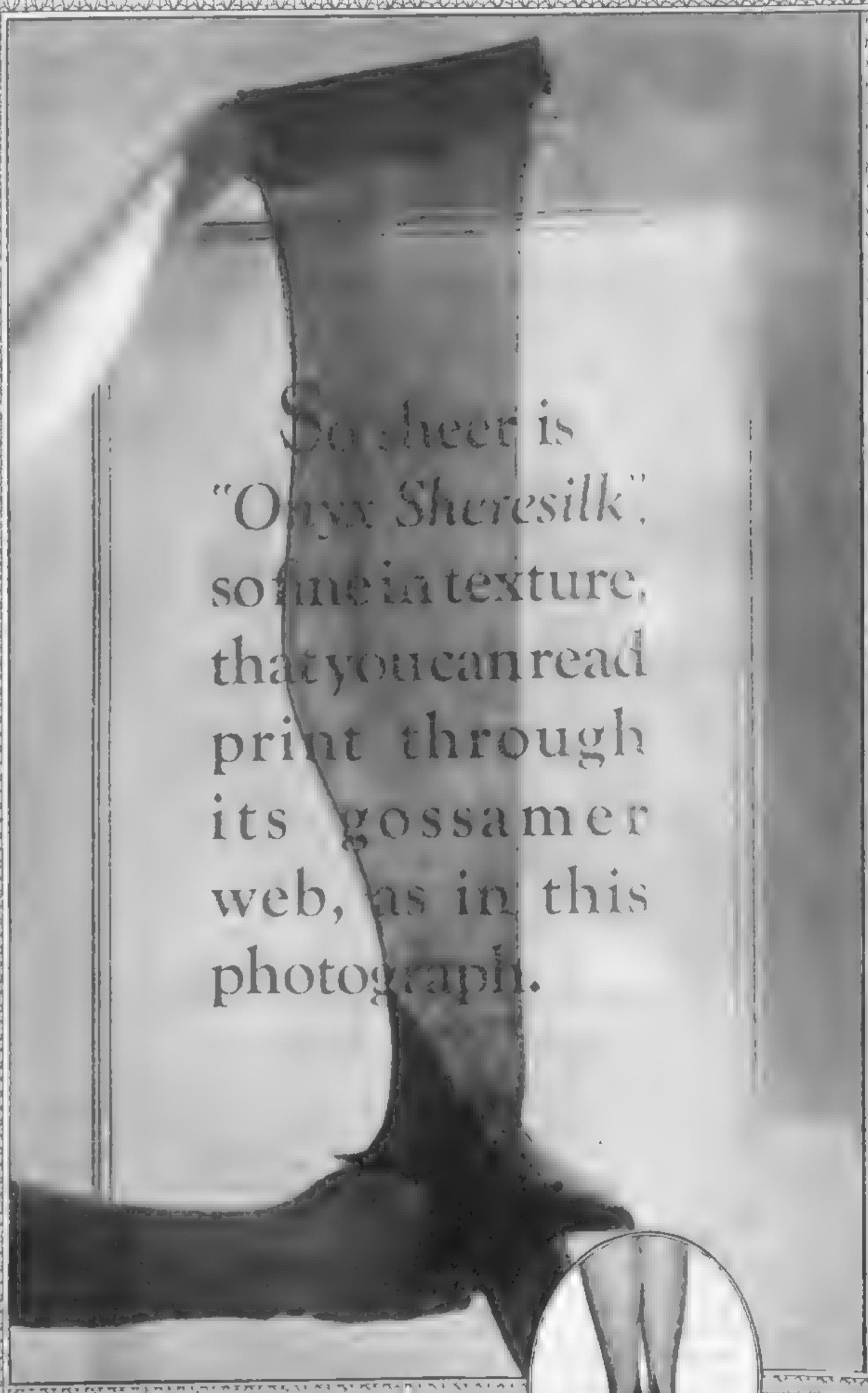
In three seconds you convert the machine for regular figuring work—adding, subtracting, multiplying, dividing. *Direct* subtraction with 100% printed proof in one operation. Automatic shift multiplication. One-hand control. Only ten keys. Visible writing. Portable—desk size.

Let the local Sundstrand representative demonstrate the wide scope of usefulness of this remarkable, low-priced machine. Or write for descriptive booklet which gives all details. Address Dept. B-11.

SUNDSTRAND ADDING MACHINE COMPANY, Rockford, Illinois, U. S. A.
Sales and Service Stations everywhere in the United States and foreign countries

Sundstrand
AUTOMATIC
Cross-Tabulator Model





From an actual photograph of an "Onyx Pointex" stocking.

MANY photographs that you see reproduced in advertisements have been retouched before the printer's plates are made from them. That is, the original photographs have been touched up with a brush to smooth out the irregularities of their subjects and hide their too truthful effects.

This photograph has not been retouched. It is reproduced exactly as it came from the camera, and shows the exquisite clearness of "Onyx Sheresilk." This is the name of the sheerest grade of pure thread silk in which "Onyx" Hosiery is made.

So clear is this gossamer web that you can easily read print through it. Yet there is exceptional strength in every one of its silken strands. For the threads from which "Onyx Sheresilk" is made are especially selected from the finest of pure Japanese silk. They are knitted with infinite care to make a stocking, which, for all its apparent daintiness, will give surprising wear.

The stocking shown in the photograph is "Onyx Pointex" style 450—with a heel reinforcement fashioned to accentuate the grace of trim, feminine ankles. The appearance of this fashionable hose is shown in the smaller picture at the bottom. This very style is sold in leading stores all over the country at **$2.75** a pair.

Department stores and specialty shops everywhere carry these "Onyx" stockings in a great variety of fashionable colors:

Style 255 "Onyx Pointex" medium weight, with lisle top and sole. ***Style 355*** "Onyx Pointex Sheresilk" with lisle top and silk sole.	$1.95
Style 350 "Onyx Pointex" medium weight all silk. ***Style 450*** "Onyx Pointex Sheresilk" as illustrated.	$2.75

"Onyx" Hosiery is never sold by house-to-house canvassers

"Onyx" Hosiery Inc.

Manufacturers *New York*

"Onyx" Hosiery "Pointex"

© "O" H Inc., 1924

(Continued from Page 198)

sent the orders on to their correspondents, who bought it on the Curb. The rest followed.

The issue was heavily oversubscribed. I think the total subscriptions by the public ran to something more than 400,000 shares and we only had 68,000 to sell. When we came to allot the stock we could only give subscribers about 10 per cent of what they had asked for, excepting in the case of the little fellows. Those who had subscribed for fifty shares or less got theirs in full, for we naturally wished to encourage the widest possible distribution of the stock.

That deal was the talk of the Street for weeks. It was most gratifying to our firm. You will understand why I have stressed our gradual preparation for this sort of business and also why I saw in the Allenby deal merely the first of many to come.

Now I'll jump forward and tell you what happened to Townsend. He had originally invested $200,000 in Allenby. Five years later he exchanged that for the 100,000 shares of stock we paid him for his interest. Two years after that his Allenby stock was selling at 500, so that this, the greatest industrial promoter that ever lived, saw his $200,000 grow into $50,000,000 in that time. And of course his genius made him see also what some very able business men couldn't.

The Consolidated Auto Company was being run by a partner of the bankers who had financed it. They sold a big block of bonds and improved the plant and made good cars and sold them. But they couldn't see the future of the automobile industry so clearly as Townsend. While they were running the company in accordance with sound business principles, Townsend was buying the common stock, which didn't pay dividends. He urged his friends to do likewise and they did. One of them, a retired lamp manufacturer, was so devoted a follower, and believed so implicitly in Townsend's genius, that he made more than $50,000,000 out of Townsend's automobile stocks, after he was past seventy. Romance? Why, it is a wonderful story of vision and courage and persistence.

Finally one day Townsend called a meeting at the Morrisania National Bank and there he ousted the men who five years before had ousted him. He did this and then he began to expand and increase and buy everything in sight. I wish I could tell you the story in detail, but it would take too long. I'll content myself with saying that when he was obliged to relinquish his control of the Consolidated Auto Company a second time, he took a stock market loss of $120,000,000, the greatest that any one man ever took in the stock market anywhere since stock speculation began. He still remained a millionaire. A remarkable man and a remarkable career!

Western Motors

A short time after the Allenby deal, Percy Thomas, the famous cotton operator, brought another proposition to us. His is beyond question one of the most brilliant minds in Wall Street. It is always a pleasure to listen to him.

He came to the office one day and said, "Wing, I see you made a great success of that Allenby stock issue."

"It is an old habit of this firm's," I said. "We always do things that way." But Thomas had no desire to josh or be joshed. He said, as serious as anything:

"I know a company that needs what you did for Allenby. I was talking with them the other day and they certainly need money and need it quick. This is an opportunity simply made to order for you. You have all the necessary machinery for swinging the deal and the prestige of your Allenby success will make everything as easy as pie for you."

"Which company is it?"

"The Western Motors Company. Dick Sessions, the president, used to be the right-hand man of old Timothy Cross, the motor manufacturer. Dick went into business for himself because old Cross was too conservative. The Cross car, the premier automobile of a few years ago, is no longer the best seller. It is still as good a car as there is, but the price isn't right because production costs are too high. Sessions and a few associates had enough money to begin manufacturing a good low-priced car. They have established the name and the business and all they need now is a plant that will enable them to increase their output and reduce costs. They have passed the experimental stage. They are losing millions a year by not being able to fill their orders."

"You've said enough, Thomas," I told him.

So while he was still there I called up Boston and told my partners what Thomas had told me about Western Motors. What did they think? Of course they thought as I did.

We made up a second party to go to Sandusky, Ohio, where the Western Motors plant was. When we got there you could have knocked me down with a feather. They had put up one large building at the start, but they outgrew it in no time. They were assembling automobiles in tents. There were about a dozen of them—great big circus tents, stretched along the railroad tracks.

Well, our experts went over the plant and the books and we finally made a deal with the Western Motors Company. It wasn't on such a profitable basis as the Allenby. Sessions had a syndicate of Cleveland capitalists that were ready to take up a bond issue, with the usual stock bonus. But he was wise enough to prefer our plan of distributing common stock widely by sales to the general public. We bought 50,000 shares at 75. We formed another syndicate and offered the shares for sale at 85, because that had proved to be a popular price and because the earnings and the dividend prospects justified it.

A War-Weary Market

Subscriptions from all over the country just poured in and the issue was oversubscribed to such an extent that after a lot of thinking we decided on a straight allotment of 10 per cent to all subscribers. This meant that the little fellow who subscribed for 100 shares only got ten. Before the books closed the stock was selling on the Curb, when, if and as issued, at a premium of ten points or more.

At the start it looked like another colossal success for Bronson & Barnes. But we had something to learn. To be sure, we had made our bankers' profit and to that extent the syndicate was successful enough. But we had failed to take into consideration several things. To begin with, we had allowed too much time to elapse between Allenby and this deal. The stock market had gone up without interruption for more than six months. The Lusitania break and two or three other war scares had exerted an unfavorable influence on speculative temper. The market was war-weary. It had gone stale. It was in a state in which it would take very little selling to put prices down substantially. In short, it was an unpropitious time for bringing out new issues.

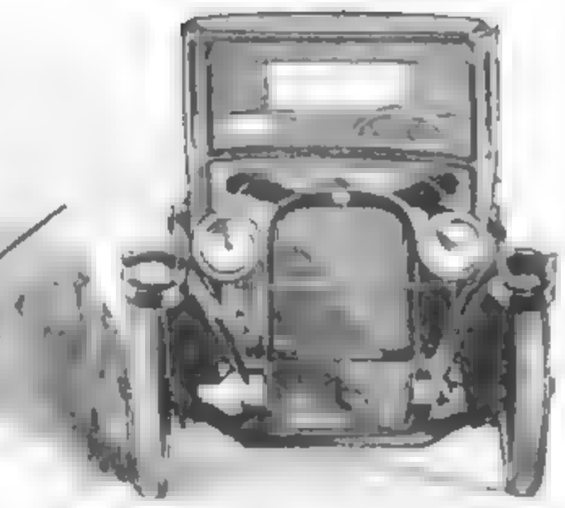
Another adverse factor was the 10 per cent allotment. The moment the price of the new stock ceased to advance, which was as soon as the allotments were made—because there wasn't a Townsend following to buy the new shares—all the disappointed subscribers began to sell out. You have no idea how many hundreds of chaps who had received only ten or twenty shares hastened to get out because it wasn't worth while staying with a fractional lot. Under the pressure of these aggregate sales the price went down about 20 points from high, which meant about 10 points below the subscription price.

The price did not stay down very long. It rallied and soon sold up to 125 and higher. Later, in the bear market of 1917, it went down again. Everything else did also. But I would point out that within four years of the time we brought it out, that stock sold at better than $500 a share. It was a great success and our clients again made money.

We contented ourselves with a bankers' commission. We were confident that the companies whose stocks we offered to the public would prosper. Well, if we had kept those stocks ourselves we should have made more than $40,000,000.

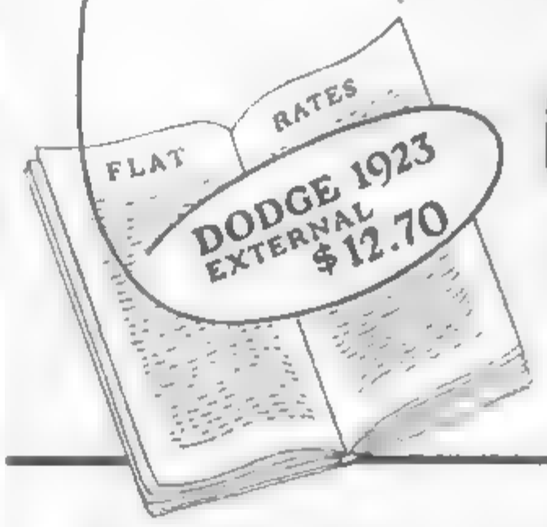
A few months after the Western Motors offering, a promoter by the name of Barrows, who went about looking for good prospects, found a corporation that though in sound financial condition needed more capital to expand its business. Barrows' job was to bring together the man with the business and the man with the money. The latter didn't have to be a capitalist or a big banker; it might be a house that had customers to sell securities to. The advantage in selling stock in your company to the general public is that you get a lot of buyers who will not be larger holders than the original owners and therefore will not insist

What will it Cost to have my brakes relined ?



When your brakes are relined by the GARCO METHOD, you know *exactly* what the job will cost. A system of flat rate charges includes every type of car. Charges are moderate, fair and based on excellent workmanship plus GARCO Asbestos Brake Lining No over-charging or guesswork when you go to an authorized GARCO METHOD brake specialist. Keep this in mind when your brakes need new lining.

With the GARCO METHOD, the lining is correctly applied—"while you wait," if necessary. No split rivets nor scored drums. All the braking surface is in operation. Better brakes, safety and longer wear.



GARCO METHOD OF RELINING BRAKES

General Asbestos & Rubber Co.
Charleston, S. C.

Started "Green"

$85.00 a Month *Extra* Now!

Allison Schofield of California

ALLISON SCHOFIELD started "green"—he'd never made a sale in his life. Yet he soon managed to make $85.00 or more *every month* in extra spare hour profits. Nothing remarkable about it—just typical of what any live wire can do.

So we asked Schofield "Would you advise others to take up Curtis work?" Here is his answer: "Yes, I would. Because I can show them, old or young, rich or poor, how to make more money by devoting full or part time to it than can be made in any other way."

No Experience Necessary

Let us give you the reasons why Schofield and hundreds of other workers find it easy and pleasant to make money as subscription representatives for *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*. The coupon does the trick without obligation.

This Coupon is Yours! Mail it Now

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
285 Independence Sq., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Gentlemen: Tell me why Schofield and the rest like Curtis work. I don't promise to accept your offer, but I'd like to look it over.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ *State* _____

upon being represented in the directorate, or similar annoyances and intermeddling. Barrows told the Harrison Tire Company about us and brought one of the partners to our office. They asked my opinion and I said:

"Your company has now a capital stock of 50,000 shares, all owned by your three partners. You say you are earning $2,000,000 a year. If your balance sheet shows enough assets to warrant it, we believe those earnings would justify a capitalization of 200,000 shares on which you could pay dividends of five dollars a year. We would have to place that stock with the public at about $45 a share and therefore we should have to take it from you at a price sufficiently below $45 to make it worth our while. I think we could sell that stock; but, on the other hand, our customers may be fed up for the moment. We'd have to study conditions more carefully and get our experts to go over your plants and your books before we made a definite offer."

The Harrison people finally agreed to do as we suggested. The experts' reports were satisfactory and we finally bought 75,000 shares out of a total of 200,000 of the recapitalized company, which was called the Harrison Rubber Corporation. We paid $40 a share for it and we formed a syndicate and offered it to the public at $45 a share.

Our awakening was prompt and rude. The stock, instead of being oversubscribed and selling at a premium before the books closed, wasn't fully subscribed for and the syndicate had to take up several thousand shares. It proved that the public was filled up after so many months of bull-market activities. It had no surplus funds to buy stocks with. Right after the subscription books closed the new stock began to decline and we had to buy it on the way down. There are some things you can't tell until after you try it on the dog. Our profits when we wound up the syndicate were mighty small. But at that we were lucky we did not have a loss, considering how wrong we were in our estimate of the public's desire or ability to buy stocks.

For months afterward, extending well into 1916, the public refused to buy stocks. General business was very good. Europe was buying all sorts of supplies here and sending us all the gold in the world to pay for it. Prices of everything were rising But the public would not buy stocks. Our best business minds, the wisest financiers, could not understand why a stupendous boom wasn't going full blast with such an export trade as ours. They began to talk that way for publication until everybody in the United States was positive that the money center of the world had moved from poor old London to imperial New York.

Finally the market definitely turned The public began a carnival of stock buying—known as the war brides' boom -that went to dangerous extremes. We, in common with all other conservative houses, feared the consequences of the inevitable day of reckoning and we began to urge our customers to take in sail. We insisted on their taking what profits they had, or even losses, and we succeeded in getting most of them out before my friend, Jim Tobin, on his return from Europe, stated in a widely circulated interview that the European war must end shortly—in which case good-by to our war profits—or else the United States must get into the war; in which event, we must look for war taxes and various disturbances. The stock market had a very bad break and the historic bull market of 1916 was at an end. Prices declined steadily from that day on. They did not recover in full until three years later.

Editor's Note—This is the eleventh of a series of articles by Mr. Lefèvre. The next will appear in an early issue.

Your Boy

He will have more leisure than you had. And yet, with the aid of electricity, he will do more than you did.

Radio, the electric locomotive and the electric ship will have shortened his distances. Electric motors will have taken upon their shoulders life's burdensome tasks

A different world it's going to be—and a better one!

There is energy in Nature to provide for *all* mankind. A large part of the work of the General Electric Company has been in manufacturing the giant electrical machines that harness streams which once were idle but now furnish electricity for power, light and heat.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

BOYS—can you do these things?

List folks you know who read *The Post*—or ought to.
Secure a few copies of *The Post* from our agent, near your home.
Call on your prospects with a current issue.
Show stories, articles, illustrations, and the price—FIVE CENTS.
Pocket for your own a cash commission—and a voucher good for big prizes.

MONEY AND PRIZES—COST-FREE!

BY selling *The Post* and *The Ladies' Home Journal*, any boy can earn his own money. Many of our salesmen make more than a Dollar in one afternoon.

You can earn that money easily. If you said "yes" to the questions above, you can count on having a dozen regular customers near your home who'll buy from the very first week. We'll help you find them.

YOU can earn that money—quickly. Mail back this "ad" with your name and address, and we'll help you get started—without delay. • • • •

PRIZES, BESIDES! To our salesmen in U.S.A. we offer best boys' prizes—football, radio, watch, flashlight, books—*all without spending a cent.* Why not write us—today?

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
Sales Division
284 Independence Square Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million and a Quarter Weekly)

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A REQUEST FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS must reach us at least thirty days before the date of issue with which it is to take effect. Duplicate copies cannot be sent to replace those undelivered through failure to send such advance notice. With your new address be sure also to send us the old one, inclosing if possible your address label from a recent copy.

All out-doors calls you to ride and hike —Ansco adds fun and gets good pictures

(Remember this is merely a printed reproduction of the real photograph.)

The Semi-Automatic winds its own film. Priced at $30 with R. R. lens, $40 with F.7.5

No camera can touch the Semi-Automatic priced at $30 and $40!

IMAGINE having to pay only $40 for one of the finest cameras in the world! The semi-Automatic Ansco winds its own film by one downward press of a lever which is conveniently located near your left thumb.

This fine camera has a motor that winds the film so you can take six pictures in quick succession. Now you don't have to turn the camera around and lose your subject while you wind the film. You just *enjoy* picture-taking! The Semi-Automatic is equipped with the choice of either one of two lenses. Takes pictures size 2½ x 4¼.

The famous Automatic

The $75 Automatic Ansco is the camera de luxe of the photographic world. The motor is connected with the shutter release so that when one picture is taken the next exposure automatically winds into place. Now you will have no blanks and no double exposures.

This new invention is as startling an improvement in cameras as the self-starter was in automobiles. It is a self-winding picture-taker that takes six pictures in six seconds if you wish.

This Ansco camera automatically winds its own film—as great an aid to picture-taking as the repeater was to sportsmen. Price $75.

THERE'S always plenty to do and jolly good times when you get good pictures of all kinds of funny poses of your friends, and of interesting things you see.

Here are cameras of seven different kinds and prices to choose from—and all of them have some exclusive Ansco improvement that makes picture-taking a real pleasure. Ansco cameras and Speedex film are easy to use and you're sure of the results.

If the dealer nearest you, selling good cameras and film, doesn't have what you want, send off this coupon immediately, correctly filled in, and we will rush your order to you.

Ansco Photoproducts, Inc.
Binghamton, N. Y.

Please send me the items checked. I enclose $.....

- ☐ One No.1A Ready-Set camera. Price $13.50
- ☐ One Automatic camera. Price $75.00
- ☐ One Dollar Ansco. Price $1.00
- ☐ One No. 1 Ready-Set camera. Price $25.00
- ☐ One Vest Pocket camera. Price $12.50
- ☐ One Semi-Automatic camera, with Rapid Rectilinear lens. Price $30.00
- ☐ With F.7.5 Anastigmat lens. Price $40.00
- ☐ Four rolls of Ansco Speedex Film (or proportionate number if size is 3¼ x 4¼ or larger). Price $1.00.

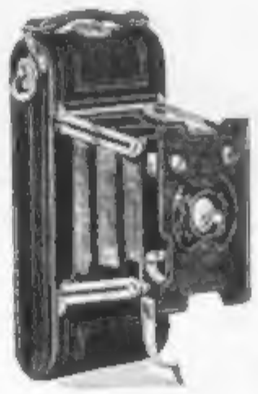
Name .....

Address .....

Size of film.....No.....Cam. Model ...

S. E. P. 11-15

A new kind of camera whose name "Ready-Set" means *sure pictures* for you



The $25 Ready-Set comes with a handsome, suede case, and takes pictures 2¼x3¼.

THE No. 1 Ready-Set is a fool-proof camera made especially for people who aren't sure they set the shutter just right and focus correctly to get good, clear pictures. On this marvelous new camera, you have no focusing to do and no shutter complications, either.

It's all as easy as using a box camera. Just set for snapshots and shoot. And when you want time exposures, the lens opening automatically becomes smaller. So with the Ready-Set you are sure of getting just the pictures you want when you feel like taking pictures.

The No. 1 Ready-Set is beautifully made, and is equipped with the finest anastigmat lens. If your dealer hasn't it use the coupon above.

A fine $13.50 camera that's a *Ready-Set!*

IF you just can't afford the No. 1 Ready-Set don't get discouraged! We *thought* there might be a lot of people who'd want a camera that would get good pictures in a hurry. So we made the No. 1-A Ready-Set, which is less expensively built than the $25 one. And it is a beauty.

It has an excellent single lens, and an automatic two-way finder, and is just the most popular kind of camera you could wish for.

The $13.50 Ready-Set is a beautiful looking camera that takes pictures 2¼ x 4¼.

World's only regular roll-film dollar camera

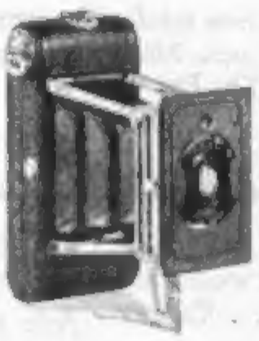
The Dollar Ansco uses regular roll film. It takes pictures 1⅝ x 2½, which make dandy enlargements.

YOU might think the Dollar Ansco looks something like a toy. But when you see the crisp, clear pictures it pulls, you'll just naturally love it. Its low price and small size make it the best prize or gift—to a friend or for yourself—that you can imagine.

The Dollar Ansco is strongly built inside and out, uses regular roll-film just like expensive folding cameras and takes fine pictures size 1⅝ x 2½ that make dandy enlargements.

That coupon above will bring it to you immediately if your dealer is all sold out of them.

The Vest-Pocket Ansco *always* works right



The Vest-Pocket Ansco takes pictures 1¾ x 2¾. Price $12.50.

SOME small folding cameras don't pull completely out with one pressure of your thumb and finger. Ansco makes the *only* self-opening Vest-Pocket camera.

It is a fixed-focus camera, equipped with a new, fine anastigmat lens and special shutter that makes it possible to get good, clear pictures under various kinds of weather conditions.

You have lots more fun in your crowd if there's a camera along. And the Vest-Pocket Ansco slips easily into your pocket and is so light you hardly know it's there.

(Remember these are merely printed reproductions of the real photographs.)

A *New* Kind of Film

You don't have to worry about the light if you use Ansco Speedex Film. You don't have to be an expert. This film is made for you as you are and the light as it is!

With Ansco Film you take pictures as you always have taken them—and after giving Ansco a fair trial compare the results with your regular pictures taken in the past and see how much finer your Ansco ones come out!

So—now—it's easy to get good pictures

ANSCO

CAMERAS & SPEEDEX FILM

with this new *Exx Toe*—

It's a brand-new kind of silk hosiery, men

—gives 3 to 4 times greater wear!

REMEMBER when semi-soft collars were introduced? Here's the most important improvement in men's clothing since then.

Because it saves 60% to 75% of hosiery expense.

Yet offers all the style, fine appearance and neatness of fit that a man wants in hosiery. The difference is that these new socks give service multiplied 3 to 4 times. Five hundred searching tests have definitely proved *that.*

Clever, new reinforcing across and over top of toes. Multiplies strength 3 to 4 times! The Exx Toe.

New knitting method for toes

An ingenious, new way of knitting puts *triple* or *quadruple* strength at the toes—where 90% of all socks have worn out first. An exclusive Holeproof improvement . . . Called the Holeproof Exx Toe.

You can't feel this Exx-Toe reinforcing at all. And, unless you look very closely, it can't even be *seen!* Once you find it, however, you know that the socks will give you at least *tripled* wear.

You need never again throw away socks just because the toes have given out. Your women-folks will thank us, too, because this cuts out a lot of mending.

Prices as always!

This Exx-Toe improvement doesn't increase the price of Holeproof Hosiery—and you get all the style and general durability for which the name Holeproof is famed. *That* is knit right in—by expert workmanship and the use of highest-quality silks and other yarns.

Ask to see Holeproof Exx-Toe Hosiery—at any good store selling men's hosiery. Silk—75c and $1.00. Also in other materials. Wear a pair and find out what a lot of extra service they give!

DEALERS:
If you haven't Holeproof Exx-Toe styles in stock, get in touch with us immediately! Wire, phone, write.

MADAM: If your men-folks miss seeing this piece of news, call their attention to it. Better yet, buy a pair of Holeproof Exx-Toe Hosiery for them!

Holeproof Hosiery

—with the new long-wear *Holeproof Exx* Toe

(Patents pending)

Holeproof Hosiery Company, Milwaukee, Wisconsin :: Holeproof Hosiery Company of Canada, Limited, London, Ont.

© H. H. Co.

"Boy, you're lucky!"

Stanley had heard that comment before. Bachelors had a way of making it—fervently and wonderingly—after they had eaten dinner at his new home. It seemed to include all his worldly goods, the excellence of his wife and the quality of the meal. Bachelors were the very ones to appreciate a domestic establishment, without realizing the infinite detail that made it a success. To-night, in approving the meal's perfect service, how could they know the thought Katherine had given to the planning of it. The importance of enough beautiful silverware, for instance! Why, only four short months ago, Stanley hadn't thought of these things himself!

Does enough beautiful silverware add to the charm of your entertaining?

HAVE you enough silverware to entertain frequently and thoughtfully—with that subtle difference that makes your parties remembered? Or does a scanty equipment of silver keep you from inviting to your home the people you (and your husband) would like to invite?

Possibly so! Possibly you have delayed purchasing this necessary silverware because you feel that to provide all that you need would be too expensive. But it need not be—if you purchase wisely of "1847 Rogers Bros." Silverplate!

In this fine tableware—approved by four generations of particular hostesses—you may add to your present silverware in small quantities, or build up a complete new service to replace an antiquated pattern. You will find every kind of piece your good taste dictates—soup spoons, salad forks, coffee spoons, serving pieces. Each is beautiful enough to make every meal more pleasant, and durable enough to be handed on to your children's children.

Buy "1847 Rogers Bros." to-day in the pieces you need most. Add to it as the occasion demands. This you can do easily, because the leading dealers in your vicinity are sure to have the newer patterns of "1847 Rogers Bros." in their stock.

May we send you a copy of our booklet Y-90, "Etiquette, Entertaining and Good Sense," with authoritative table settings made in the Good Housekeeping Studio of Furnishings and Decorations? You will find it full of suggestions for successful entertaining. Write for it to-day.

1847 ROGERS BROS.

SILVERPLATE

INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO.

The meat dish and many other practical and decorative pieces are made in this handsome pattern.

The big names of every kind are found on Victor Records

Not only in the fields of operatic and classic music is the Victrola supreme. The latest dance hits, the songs and music, and the humor of the leading vaudeville and musical comedy productions are presented by their greatest exponents on Victor Records. Here, the same fidelity that reproduces the most delicate intonations of a grand opera singer, catches minutely the musical oddities of the modern dance orchestra, and the laugh-provoking quips of the comedy artist.

PAUL WHITEMAN
Victor Artist

Paul Whiteman has revolutionized modern dance music and made it beautiful. The Victor Records of his orchestra represent distinctly this new element of the dance. Everything it plays is characterized by marvelous precision of time, by skilful scoring and by the equally skilful use of sustained harmony in instruments not occupied with the dance rhythm. Every bit of this intricate music-pattern with its unusual effects, you will enjoy hearing and will be able to distinguish readily on these records which represent only a small part of Whiteman's Victor repertoire:

	Double-faced	
Somebody Loves Me—Fox Trot Lonely Little Melody—Fox Trot	19414	75c
San—Oriental Fox Trot I Can't Get the One I Want—Fox Trot	19381	75c
Rhapsody in Blue—Part 1 Rhapsody in Blue—Part 2	55225	$1.50

Victrola No. 80
$100
Mahogany, oak or walnut

DUNCAN SISTERS
Victor Artists

If there is anything "funnier" than a Victor Record by the Duncan Sisters, it must be some other record which you will find in the Victor Record catalogs. These two inimitable ladies of the comedy stage, Vivian and Rosetta, sing, play the ukelele, "pick" upon one another in the true manner of "kid" sisters, and write their own plays. It doesn't make much difference what they do, it's the way they do it that makes you laugh, and that's exactly what will happen when you listen to these Victor Records:

	Double-faced	
Rememb'ring I Never Had a Mammy	19206	75c
The Music Lesson Baby Sister Blues	19050	75c
The Argentines, the Portuguese and the Greeks Stick in the Mud	19113	75c

Victrola No. 215
$150
Mahogany, oak or walnut

WILL ROGERS
Victor Artist

There is something wholesome and distinctly American about Will Rogers and the homely philosophy for which he has become famous. Would you like to have him come to your home for a chat tonight? His Victor Records make this possible. He will do everything for you that he does at the "Follies"—except throw his lariat. Hear his Victor Records—and see if it isn't true! Here are some:

	Double-faced	
Will Rogers Talks to the Bankers Will Rogers' First Political Speech	45374	$1.00
A New Slant on War Timely Topics	45347	1.00
Will Rogers Nominates Henry Ford for President Will Rogers Tells Traffic Chiefs How to Direct Traffic	45369	1.00

Victrola No. 410
Mahogany, $300; electric, $340

"HIS MASTER'S VOICE"
REG U S PAT OFF

There is but one Victrola and that is made by the Victor Company—look for these Victor trade marks

TRADE MARK
Victrola
REG U S PAT OFF

Victor Talking Machine Company, Camden, N. J.

Victor Talking Machine Co. of Canada, Ltd., Montreal